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Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES,

L. Cornelius Lentulus and L. Valerius Flaccus, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Musick composed by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken from the Greek of Menander: Acted the first time with unequal flutes: afterwards with two right-handed ones: It was acted a third time. Published, M. Juventius and M. Sempronius, Consuls.

Year of Rome - - - - - -	590
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TO THE HONOURABLE

HARRY PULTENEY,

General of His MAJESTY's Forces,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.
MENEDEMUS,
CHREMES,
CLINIA,
CLITIPHO,
SYRUS,
DROMO.

SOSTRATA,
ANTIPHILA,
BACCHIS,
NURSE,
PHRYGIA, *and other servants of* Bacchis.

SCENE, *a village near* ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

LEST any of you wonder, why the Bard
To an old actor hath aſſign'd the part
* Suſtain'd of old by young performers; † That
I'll firſt explain: then ſay what brings me here.
To-day, a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
We mean to repreſent:—The Self-Tormentor:
‡ Wrought from a ſingle to a double plot.

* *Suſtain'd of old by young performers.*] It appears from this paſſage that the Prologue was uſually ſpoken by young men. DACIER.

† *That I'll firſt explain; then ſay what brings me here.*] Terence has been accuſed by ſome criticks of being worſe than his word here; for, ſay they, he does not firſt explain why he has choſen an old performer. But this accuſation is unjuſt, for it is the firſt thing which he does: what he ſays before is merely to make the piece known, which buſineſs he diſpatches in two words, and that too in a parentheſis. DACIER.

This paſſage is alſo vindicated by Scaliger in his Poeticks, chap. 3. book 6.

‡ *Wrought from a ſingle to a double plot.*] *Duplex quæ ex argumento facta eſt ſimplici.* This paſſage has greatly perplexed the Commentators. Julius Scaliger was of opinion that Terence called this Comedy *Duplex*, double, becauſe it was acted at two different times: the *two firſt Acts* at the cloſe of the evening, and the remaining *three* on the following morning; and that it therefore ſerved as two diſtinct pieces. But this conjecture is not admiſſible: Terence only meant to ſay that he had doubled the characters; inſtead of *one old man*, *one young gallant*, *one miſtreſs*, as in Menander, he had *two old men*, &c. he therefore adds very properly, *novam eſſe oſtendi*,—*That our Comedy is* NEW,—which certainly could not have been implied, had the characters been the ſame in the Greek poet. DACIER.

PROLOGUE.

Now therefore * that our Comedy is new,
And what it is, I've ſhewn: who wrote it too,
And whoſe in Greek it is, were I not ſure
† Moſt of you know already, would I tell.
But wherefore I have ta'en this part upon me,
In brief I will deliver: for the Bard
Has ſent me here as Pleader, not as Prologue;
You he declares his Judges, me his Counſel:
And yet as Counſel nothing can I ſpeak
More than the Author teaches me to ſay,
Who wrote th' oration which I now recite.
At to reports, which envious men have ſpread,
That he has ranſack'd many Grecian plays,
While he compoſes ſome few Latin ones,

That

* *That our Comedy is* new, &c.] Terence pretends, that having doubled the ſubject of the Self-Tormentor, his piece is new. I allow it; but whether it is better on that account, is quite another queſtion. DIDEROT.

It is impoſſible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the Self-Tormentor preſerved among the Fragments of Menander. We are ſo deeply intereſted by what we ſee of that character in Terence, that one cannot but be curious to enquire in what manner the Greek Poet ſuſtained it through five acts. The Roman Author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek Play, has ſo altered the fable, that Menedemus is ſoon thrown into the back-ground, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal object: or, to vary the alluſion a little, the Menedemus of Terence ſeems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full length, as large as the life, by Menander.

† *Moſt of you know already.*] This is a remarkable proof how careful the Romans were in the ſtudy of the Greek Poets. S.

That he denies not he has done; nor does
Repent he did it; means to do it ſtill;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of greater bards, who did long ſince the ſame.
Then for the charge, that his Arch-Enemy
Maliciouſly reproaches him withal,
That he but lately hath applied himſelf
* To muſick, with the genius of his friends,
Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
Your judgment, your opinion, muſt decide.
I would intreat you, therefore, not to lean
To tales of ſlander, rather than of candour.
Be favourable; nurſe with growing hopes
The bards, who give you pleaſing novelties;
Pleaſing I ſay, not ſuch as *His* I mean,
† Who lately introduc'd a breathleſs ſlave,

Making

* *To Muſick.*] The Ancients called that Muſick, which we now term the *Belles Lettres.* Ariſtophanes more than once calls the art of dramatick writing, Muſick. DACIER.

† *Who lately introduced a breathleſs ſlave, &c.*] It muſt have been a very wretched piece, if this was the moſt beautiful paſſage in it. Yet ſuch an incident is often neceſſary, as may be ſeen in the Amphitryon of Plautus, where Mercury runs in crying,

Concedite atque abſcedite, omnes de viâ decedite.

Terence therefore only blames thoſe authors, who, like Luſcius, made it the capital circumſtance in their plays. DACIER.

Had Madam Dacier quoted the whole paſſage in the Amphitryon, I think, it would have been evident that Plautus alſo meant to ridicule the like practice.

Making the croud give way:—But wherefore trace
A dunce's faults? which ſhall be ſhewn at large,
When more he writes, unleſs he ceaſe to rail.
Attend impartially! and let me once
Without annoyance * act an eaſy part;

Leſt

Concedite atque abſcedite, omnes de viâ decedite,
Nec quiſquam tam audax fuat homo, qui obviam
inſiſtat mihi!
Nam mihi quidem, hercle, qui minus liceat Deo minitarier
Populo, ni decedat mihi, quam ſervulo in Comœdiis?
Plaut. Amph. *Act* 2. *Sc.* 4.

Give place, make room, and clear the way before
me,
Nor any be ſo bold to ſtop my ſpeed!
For ſhall not I, who am a Deity,
Menace the croud, unleſs they yield to me,
As well as Slaves in Comedy?

* *Act an eaſy part.*] *Statariam agere.* The word *Statariam* has not been thoroughly underſtood; in order more fully to explain it, we muſt have recourſe to its original meaning. The Greek Poets divided their choruſes into two different ſorts of verſe, the στασιμα μελη, *ſtatarios verſus*, ſo called, becauſe the actor who repeated them never moved from his place; and into the παροδικα μελη, *motorios verſus*, becauſe the performer ſkipped and danced about while he was repeating his part. This has been perfectly well explained by the Scholiaſts upon Æſchylus and Ariſtophanes. The Romans made the ſame diſtinctions, and called thoſe Pieces *Statariæ* which were grave and compoſed, and required little or no action. The *Motoriæ* on the contrary were lively and full of buſineſs and action.—This Play is of the former kind.—Some Commentators imagine Terence means one character only by *Statariam*, as if *perſonam* were to be underſtood; though the Ancients did call the actors *ſtatarios et motorios*, according to the different parts they were engaged in,

I am

Leſt your old ſervant be o'er-labour'd ſtill
With toilſome characters, the running ſlave,
The eating paraſite, enrag'd old man,
The bold-fac'd ſharper, covetous procurer;
Parts, that aſk pow'rs of voice, and iron ſides.
Deign then, for my ſake, to accept this plea,
And grant me ſome remiſſion from my labour.
For they, who now produce new comedies,
Spare not my age: If there is aught laborious,
They run to me; but if of little weight,
Away

I am convinced that it is not in this place at all applicable to them, but to the whole comedy: how elſe are we to explain the 45th verſe.

Sin levis eſt, ad alium mox defertur gregem.

To apply it to any one of the other actors of the company, would be overſtraining the ſenſe of the text.

DACIER.

Being entirely of a different opinion from Madam Dacier, concerning the ſenſe of the words *Statariam agere*, I have tranſlated them as referring merely to the character, which the Prologue-Speaker was to play, (which I apprehend to have been Menedemus) and not to the whole comedy: and the lines immediately ſubſequent, I think, confirm this interpretation, as they contain a deſcription of the laborious characters he uſually repreſented, *Clamore ſummo, cum labore maxumo*; and which he urges as a plea for his being allowed to act an eaſier part at preſent.

— — — *date poteſtatem, mihi*
Statariam agere, ut liceat per ſilentium.

As to the difficulty ſtarted by Madam Dacier of reconciling *Sin levis*, &c. to the reſt of the context, it is a difficulty, which I muſt own I cannot entirely comprehend.

Away to others. In our piece to-day
* The Stile is pure: Now try my talents then
In either character. If I for gain,
Never o'er-rated my abilities;
If I have held it ſtill my chief reward
To be ſubſervient to your pleaſure; fix
In me a fair example, that our youth
May ſeek to pleaſe You, rather than Themſelves.

* *The ſtile is pure.*] Terence with great propriety commends this play for the purity of its ſtile; he knew it to be very deficient in point of action, and therefore determined to repair that defect by the vivacity and purity of the language; and he has perfectly ſucceeded. DACIER.

Here I have again quoted Madam Dacier merely to expreſs my diſſent from her opinion. The play is, in my mind, far from being deſtitute of action; the plot being as artfully conſtructed, and containing as many unexpected turns and variety of incidents, as any of our Author's pieces, as may perhaps appear in the the courſe of theſe notes.

THE

*SELF-TORMENTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CHREMES, MENEDEMUS.

CHREMES.

THOUGH our acquaintance is as yet but young,
Since you have bought this farm that neighbours mine,
And little other commerce is betwixt us;
Yet

* *The Self-Tormentor.*] There is, perhaps, no play of Terence, wherein the Author has pointed out the place and time of action with more exactneſs than in the preſent: and yet the ſettling thoſe two points has occaſioned a moſt furious controverſy between two learned Frenchmen, Hedelin and Menage. Madam Dacier, in her remarks, has endeavoured to moderate between them, ſometimes inclining to one ſide, and ſometimes to the other. I, perhaps, in my turn, ſhall occaſionally differ from all three, not doubting but I ſhall become equally liable to the reprehenſions of future criticks. I ſhall however, endeavour to found my remarks on an accurate examination of the piece itſelf, and to draw my arguments from within rather than

Yet or your virtue, or good neighbourhood,
(Which is in my opinion kin to friendſhip)
Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
That you appear to me to labour more
Than your age warrants, or affairs require.
Now in the name of heav'n and earth, what is't
You want? what ſeek you? Threeſcore years
of age,
Or older, as I gueſs; with an eſtate,

Better

than from without. The principal cauſe of the different errors of Hedelin and Menage, ſeems to me to have been an idle parade of learning, foreign to the purpoſe; together with an obſtinate adherence to their ſeveral ſyſtems, which having once adopted, they were reſolved to ſquare all their arguments to the ſupport of their opinions, rather than to direct them towards the inveſtigation of truth. The matters in diſpute between them, though drawn out to a great length of controverſy, lie in a very narrow compaſs. But there being in both an apparent jealouſy of their characters as ſcholars, both were induced to multiply quotations and illuſtrations from other authors, inſtead of turning their attention ſufficiently to the text, and making the poet a comment on himſelf, which every writer, eſpecially thoſe who attempt the Drama, ought to be. Each was in ſome inſtances wrong; and even when they were in the right, having condeſcended to maintain their opinion with falſe arguments, each in their turn afforded the opponent an opportunity of cavilling with ſome appearance of juſtice. Many examples of this will, I think, appear in the courſe of theſe notes; from which it may be concluded, that there is no point whatever, that lies ſo plain and level to the underſtanding, but it may be rendered obſcure and intricate by learned and ingenious diſputants, who chuſe it as a ſubject for the exerciſe of their talents and a diſplay of their erudition.

Better than which, more profitable, none
In theſe parts hold; maſter of many ſlaves;
As if you had not one at your command,
You labour in their offices yourſelf.
I ne'er go out ſo ſoon at morn, return
So late at eve, but in your grounds I ſee you
* Dig, plough, or fetch and carry: in a word
You

* *Dig, plough, or fetch and carry.*] *Fodere, aut arare, aut aliquid ferre.* This paſſage is of much greater conſequence than is generally imagined, towards the underſtanding the true intent and management of this play; for it is material to know what Menedemus is about when Chremes firſt accoſts him; whether he is at work in the field, or is returning home loaded with his tools. Two very learned men engaged in a very elaborate diſputation upon this ſubject. If Menedemus is ſtill at work when Chremes firſt meets him, Terence would certainly have been guilty of a very groſs impropriety in the conduct of his comedy; for, as the ſcene never changes, Menedemus muſt neceſſarily be ever preſent. Terence could never be ſo abſurd as not to guard againſt falling into ſo groſs an error. He not only takes care to acquaint us with the ſituation of Menedemus, but alſo with the hour of the day, at which the piece commences; which is plainly marked out by theſe words, *aut aliquid ferre*, which decides the whole point in queſtion. Menedemus having been at work all day, and being unable to ſee any longer, takes his tools on his back, and is making the beſt of his way home; Chremes at that very inſtant meets him near his own door, where the ſcene lies: the beginning of this play therefore is evidently towards the cloſe of the day, when Menedemus had quitted his work.

DACIER.

There is certainly a great want of accuracy in this way of reaſoning, with which Madam Dacier eſpouſes Hedelin's argument: for why, as Menage juſtly ſays,

ſhould

You ne'er remit your toil, nor ſpare yourſelf.
This, I am certain, is not done for pleaſure.
—You'll

ſhould the words *aut aliquid ferre* refer to the manner in which Menedemus was then actually employed, more than the other words, *fodere, aut arare?* or if they were ſo interpreted, ſtill they muſt be applied to his carrying burdens in the courſe of his laborious occupations, while at work in the fields. One word of marginal direction, ſetting down the *Pantomime* of the ſcene, according to Diderot's plan, would have ſolved all our doubts on this head. On the whole, Menage, I think, fails in his proofs that Menedemus is actually at work, though he labours that point exceedingly: and Hedelin is manifeſtly wrong in maintaining that the ſcene lies within the city of Athens. One of the principal objections urged by Hedelin (and referred to by Madam Dacier in the above note) to the Poet's having intended to exhibit Menedemus actually at work, when Chremes accoſts him, is that the ſcene evidently lies between both their houſes. Were the ſcene laid in town, as Hedelin contends, indeed it could not be: but if in the country adjacent, as Dacier agrees with Menage, why might not Menedemus be at work on a piece of ground lying between the two houſes? It is natural enough that the ſight of Menedemus thus employed, might urge Chremes to preſume, under the privilege of good neighbourhood, to ſpeak to him.—There is a brevity and ſullenneſs alſo in the anſwers of Menedemus, that ſeem in character for a man employed, and unwilling to be interrupted, though he relents by degrees, and reluctantly ſuffers Chremes to force his tools from him.—His being at work too forms a kind of theatrical picture on the opening of the piece.—Theſe, I think, are the ſtrongeſt arguments, deduced from the ſcene itſelf, which can be urged in behalf of the notion of Menedemus's being exhibited as at work on his farm; and ſome of them, I think appear weighty and plauſible: but a further examination,

—You'll ſay, perhaps, it vexes you to ſee
Your work go on ſo ſlowly;—do but give
The time you ſpend in labouring yourſelf
To ſet your ſlaves to work, 'twill profit more.

Mene. Have you ſuch leiſure from your own affairs
To think of thoſe, that don't concern you, Chremes?

Chremes. * I am a man, and feel for all mankind.
Think, I adviſe, or aſk for information:
If right, that I may do the ſame; if wrong,
To turn you from it.

Mene.

examination, with an attention to the conduct of the reſt of the piece, determined me to the contrary opinion.—At the end of the ſcene, it is evident that Menedemus quits the ſtage, and enters his own houſe. It cannot be ſaid, that he is prevailed on to deſiſt from his labour by the arguments of Chremes; ſince he will not even accept the invitation to ſupper, leſt it ſhould afford him a reſpite from his miſery. It is plain therefore, I think, that Terence meant to open the firſt act with the cloſe of the day, together with the labours of Menedemus; as he begins the third act with the break of day and the coming-forth of Menedemus, to return to his toils and ſelf-puniſhment.

The length of this, and ſome other controverſial notes on this comedy, will, I hope, be excuſed, when it is conſidered that this diſpute has filled whole volumes. I thought it incumbent on me to clear up theſe points to the beſt of my abilities; ſince none can be ſo juſtly reproved for having omitted to explain an author's meaning, as thoſe who have attempted to tranſlate him.

* *I am a man, &c.*] *Homo ſum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.* It is ſaid that at the delivery of this ſentiment, the whole theatre, *though full of fooliſh and ignorant people*, reſounded with applauſe. ST. AUGUSTINE.

Mene. I have need to do thus.
Do as you think fit.

Chremes.

It is ſaid this ſentence was received with an univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater argument of *the general good underſtanding of a people*, than a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill in the actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any *but people of the greateſt humanity, nay, people elegant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it.* It is poſſible he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his caſe his own: yet I'll engage a player in Covent-Garden might hit ſuch an attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded.

STEELE'S SPECTATOR, N°. 502.

We are not to take this, as hath conſtantly been done, for a ſentiment of *pure humanity* and the natural ebullition of *benevolence*. We may obſerve in it a deſigned ſtroke of ſatirical reſentment. The Self-Tormentor, as we ſaw, had ridiculed Chremes's *curioſity* by a ſevere reproof. Chremes, to be even with him, reflects upon the inhumanity of his temper. "You, ſays he "[or rather he *implies*] ſeem ſuch a foe to humanity, "that you ſpare it not *in yourſelf*; I, on the other "hand, am affected when I ſee it ſuffer *in another*."

HURD's *Diſſertation on the Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot diſmiſs this long note without expreſſing my concurrence with the laſt cited critick in his explanation of this paſſage: but I cannot agree with Sir Richard Steele that ſentiments of humanity are ſuffered to paſs unnoticed on our Theatres, any more than I can conclude with the pious St. Auguſtine, that the Roman theatre was filled with fooliſh and ignorant people. A modern audience ſeems to be on the catch for ſentiment; and perhaps often injudiciouſly: for nothing

Chremes. Need any man
Torment himſelf?
Mene. I need. *

Chremes,

nothing can be more oppoſite to the genius of the Drama, whether in Tragedy or Comedy, than a forced detail of ſentiments, unleſs, like this before us, they grow out of the circumſtances of the play, and fall naturally from the character that delivers them. The original contains a play of words between *homo* and *humani*, and a retort of the word *alienum*, which makes it rather difficult to be given with it's full force in a tranſlation. My verſion, I am conſcious, does not comprehend *every word*; but I hope it will be found to include the *whole meaning* of the ſentiment. It is eaſy to open it ſtill further by a more diffuſed expreſſion; but I thought that conciſeneſs made it more round, full, and forcible. If there are any readers of a different opinion, let them ſubſtitute the two following lines; though I muſt own I prefer that in the text.

I am a man; and all calamities,
That touch humanity, come home to me.

* *I need.*] Comedy relates to the whole ſpecies, Tragedy to individuals. What I mean is this, the hero of a Tragedy is ſuch or ſuch a man; Regulus, or Brutus, or Cato, and no other perſon. The principal character of a Comedy, ſhould on the contrary repreſent a great number of men. If by chance the Poet ſhould give him ſo peculiar a phyſiognomy, that there were in ſociety but one individual who reſembled him, Comedy would relapſe into it's childhood, and degenerate into ſatire.

Terence ſeems to me to have fallen once into this error. His Self-Tormentor is a father afflicted at the extremities to which he has driven his ſon by an exceſs of ſeverity; for which he puniſhes himſelf by rags, hard fare, avoiding company, putting away his ſervants, and condemning himſelf to labour the earth with

Chremes. * If there's a cauſe,
I'd not oppoſe it. But what evil's this?

What

with his own hands. One may venture to pronounce ſuch a father to be out of nature. A great city would ſcarce in an age furniſh one example of ſo whimſical a diſtreſs.

Horace, whoſe taſte was of a ſingular delicacy, appears to me to have perceived this fault, and to have glanced at it in the following paſſage.

Hic? vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terentî
Fabula quem miſerum nato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejùs cruciaverit atque hic.

No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf,
Hath yet ſo little friendſhip for himſelf,
That ev'n the Self-Tormentor in the play,
Cruel, who drove his much-lov'd ſon away,
Amidſt the willing tortures of deſpair,
Could not, with wretchedneſs like his compare.
FRANCIS.

Nothing is more in the manner of this poet, than to have given two ſenſes to *pejus*, one of which is aimed at Terence, and the other falls on Fufidius, the immediate object of his ſatire. DIDEROT.

Perhaps the reader will imagine the latter part of the above note, relative to Horace, is rather a refinement of the ingenious critick, than the real intention of the ſatiriſt.

* *If there's a cauſe, &c.*] *Si quid laboris eſt, nollem.* This paſſage has not been rightly underſtood. After Menedemus tells Chremes that he is reſolved to torment himſelf, Chremes unable to account for ſo extraordinary and whimſical a humour in his neighbour, ſays, *ſi quid laboris eſt, nollem*, and means to be underſtood to proceed with *te deterrere*. Something very ſhocking, even bordering upon deſperation, muſt have happened, to give Menedemus cauſe to behave in this manner,

What is th' offence ſo grievous to your nature,
That aſks ſuch cruel vengeance on yourſelf?

Mene. Alas! alas! [*in tears.*

Chremes. Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reſerv'd: fear nothing: prithee, truſt me:
By conſolation, counſel, or aſſiſtance,
I poſſibly may ſerve you.

Mene. Would you know it? [tion'd.

Chremes. Ay, for the very reaſon I have men-

Mene. I will inform you.

Chremes. But meanwhile lay down
Theſe rakes: don't tire yourſelf.

Mene. It muſt not be.

Chremes. What mean you?

Mene. Give me leave: that I may take
No reſpite from my toil.

Chremes. I'll not allow it. [*taking away the rakes.*

Mene. Ah, you do wrong.

Chremes. What, and ſo heavy too!
[*weighing them in his hand.*

Mene. Such my deſert.

Chremes. Now ſpeak. [*laying down the rakes.*

Mene. One only ſon
I have.—*Have* did I ſay?—*Had*, I mean, Chremes.
Have I or no, is now uncertain.

Chremes. Wherefore?

Mene.

manner, and this obliges Chremes to be ſo preſſing with his neighbour to quit this toilſome and fatiguing work, and the rather as it would in a great meaſure contribute towards his forgetting the cauſe of all his troubles — a piece of complaiſance and politeneſs, which I have always been charmed with. DACIER.

Mene. That you ſhall know. An old Corinthian woman
Now ſojourns here, a ſtranger in theſe parts,
And very poor. It happen'd, of her daughter
My ſon became diſtractedly enamour'd;——
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me: which I no ſooner learnt
Than I began to deal ſeverely with him,
Not as a young and love-ſick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and uſual way of fathers.
Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, Sir!
"Think you that you ſhall hold theſe courſes long,
"And I your father living?—Keep a miſtreſs,
"As if ſhe were your wife!—You are deceiv'd,
"If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
"While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
"I ſhall act towards you worthy of myſelf.
"All this ariſes from mere idleneſs.
"I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
"To ſeek my fortune in the wars in Aſia,
"And there acquir'd in arms both wealth and glory."
—In ſhort things came to ſuch a paſs, the youth,
O'ercome with hearing ſtill the ſelf-ſame thing,
And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking,
Age and experience had enabled me
To judge his int'reſt better than himſelf,
Went off to ſerve the king in Aſia, Chremes.

Chremes. How ſay you?

Mene. Stole away three months ago,
Without my knowledge.

Chremes. Both have been to blame:

And

And yet this enterprize beſpeaks a mind,
Modeſt and manly.
Mene. Having heard of this
From ſome of his familiars, home I came
Mournful, half-mad, and almoſt wild with grief.
I ſit me down; my ſervants run to me;
Some draw my ſandals off; while others haſte
* To ſpread the couches, and prepare the ſupper:
Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
To mitigate my ſorrow. Noting this,
" How, ſaid I to myſelf, ſo many then
" Anxious for me alone? to pleaſure me?
" † So many ſlaves to dreſs me? All this coſt
" For me alone?—Mean while, my only ſon,
" For whom all theſe were fit, as well as me,
" Nay rather more, ſince he is of an age
" More proper for their uſe; him, him, poor boy,
" Has my unkindneſs driven forth to ſorrow.
" Oh I were worthy of the heavieſt curſe,
" Could I brook that!—No; long as he ſhall lead
" A life of penury abroad, an exile

Through

* *To ſpread the couches.*] It will not be improper to ſay ſomething here of the antient manner of eating among the Greeks and Romans: they ſat, or rather lay, in an accumbent poſture: the beds or couches, on which they lay, were round the table, which was raiſed but a little from the ground. COOKE.

† *So many ſlaves to dreſs me?*] The better ſort of people had eating-dreſſes, which are here alluded to. Theſe dreſſes were light garments to put on as ſoon as they had bathed. They commonly bathed before eating; and the chief meal was in the evening.

COOKE.

" Through my unjuſt ſeverity, ſo long
" Will I revenge his wrongs upon myſelf,
" Labouring, ſcraping, ſparing, ſlaving for him."
—In ſhort I did ſo; in the houſe I left
Nor * cloaths, nor moveables; I ſcrap'd up all.
My ſlaves, both male and female, except thoſe
Who more than earn'd their bread in country-work,
† I ſold: Then ſet my houſe to ſale: In all
I got together about ‡ fifteen talents;

Purchas'd

* *Cloaths, moveables,—Slaves, male and female.*] *Nec vas, nec veſtimentum,—ancillas*, &c. Among the fragments of Menander's Heautontimorumenos, is a line much to this purpoſe.

Λετρον, θεραπαινας, αργυρωμαλα.
The bath, maid-ſervants, ſilver-utenſils.

There are alſo two other lines, which ſeem to be deſcriptive of the miſeries of being driven into exile.

Οικοι μενειν, και μενειν ελευθερον;
Η μηκετ' ειναι, τον καλως ευδαιμονα.
Let him remain at home, and free remain,
Or ceaſe to be, who would be truly bleſt!

May we not conjecture from theſe paſſages, that this firſt ſcene is a pretty cloſe tranſlation from Menander; eſpecially as it contains no part of the fable, but what is merely relative to the Self-Tormentor, which, we know, occupied the whole play in the Greek poet?

† *Then ſet my houſe to ſale.*] *Inſcripſi illicò ædes.*—It appears by this, that the Greeks and Romans uſed to fix bills on their doors, as we do now.—*Ædes vendundæ, ædes locandæ, a houſe to be ſold, a houſe to be let.* PATRICK.

‡ *Fifteen talents.*] A talent, according to Cooke, was equal to 193 l. 15 s. Engliſh money.

Purchas'd this farm; and here fatigue myſelf;
Thinking I do my ſon leſs injury,
* While I'm in mis'ry too; nor is it juſt
For me, I think, to taſte of pleaſure here,
Till he return in ſafety to partake on't.

Chremes. You I believe a tender parent, him
A duteous ſon, if govern'd prudently.
But you were unacquainted with his nature,
And he with your's: ſad life, where things are ſo!
You ne'er betray'd your tenderneſs to him;
Nor durſt he place that confidence in you,
Which well becomes the boſom of a father.
Had that been done, this had not happen'd to you.

Mene. True, I confeſs: but I was moſt in fault.

* *While I'm in mis'ry too.*] There is much reſemblance between this character of Menedemus, and that of Laertes in the Odyſſey. Laertes unhappy and afflicted at the abſence of his ſon, is under the ſame trouble and anxiety.

Thy Sire in ſolitude foments his care:
The Court is joyleſs, for thou art not there, &c.
Pope's Odyſſey, Book XI. V. 226.

Laertes lives, the miſerable Sire,
Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life, &c.
Book XV. V. 375.

But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt———————
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad ſire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet buſied with his ſlaves to eaſe his woe,
He dreſt the vine, and bad the garden blow, &c.
Book XVI. V. 145.

Chremes. All, Menedemus, will, I hope, be well,
And truſt, your ſon will ſoon return in ſafety.

Mene. Grant it, good Gods!

Chremes. They will. Now, therefore, ſince
* The Dionyſia are held here to-day,
If 'tis convenient, come, and feaſt with me.

Mene.

* *The Dionyſia.*] The Athenians celebrated ſeveral feaſts in honour of Bacchus, but there were two principal ones; one kept in the Spring, the other in the Autumn ſeaſon. The Abbé d'Aubignac [Hedelin] has been very minute in his account of theſe feaſts, and yet after all has unhappily pitched upon the wrong one; for he thinks the feaſt Terence is now ſpeaking of, was that held in the Spring ſeaſon, called by the ancients *Antheſteria*, where he alſo places that called the *Pythoigia*, becauſe they then broached the wine caſks; and he grounds his opinion upon line the 50th, of the firſt ſcene in the third act.

Relevi omnia dolia, omnes ferias.

I have pierc'd ev'ry veſſel, ev'ry caſk.

But this manner of reaſoning is by no means concluſive; for, could they not have done juſt the ſelfſame thing at any other time of the year? And in fact they did ſo upon all their grand feſtivals, in order to entertain their gueſts with the beſt wine their cellar afforded.—Beſides, we may here obſerve that the broaching all the veſſels was not in compliance with cuſtom, but that Chremes was forced into it by the importunities of Bacchis; neither does he mention it to Menedemus, but with an intent to let him ſee to what a monſtrous expence he is going to expoſe himſelf: This miſtake is of greater conſequence than it may at firſt appear to be; for it is productive of many more, and led the Abbé to place the ſcene of this comedy erroneouſly. The feaſt in queſtion was that celebrated in the Autumn

Mene. Impoſſible.

Chremes. Why ſo?—Nay, prithee now,
Indulge yourſelf a while: your abſent ſon,
I'm ſure, wou'd have it ſo.

Mene. It is not meet,
That I, who drove him forth to miſery,
Should fly it now myſelf.

Chremes. You are reſolv'd?

Mene. Moſt conſtantly.

Chremes. Farewel then!

Mene. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CHREMES *alone.*

He draws tears from me.—How I pity him!
—But 'tis high time, as the day goes, to warn

Autumn ſeaſon, and was called *Dionyſia in agris*, the Dionyſia in the fields. Neither is the ſcene in Athens, as Mr. d'Aubignac ſuppoſed, but in a ſmall village, where Chremes and Menedemus had each of them a houſe. The only difficulty remaining, is to account why Chremes ſays *Dionyſia* hic *ſunt*, *the Dionyſia are held here to-day*. The reaſon is obvious. This feaſt continued for many days, but not in the ſame boroughs or villages at one and the ſame time; to-day it was here, to-morrow there, &c. that they might aſſemble the more company together. DACIER.

Menage obſerves that it is not clear on what authority Madam Dacier pronounces ſo abſolutely, concerning the fluctuating manner of celebrating this feaſt, to-day here, to-morrow there, &c. and though he differs with Hedelin about the place in which the ſcene lies, yet he defends the Abbé's opinion concerning the *Pythoigia* in oppoſition to Madam Dacier. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.*

My neighbour Phania to come forth to ſupper.
I'll go, and ſee if he's at home.
[*goes to* Phania's *door, and returns.*
There was,
It ſeems, no need of warning: for they tell me,
He has been gone to my houſe ſome time ſince.
I keep my gueſts in waiting; ſo I'll in.
But my doors creak. [Clitipho *appears.*
Who's this? I'll ſtep aſide. [*retires.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLITIPHO, *ſpeaking to* Clinia *within.*

As yet, my Clinia, you've no cauſe to fear:
They are not long: and ſhe, I'm confident,
Will be here ſhortly with the meſſenger.
Prithee, away then with theſe idle cares,
Which thus torment you!
Chremes behind.] Whom does my ſon ſpeak to? [met.
Clit. My father as I wiſh'd.—Good Sir, well
Chremes. What now?
Clit. D'ye know our neighbour Menedemus?
Chremes. Ay, very well.
Clit. D'ye know he has a ſon?
Chremes. I've heard he is in Aſia.
Clit. No ſuch thing:
He's at our houſe, Sir.
Chremes. How!
Clit. But juſt arriv'd:
Ev'n at his landing I fell in with him,

And

And brought him here to ſupper: for, from boys,
We have been friends and intimates.
Chremes. Good news!
Now do I wiſh the more, that Menedemus,
Whom I invited, were my gueſt to-day,
That I, and under my own roof, had been
The firſt to have ſurpris'd him with this joy!
And I may yet. [*going.*
Clit. Take heed! it were not good.
Chremes. How ſo?
Clit. Becauſe the youth is yet in doubt:
Newly arriv'd; in fear of ev'ry thing;
He dreads his father's anger, and ſuſpects
The diſpoſition of his miſtreſs tow'rds him;
Her, whom he doats upon; on whoſe account,
This diff'rence and departure came about.
Chremes. I know it.
Clit. * He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy
Into the city to her, and our Syrus
I ſent along with him.
Chremes. What ſays the ſon?
Clit. Says? that he's miſerable.

* *He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy into the city to her.*] *Servolum ad eam in urbem miſit.* This plainly marks the ſcene to be in the country; though M. d'Aubignac treats this argument with ridicule. But it is in vain for him to aſſert, that there is not one comedy of Plautus, or Terence, where one may not meet with this expreſſion taken in his own ſenſe of it. He will perſuade none to think ſo, except thoſe who have not read them. For my part I do not recollect one inſtance of it, and I will venture to ſay it is impoſſible to find one. DACIER.

Clit. Miſerable!
Who need be leſs ſo? for what earthly good
Can man poſſeſs, which he may not enjoy?
Parents, a proſp'rous country, friends, birth, riches.
Yet theſe all take their value from the mind
Of the poſſeſſor: He that knows their uſe,
To him they're bleſſings; he that knows it not,
To him miſuſe converts them into curſes.

Clit. Nay, but he ever was a croſs old man;
And now there's nothing that I dread ſo much,
As leſt he be tranſported in his rage
To ſome groſs outrages againſt his ſon.

Chremes. He!—He?—But I'll contain myſelf.
'Tis good
For Menedemus that his ſon ſhou'd fear. [*aſide.*

Clit. What ſay you, Sir, within yourſelf?
[*overhearing.*

Chremes. I ſay,
Be't as it might, the ſon ſhou'd have remain'd.
Grant that the father bore too ſtrict a hand
Upon his looſe deſires; he ſhould have borne it.
Whom would he bear withal, if not a parent?
Was't fitting that the father ſhou'd conform
To the ſon's humour, or the ſon to his?
And for the rigour that he murmurs at,
'Tis nothing: The ſeverities of fathers,
Unleſs perchance a hard one here and there,
Are much the ſame: they reprimand their ſons
For riotous exceſſes, wenching, drinking;
And ſtarve their pleaſures by a ſcant allowance.
Yet this all tends to good: But when the mind
Is once enſlav'd to vicious appetites,

It

It needs muſt follow vicious meaſures too.
Remember then this maxim, Clitipho,
A wiſe one 'tis, to draw from others' faults
A profitable leſſon for yourſelf.
Clit. I do believe it.
Chrem. Well, I'll in, and ſee
What is provided for your ſupper: You,
As the day wears, ſee that you're not far hence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

CLITIPHO *alone.*

What partial judges of all ſons are fathers!
Who aſk grey wiſdom from our greener years,
And think our minds ſhou'd bear no touch of youth;
Governing by their paſſions, now kill'd in them,
And not by thoſe that formerly rebell'd.
If ever I've a ſon, I promiſe him
He ſhall find me an eaſy father; fit
To know, and apt to pardon his offences:
Not ſuch as mine, who ſpeaking of another,
Shews how he'd act in ſuch a caſe himſelf:
Yet when he takes a cup or two too much,
Oh, what mad pranks he tells me of his own!
But warns me now, "to draw from others' faults
"A profitable leſſon for myſelf."
Cunning old gentleman! he little knows,
He pours his proverbs in a deaf man's ear.
The words of Bacchis, *Give me*, *Bring me*, now
Have greater weight with me: to whoſe commands,

Alas! I've nothing to reply withall;
Nor is there man more wretched than myſelf.
For Clinia here, (though he, I muſt confeſs,
Has cares enough) has got a miſtreſs, modeſt,
Well-bred, and ſtranger to all harlot arts:
Mine is a ſelf-will'd, wanton, haughty madam,
Gay and extravagant; and let her aſk
Whate'er ſhe will, ſhe muſt not be denied;
Since poverty I durſt not make my plea.
This is a plague I have but newly found,
Nor is my father yet appriz'd of it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CLINIA.

Clin. HAD my affairs in love been proſperous,
They had, I know, been here long ſince: but, ah,
I fear ſhe's fall'n from virtue in my abſence:
So many things concur to prove it ſo,
My mind miſgives me; opportunity,
The place, her age, an infamous old mother,
Under whoſe governance ſhe lives, to whom
Nought but gain's precious.

To him CLITIPHO.

Clit. Clinia!

Clin. Woe is me! [*to himſelf.*

Clit. Take heed, leſt ſome one iſſue from your father's,
And chance to ſee you here.

Clin. I will: but yet
My mind forebodes I know not what of ill.

Clit.

Clit. What, ſtill foreboding, ere you know the truth?

Clin. Had there been no untoward circumſtance,
They had return'd already.

Clit. Patience, Clinia!
They'll be here preſently.

Clin. Preſently! but when?

Clit. * Conſider, 'tis a long way off: And then
You know the ways of women; to ſet off,
And trick their perſons out, requires an age.

Clin. Oh! Clitiphon, I fear——

Clit. Take courage; ſee,
Dromo and Syrus!

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS *and* DROMO, *converſing at a Diſtance.*

Syrus. Say you?

Drom. Even ſo. [hind.

Syrus. But while we chat, the girls are left be-

Clit. liſtening.] Girls, Clinia! do you hear?

Clin. I hear, I ſee,
And now, at laſt, I'm happy, Clitipho.

Dromo to Syrus.] Left behind! troth, no wonder: ſo encumber'd;
A troop of waiting-women at their heels!

Clinia liſtening.] Confuſion! whence ſhould ſhe have waiting-women?

* *Conſider, 'tis a long way off.*] *Non cogitas hinc longule eſſe?* This paſſage, as well as the circumſtances of the next ſcene, are a further confirmation of the ſcene's lying in the country.

Clit. How can I tell? [them.

Syrus to Dromo.] We ought not to have dropp'd
They bring a world of baggage!

Clinia liſtening.] Death!

Syrus. Gold, cloaths!
It grows late too, and they may miſs their way. [them.
We've been to blame: Dromo, run back, and meet
Away! quick, quick! don't loiter. [*Exit* Dromo.

Clin. What a wretch!
All my fair hopes quite blaſted!

Clit. What's the matter?
What is it troubles you?

Clin. What troubles me?
D'ye hear? She waiting-women, gold and cloaths!
She, whom I left with one poor ſervant-girl?
Whence come they, think you?

Clit. Oh, I take you now.

Syrus to himſelf.] Gods, what a croud! our houſe will hardly hold them.
What eating, and what drinking will there be!
How miſerable our old gentleman!
But here are thoſe I wiſh'd to ſee!
[*ſeeing* Clit. *and* Clin.

Clin. Oh Jove!
Where then are truth, and faith, and honour fled?
While I a fugitive, for love of you,
Quit my native country, You, Antiphila,
For ſordid gain deſert me in diſtreſs:
You, for whoſe ſake I courted infamy,
And caſt off my obedience to my father.

He,

He, I remember now with grief and ſhame,
Oft warn'd me of theſe womens ways; oft tried
In vain by ſage advice to wean me from her.
But now I bid farewell to her for ever; [froward;
Though, when 'twere good and wholeſome, I was
No wretch more curſt than I!

Syrus. He has miſconſtrued
All our diſcourſe, I find.—You fancy, Clinia,
Your miſtreſs other than ſhe is. Her life,
As far as we from circumſtance could learn,
Her diſpoſition tow'rd you, are the ſame. [earth

Clin. How! tell me all: for there is nought on
I'd rather know than that my fears are falſe. [all,

Syrus. Firſt then, that you may be appriz'd of
Th' old woman, thought her mother, was not ſo:
That beldam alſo is deceas'd; for this
I overheard her as ſhe came along,
Telling the other.

Clit. Other! who? what other?

Syrus. Let me but finiſh what I have begun,
And I ſhall come to that.

Clit. Diſpatch then.

Syrus. Firſt,
Having arriv'd, Dromo knocks at the door:
Which an old woman had no ſooner open'd,
But in goes Dromo, and I after him.
Th' old woman bolts the door, and ſpins again.
And now, or never, Clinia, might be known,
Coming thus unexpectedly upon her,
Antiphila's employments in your abſence:
For ſuch, as then we ſaw, we might preſume

Her

Her daily practice, which of all things elſe,
Betrays the mind and diſpoſition moſt.
* Buſily plying of the web we found her,
Decently clad in mourning,—I ſuppoſe,
For the deceas'd old woman.—She had on
No gold, or trinkets, but was plain and neat,
And dreſt like thoſe who dreſs but for themſelves.
No female varniſh to ſet off her beauty:
Her hair diſhevel'd, long and flowing looſe
About her ſhoulders.——Peace! [*to* Clinia.

Clin. Nay, prithee, Syrus,
Do not tranſport me thus without a cauſe.

Syrus. Th' old woman ſpun the woof; † one ſervant-girl,
A tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.
Clit.

* *Buſily plying of the web we found her.*] *Texentem telam ſtudioſe ipſam offendimus.* This line of our author agrees almoſt literally with the following Greek one preſerved by Le Clerc among the fragments of Menander,

Εξ ισαριθ εκρεμαλο φιλοπονως πανυ.

† *One ſervant-girl, a tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.*] *Præterea una ancillula erat: ea texebat unâ, pannis obſita, neglecta, immunda illuvie.* This paſſage is equally cloſe to the ſenſe of the following, taken from the ſame book.

——— και θεραπαινις ην μια,
Αυλη συνηφαινεν ρυπαρως διακειμενη.

Le Clerc took theſe Greek lines from Victorius; and Victorius copied them from a book of Politian, who had written them in the margin, (not as it ſhould ſeem) of his own compoſition, but from a fragment, which he had ſomewhere met with, of Menander.

Suppoſing

Clit. Clinia, if this be true, as ſure it is,
Who is more fortunate than you? D'ye mark
The ragged dirty girl that he deſcrib'd?
A ſign the miſtreſs leads a blameleſs life,
When ſhe maintains no flaunting go-between:
For 'tis a rule for thoſe gallants, who wiſh
To win the miſtreſs, firſt to bribe the maid.

Clin. Go on, I beg you, Syrus; and take heed
You fill me not with idle joy.—What ſaid ſhe
When you nam'd Me?

Syrus. As ſoon as we inform'd her
You were return'd, and begg'd her to come to you,
She left her work immediately, and burſt
Into a flood of tears, which one might ſee
* Were ſhed for love of you.

Clin. By all the Gods,
I know not where I am for very joy.
Oh, how I trembled!

Clit.

Suppoſing the lines in queſtion to be genuine, may we not fairly conclude that all this fine narration is a very cloſe imitation of Menander, as well as that other beautiful one, which opens the firſt Act?

* *Were ſhed for love of you.*] Terence's Comedy of the Self-Tormentor is written, as if he hoped to pleaſe none but ſuch as had as good a taſte as himſelf. I could not but reflect upon the natural deſcription of the innocent young woman made by the ſervant to his maſter. *When I came to the houſe, &c.*—He muſt be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this ſpeech, though ſo full of nature and good ſenſe. STEELE's *Spectator*, N°. 502.

Clit. Without cauſe, I knew.

* But come; now, Syrus, tell us, who's that other?

Syrus. Your miſtreſs Bacchis.

Clit. How! what! Bacchis? Tell me,
Where d'ye bring her, rogue?

Syrus. Where do I bring her?
To our houſe certainly.

Clit. My father's?

Syrus. Ay.

Clit. O monſtrous impudence!

Syrus. Conſider, Sir;
More danger, the more honour.

Clit. Look ye, ſirrah,
You mean to purchaſe praiſe at my expence,
Where the leaſt ſlip of yours would ruin me.
What is't you drive at?

Syrus. But——

Clit. But what?

Syrus. I'll tell you;
Give me but leave!

Clin. Permit him.

Clit. Well, I do.

Syrus. This buſineſs—now—is juſt as if— [*drawling.*

Clit. Confuſion!
What a long round-about beginning!

Clin.

* *But come; now, Syrus, &c.*] Here we enter upon the other part of the fable, which the poet has moſt artfully complicated with the main ſubject, by making Syrus bring Clitipho's miſtreſs along with Antiphila. This part of the ſtory, we know, was not in Menander.

Clin. True.
To the point, Syrus!
Syrus. I've no patience with you.
You uſe me ill, Sir, and I can't endure it.
Clin. Hear him: peace, Clitipho! [*to* Clitipho.
Syrus. You'd be in love;
Poſſeſs your miſtreſs; and have wherewithal
To make her preſents: but to gain all this
You'd riſque no danger. By my troth, you're wiſe,
If it be wiſe to wiſh for what can't be.
Take good and bad together; both, or none;
Chuſe which you will; no miſtreſs, or no danger.
And yet the ſcheme I've laid is fair and ſafe;
Your miſtreſs may be with you at your father's,
Without detection; by the ſelf-ſame means
I ſhall procure the ſum you've promis'd her,
Which you have rung ſo often in my ears, [more?
You've almoſt deafen'd them.—What wou'd you
Clit. If it may be ſo——
Syrus. If! the proof ſhall ſhew.
Clit. Well, well then, what's this ſcheme?
Syrus. We will pretend
That Bacchis is his miſtreſs.
Clit. Mighty fine!
What ſhall become then of his own? Shall ſhe
Paſs for his too, becauſe one's not enough
To anſwer for?
Syrus. No. She ſhall to your mother.
Clit. How ſo?
Syrus. 'Twere tedious, Clitipho, to tell:

Let

Let it ſuffice, I've reaſon for it.

Clit. Nonſenſe!

I ſee no ground to make me hazard this.

Syrus. Well; if you dread this, I've another way,
Which you ſhall both own has no danger in't.

Clit. Ay, prithee, find that out.

Syrus. With all my heart.
I'll run and meet the women on the road,
And order them to go ſtraight home again.

Clit. How! what!

Syrus. I mean to eaſe you of your fear,
* That you may ſleep in peace on either ſide.
[*going.*

Clit. What ſhall I do?

Clin. E'en profit of his ſcheme.

Clit. But, Syrus, tell me then——

Syrus. Away, away!
This day, too late, you'll wiſh for her in vain. [*going.*

Clin. This is your time: enjoy it, while you may:

Who

* *That you may ſleep in peace on either* SIDE.] *In* AUREM *utramvis, otiosè ut dormias.* Literally, *on either* EAR. A Latin proverb, uſed by Plautus as well as our author, and borrowed from the Greek. We have an inſtance of it among the fragments of the ΠΛΟΚΙΟΝ, or Necklace, of Menander. The ſubject of that comedy, if we may judge from the ſmall, though precious remains of it, was much the ſame as that of the George Dandin of Moliere, the marriage of a poor man to a rich heireſs. An extract or two, may perhaps not be diſagreeable to the reader, and ſerve to relieve the dryneſs of the controverſial notes to this comedy. The very firſt line contains the proverb.

Επ'

Who knows if you may have the like again?

Clit. Syrus, I ſay.

Syrus.

Επ' αμφοτερα νυ χ' ἡ 'πικληρος κατα
Μελλει καθευδησειν, κατεργασασα μεγα
Και περιβοητον εργον· εκ της οικιας
Εξεβαλε την λυπουσαν ην εβουλετο,
Ιν' επιβλεπωσι παντες εις το Κρεωβυλης
Προσωπον, η δ' ευγνωσας ἡ γ' εμη γυνη,
Δεσποινα δια την οψιν, ἡν εκτησατο.
Ονος εν παροιμιαις εστι δη το λεγομενον.
Τουτ' ου σιωπαν εστι γαρ, ει και βουλομαι.
Εξεδυτομαι την νυκτα· πολλων μοι κακων
Αρχηγον· οιμοι, Κρεωβυλην λαβειν εμε, και
Ταλαντα δεκα, γυναιον οσαν πηχεως.
Ειτ' εστι το φρυαγμα πως αν υποσχατον;
Μα τον' Ολυμπιον και Αθηναν, ου δαμως.
Παιδισκαριον θεραπευτικον, και λογου
Ταχιον, απαγαγ', ιν' αλλην αντεισαγοι.

Now may our Heireſs ſleep on either ear,
Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
And ſatisfied the longings of her ſoul.
Her, whom ſhe hated moſt, ſhe has caſt forth,
That all the world may henceforth look upon
The viſage of Creobyla, and thence
May know my wife for miſtreſs, by the print
Of ſtern authority upon her brow.
She is indeed, as the old ſaying goes,
(a) An Aſs among the Apes.—This can't be kept
In ſilence, even tho' I wiſh'd it ſo.
Curſe on the night, the ſource of all my ills!
Ah me, that I ſhou'd wed Creobyla!
—Ten Talents, and a wife of half-a-yard!
And then who is there can endure her pride?
By Jove, by Pallas, 'tis intolerable.
A maid moſt diligent, and quick as thought,
She has caſt forth, to introduce another.

(a) *A proverb to ſignify thoſe, who are proud among thoſe, who laugh at them.*

There

Syrus. Call as you pleaſe, I'll on.

Clit. Clinia, you're right.--Ho, Syrus! Syrus, ho! Syrus, I ſay.

Syrus. So, he grows hot at laſt. [*to himſelf.* What would you, Sir? [*turning about.*

Clit. Come back, come back

Syrus. I'm here. [*returns.*

Your

There is another paſſage extant, containing part of a dialogue between the huſband and an old neighbour, on the ſame ſubject; but, for the ſake of variety, I ſhall ſubjoin an extract from the ſame comedy of a different colour.

Ω τρις κακοδαιμων, οστις αν πενης γαμει,
Και παιδοποιεισθαι· ως αλογιστος εστ' ανηρ,
Ος μητε φυλακην των αναγκαιων εχει,
Μητ' αν ατυχησας εις τα κοινα τυχοι,
Εκφευξεσθαι τουτο δυναιτο χρημασιν.
Αλλ' εν ακαλυπτω, και ταλαιπωρω βιω
Χειμαζομενος ζη, των μεν αναγκαιων εχων
Παντων μερος τι, των δ' αγαθων ουδ' ολιγων.

Thrice wretched he, that's poor and takes a wife,
And doth engender children!—Oh fool, fool!
Who undefended, bare of neceſſaries,
Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
Can't wrap his miſeries in affluence;
But in a naked, wretched poverty,
Freezes like winter; miſery his portion
Too amply dealt, and every good denied.

What Menander has in the above paſſage conſidered metaphorically, our own Shakeſpeare has very finely realized:

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? KING LEAR.

Your pleaſure, Sir!—What, will not this content you?

Clit. Yes, Syrus; me, my paſſion, and my fame
I render up to you: diſpoſe of all;
But ſee you're not to blame.

Syrus. Ridiculous!
Spare your advice, good Clitipho! you know
Succeſs is my concern ſtill more than your's:
For if perchance we fail in our attempt,
You ſhall have words; but I, alas, dry blows.
Be ſure then of my diligence; and beg
Your friend to join, and countenance our ſcheme.

Clin. Depend on me: I ſee it muſt be ſo.

Clit. Thanks, my beſt Clinia!

Clin. But take heed ſhe trip not.

Syrus. Oh, ſhe is well inſtructed.

Clit. Still I wonder
How you prevail'd ſo eaſily upon her;
Her, who's ſo ſcornful.

Syrus. I came juſt in time,
Time, that in moſt affairs is all in all:
For there I found a certain wretched captain,
Begging her favours. * She, an artful baggage,
Denied

* *She, an artful baggage, &c.*] *Hæc arte tractabat virum, ut illius animum cupidum inopiâ accenderet.* There is the ſame ſentiment, and much of the ſame turn of expreſſion in Shakeſpeare's All's Well that Ends Well.

She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint.
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy.

This

Denied him, to enflame his mind the more,
And make her court to you.—But hark ye, Sir,
Be cautious of your conduct! no imprudence!
You know how ſhrewd and keen your father is;
And I know your intemperance too well.
No double-meanings, glances, leers, ſighs, hems,
Coughing, or titt'ring, I beſeech you, Sir!

Clit. I'll play my part——

Syrus. Look to't!

Clit. To your content.

Syrus. But ſee, the women! they're ſoon after us. [*looking out.* [d'ye hold me?

Clit. Where are they?—[*Syrus ſtops him.*] Why

Syrus. She is not
Your miſtreſs now.

Clit. True not before my father.

But

This ſentiment is alſo finely touched upon by Ben Jonſon in his Every Man in his Humour. The occaſion on which it is employed by Shakeſpeare, is almoſt parallel to that in Terence, but in Ben Jonſon's play it is applied to the education of youth.

I am reſolv'd I will not ſtop his journey,
Nor practiſe any violent means to ſtay
Th' unbridled courſe of youth in him; for that
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne'er ſo little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

Every Man in his Humour, Act I.

I do not ſay that the above fine lines were ſtruck out from this paſſage in Terence; but it is plain that the remainder of Knowell's ſpeech, as the late ingenious editor of Jonſon has juſtly obſerved, was borrowed from another part of our author's works, which ſhall be painted out in the notes on the next comedy.

But now mean while.——

Syrus. Nor now, mean while.

Clit. Allow me!

Syrus. No.

Clit. But a moment!

Syrus. No.

Clit. A ſingle kiſs!

Syrus. Away, if you are wiſe!

Clit. Well, well, I'm gone.
—What's *He* to do?

Syrus. Stay here.

Clit. O happy——

Syrus. March! [*puſhes off* Clitipho.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, *and* ANTIPHILA *at a diſtance.*

Bacch. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila:
Happy, that you have made it ſtill your care,
That virtue ſhould ſeem fair as beauty in you!
Nor, gracious Heav'n ſo help me, do I wonder
If ev'ry man ſhould wiſh you for his own;
For your diſcourſe beſpeaks a worthy mind.
And when I ponder with myſelf, and weigh
Your courſe of life, and all the reſt of thoſe
Who live not on the common, 'tis not ſtrange,
Your morals ſhould be different from our's.
Virtue's your int'reſt; thoſe, with whom we deal,
Forbid it to be our's: For our gallants,
Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for That;
Which fading, they transfer their love to others.

If

If then meanwhile we look not to ourſelves,
We live forlorn, deſerted, and diſtreſt.
You, when you've once agreed to paſs your life
Bound to one man, whoſe temper ſuits with your's,
He too attaches his whole heart to you:
Thus mutual friendſhip draws you each to each;
Nothing can part you, nothing ſhake your love.

Anti. * I know not others; for myſelf I know,
From his content I ever drew my own.

Clin. overhearing.] Excellent maid! my beſt Antiphila!
Thou too, thy love alone is now the cauſe
That brings me to my native land again.
For when away, all evils elſe were light
Compar'd to wanting thee. } *apart.*

Syrus. I do believe it.

Clin. † O Syrus, 'tis too much: I cannot bear it.

Wretch

* *I know not others, &c.*] The character of Antiphila is here finely drawn, and repreſents innocence in perfection. There is nothing of conſtraint or emulation in her virtue, nor is ſhe influenced by any conſideration of the miſeries likely to attend looſeneſs or debauchery, but purely by a natural bias to virtue.

DACIER.

† *O Syrus, 'tis too much.*] Madam Dacier, contrary to the authority of all editions and MSS. adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this ſpeech to Clitipho, whom ſhe ſuppoſes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might over-hear the converſation, from whence he peeps out to make this ſpeech to Syrus. This ſhe calls an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be

Wretch that I am!—and muſt I be debarr'd
To give a looſe to love, a love like this? } *apart.*
Syrus. And yet if I may judge your father's } *apart.*
He has more troubles yet in ſtore for you. [mind,

Bacch. Who is that youth that eyes us?
[*ſeeing* Clinia.

Anti. Ha! [*ſeeing him.*]—Support me!

Bacch. Bleſs me, what now?

Anti. I faint.

Bacch. Alas, poor ſoul!
What is't ſurprizes you, Antiphila?

Anti. Is't Clinia that I ſee, or no?

Bacch. Whom do you ſee?

Clin. Welcome, my ſoul! [*running up to her.*

Anti. My wiſh'd-for Clinia, welcome!

Clin. How fares my love?

Anti. O'erjoy'd at your return.

Clin. And do I hold thee, my Antiphila,
Thou only wiſh, and comfort of my ſoul? [wait.

Syrus. In, in, for you have made our good man
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

be obliged to her father for ſo ingenious a remark: but it is to be feared that critical ſagacity will not be ſo laviſh of acknowledgements as filial piety. There does not appear the leaſt foundation for this remark in the ſcene, nor has the Poet given us the leaſt room to doubt of Clitipho's being actually departed. To me, inſtead of an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, it appears a moſt abſurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it moſt injudiciouſly tends to interrupt the courſe of Clinia's more intereſting paſſion, ſo admirably delineated in this little ſcene.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CHREMES.

*'TIS now juſt day-break.—Why delay I then
To call my neighbour forth, and be the firſt
To tell him of his ſon's return?—The youth,
I underſtand, would fain not have it ſo.

But

* *'Tis now juſt day-break.*] *Luceſcit hoc jam.* This is ſpoken with the eyes lifted up towards heaven; *hoc* has reference to *cælum*, which is underſtood. Thus Plautus in his Curculio.

Nam hoc quidem edepol haud multò poſt luce lucebit.

It is beyond all doubt that this play was acted at two different and diſtinct times; the two firſt acts at night, after ſun-ſet; and the three remaining acts the next morning, at break of day: the time between the ſecond and third act was taken up with the carouſal and ſupper given by Chremes. Menander, upon account of the feaſts then celebrating, had a right to divide his comedy in this manner: Terence took the ſame liberty, and with the ſame juſtice, ſince his plays were repreſented at Rome upon the like ſolemn occaſions. Eugraphius, who wrote notes upon this comedy, was of opinion that this method was without precedent; but he is miſtaken. Ariſtophanes did the very ſame thing; the two firſt acts of his Plutus were performed in the evening, the three laſt early the next morning, and the time between the ſecond and third act is employed by Plutus in paying a viſit to the temple of Æſculapius, where he paſſes the whole night. If we could preciſely tell the hour, at which Ariſtophanes opens his play, we ſhould undoubtedly find he had not tranſgreſſed the unity of time (twelve hours) which is requiſite to dramatick pieces. It is at leaſt certain that Terence has not exceeded it here, and that he is as exact in this parti-

But ſhall I, when I ſee this poor old man
Afflict himſelf ſo grievouſly, by ſilence
Rob him of ſuch an unexpected joy,
When the diſcov'ry cannot hurt the ſon?
No, I'll not do't; but far as in my pow'r
Aſſiſt the father. As my ſon, I ſee,
Miniſters to the occaſions of his friend,
Aſſociated

particular as in every other. The play begins a little after eight at night. The two firſt acts do not laſt above two hours; they then go to ſupper; this makes an interval of ſix or ſeven hours. The third act begins at the break of day, as Terence has taken care to point out, *luceſcit hoc jam*;—*'tis now juſt day-break.*—So that the three acts, which could not laſt three hours, muſt have ended about ſeven in the morning. But what is chiefly remarkable is, that this third interval is interwoven with the ſubject matter of the play, as well as it is in Ariſtophanes. Chremes, during that time, obſerves the freedoms which paſs between Clitipho and Bacchis: and this creates great part of the buſineſs of the third act. The critics were little attentive to this, when they cry out,—*Vaſta & hians & inanis comœdia eſt*;—*there is a void, a gap, an emptineſs in this comedy.*—Which is far, very far, from being true; for what they call ſo, has a very material connection with the play, and may be ſaid to be almoſt the very ground-work of it. Had Terence divided it ſo, that this interval had not entered into the ſubject, it would indeed have been ridiculous and inſupportable. Were we to act one of Moliere's plays thus by piecemeal, the beginning to-night, and the end to morrow morning, every body would laugh at the partition; but Terence and Menander, who were perfect maſters of the drama, attempted it with ſucceſs. And indeed it might even now a-days be done with propriety, nay would become neceſſary, provided it could be executed with equal judgment and addreſs. DACIER.

Aſſociated in counſels, rank and age,
So we old men ſhould ſerve each other too.

SCENE

The idea of the above note, as well as ſeveral others of Madam Dacier, was firſt ſuggeſted by Scaliger, who, in the ſixth book of his Poeticks, firſt broached the notion of this diviſion of the comedy in the repreſentation, in order to vindicate our author from the imputation of having left an unwarrantable chaſm between the ſecond and third acts. And it is ſomething whimſical, that this great critick, after having depreciated our author's merit in the groſs, more than any of his predeceſſors, ſhould take it into his head to juſtify him againſt every objection that had been made to any particular paſſage in his works. But though Scaliger was ever dogmatical and poſitive in his opinion, yet that opinion was not always uncontrovertible: In the preſent inſtance I am ſo far from aſſenting with Madam Dacier that the fact is *beyond all doubt*, that I will venture to ſay there is not the leaſt ground for ſuch an aſſertion. Donatus, who mentions this play in his preface to the Phormio, does not afford the leaſt colour to ſuch an argument; nor do I believe there is any more countenance given to it by the ſcholiaſts on Ariſtophanes: whoſe comedies it would be an extremely difficult taſk to reconcile to an agreement with the Unities.

One of the chief points in diſpute between Hedelin and Menage, about this comedy, relates to this interval; and great part of the controverſy turns upon a very obſcure and uncertain part of literature, *viz.* whether the Athenian month Antheſterion be agreeable to our April or January. Both agree that a night elapſes between the ſecond and third act; but Hedelin, who is followed by Madam Dacier in the above note, contends that according to the time of year, and circumſtances of the piece, it is an interval of ſix or ſeven hours, which Menage extends to thirteen or fourteen. Each of them lays out a deal of arning on this queſtion, but in my mind to very little purpoſe,

SCENE II.

* *Enter* MENEDEMUS.

Mene. to himſelf.] Sure I'm by nature form'd
for miſery Beyond

purpoſe. It is agreed on all hands, that a whole night certainly paſſes, and the ſpectator has not time to enter into a minute diſquiſition, whether 'tis in June or December: nor indeed could any thing tend to make the obſervation of the Unities appear ridiculous, ſo much as ſuch a trifling conſideration.—As to what Madam Dacier ſays of this interval's being interwoven with the ſubject; and of the ſuppoſed employments of the characters, in their abſence from the ſtage, being made conducive to the fable; it is perfectly juſt, and every ſkilful playwright ſhould contrive his intervals with the like art. But to fill up thoſe chaſms by occupying the audience alſo in the ſame manner, is, I think, a more curious device than any in the Rehearſal. Madam Dacier herſelf could not be inſenſible of the difficulty, and confeſſes that a play of Moliere's, ſo divided in the repreſentation, would appear very ridiculous; yet is willing to imagine that even a modern drama might be thus exhibited with propriety. Let us ſuppoſe therefore that, at the firſt opening of the theatre in the Haymarket, Sir John Vanburgh had written a comedy, in which he had introduced a maſquerade at the end of the ſecond act. The ſpectators aſſemble: two acts are played: then comes the maſquerade; and the ſpectators, in order to fill up the interval, ſlip on their dominos, game, drink, dance, and intrigue 'till day-light. With what appetite would they return to the repreſentation of the three laſt acts? However ſuch a partition might be received at Rome or Athens, I think it would never go down at Paris or London: and, were it not for the example of Madam Dacier, I ſhould imagine that even the moſt rigid French critick would think it more reaſonable to be wafted from ſhore to ſhore by Shakeſpear's chorus, than to adopt this extraordinary method of preſerving the Unities.

* *Enter Menedemus.*] Menedemus comes out of his

Beyond the reſt of humankind or elſe
'Tis a falſe ſaying, though a common one,
"That time aſſuages grief." For ev'ry day
My ſorrow for the abſence of my ſon
Grows on my mind: the longer he's away,
The more impatiently I wiſh to ſee him,
The more pine after him.

Chremes. But he's come forth. [*ſeeing* Menedemus.
Yonder he ſtands. I'll go and ſpeak with him.
Good morrow, neighbour! I have news for you;
Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.

Mene. * Of my ſon, Chremes?

Chremes. He's alive and well.

Mene. Where?

Chremes. At my houſe.

Mene. My ſon?

Chremes. Your ſon.

Mene. Come home?

Chremes. Come home.

Mene. † My dear boy come? my Clinia?

Chremes. He.

Mene. Away then! prithee, bring me to him.

Chremes. Hold!

He

houſe at day-break to return to his work; for he has already declared that he will allow himſelf no reſpite. This is well conducted. DACIER.

* *Of my ſon, Chremes?*] Terence diſcovers uncommon judgment in preſerving his characters. Menedemus, when he hears of good news, immediately enquires, if they relate to his ſon, thinking nothing elſe worthy his notice. PATRICK.

† *My dear boy come? my Clinia?*] Theſe repetitions are very natural. There is a paſſage very like this in the fourth act of the Captivi of Plautus.

He cares not you ſhould know of his return,
And dreads your ſight becauſe of his late treſpaſs.
He fears, beſides, your old ſeverity
Is now augmented.

Mene. Did not you inform him
The bent of my affections?

Chremes. Not I.

Mene. Wherefore, Chremes? [him

Chremes. Becauſe 'twould injure both yourſelf and
To ſeem of ſuch a poor and broken ſpirit.

Mene. I cannot help it. Too long, much too long,
I've been a cruel father.

Chremes. Ah, my friend,
You run into extremes; too niggardly,
Or, too profuſe; imprudent either way.
Firſt, rather than permit him entertain
A miſtreſs, who was then content with little,
And glad of any thing, you drove him hence:
Whereon the girl was forc'd, againſt her will,
To grow a common gameſter for her bread:
And now ſhe can't be kept without much coſt,
You'd ſquander thouſands. For to let you know
* How admirably Madam's train'd to miſchief,
How finely form'd to ruin her admirers,
She came to my houſe yeſter-night with more
Than half a ſcore of women at her tail,
Laden with cloaths and jewels—If ſhe had
† A Prince to her gallant, he could not bear

* *How admirably madam's, &c.*] Chremes takes Bacchis for Clinia's miſtreſs, and his own ſon is her real gallant. This *jeu de theatre* is admirable. DACIER.

† *A Prince to her gallant.*] Satrapes *ſi ſiet amator.* *Satrapes*

Such wild extravagance: much leſs can You.

Mene. Is She within too?

Cremes. She within? Ay, truly.

I've found it to my coſt: for I have given
To her and her companions but one ſupper;
And to give ſuch another would undo me.
For, not to dwell on other circumſtances,
Merely to taſte, and ſmack, and * ſpirt about,
What quantities of wine has ſhe conſum'd!
This is too rough, ſhe cries; *ſome ſofter, pray!*
I have pierc'd every veſſel, ev'ry caſk;
Kept ev'ry ſervant running to and fro:
All this ado, and all in one ſhort night!
What, Menedemus, muſt become of you,
Whom they will prey upon continually?
Now, afore heaven, thinking upon this,
I pitied you.

Mene. † Why, let him have his will:
Waſte, conſume, ſquander; I'll endure it all,

So

Satrapes is originally a Hebrew word, but in uſe too among the Perſians, who gave this title to the governors of their provinces; who were generally very rich, and ſo many petty kings in the eaſtern nations. PATRICK.

* *Spirt about.*] *Pytiſſando. Pytiſſare* is a word originally Greek, and is, what we call, a verb of imitation, for its ſound very much reſembles the noiſe made by the action of ſpirting wine out of the mouth. PATRICK.

† *Why, let him have his will, &c.*] Here we have, drawn in lively colours, the picture of a man haſty in running from one extreme to another. This gives occaſion to the expedient offered by Chremes, which comes in very naturally, and inſenſibly leads to the remaining part of the plot. PATRICK.

So I but have him with me.
Chremes. If reſolv'd
To take that courſe, I hold it of great moment
That he perceive not you allow of this.
Mene. What ſhall I do then?
Chremes. Any thing, much rather
Than what you mean to do: at ſecond hand
Supply him; or permit his ſlave to trick you;
Though I perceive they're on that ſcent already,
And privately contriving how to do't.
There's Syrus, and that little ſlave of your's
In an eternal whiſper: the young men
Conſulting too together: and it were
Better to loſe a Talent by theſe means,
Than on your plan a Mina: for at preſent
Money is not the queſtion, but the means
To gratify the youth the ſafeſt way.
For if he once perceives your turn of mind,
And that you'd rather hazard life and wealth,
Than part from him; ah, Menedemus, what
A window to debauchery you'll open!
Nay, life itſelf will grow a burthen to you;
For too much liberty corrupts us all.
Whatever comes into his head, he'll have;
Nor think, if his demand be right or wrong.
You, on your part, to ſee your wealth and ſon
Both wreck'd, will not be able to endure.
You'll not comply with his demands; whereon
He falls to his old fence immediately, [threaten
And knowing where your weak part lies, will
To leave you inſtantly.

Mene. 'Tis very like. [eyes,

Chremes. Now on my life I * have not clos'd my
Nor had a ſingle wink of ſleep this night,
For thinking how I might reſtore your ſon.

Mene. Give me your hand: and let me beg you,
Continue to aſſiſt me! [Chremes,

Chremes. Willingly.

Mene. D'ye know, what I would have you do at
Chremes. What? [preſent?

Mene. Since you have found out that they meditate
Some practice on me, prithee, urge them on
To execute it quickly: for I long
To grant his wiſhes, long to ſee him ſtraight.

Chremes. Let me alone. I muſt lay hold of Syrus,
And give him ſome encouragement.—But ſee!
Some one, I know not who, comes forth: †In, in,
Leſt they perceive that we conſult together!
I have a little buſineſs too in hand,
Simus and Crito, our two neighbours here,
Have

* *Have not clos'd my eyes, &c.*] Hedelin obſtinately contends from this paſſage, that neither Chremes, nor any of his family went to bed the whole night; the contrary of which is evident, as Menage obſerves, from the two next ſcenes. For why ſhould Syrus take notice of his being up ſo early, if he had known that he had never retired to reſt? or would Chremes have reproached Clitipho for his behaviour the night before, had the feaſt never been interrupted? Eugraphius's interpretion of theſe words is natural and obvious; who explains them to ſignify, that the anxiety of Chremes to reſtore Clinia to Menedemus broke his reſt.

† *In, in, &c.*] Chremes ſeizes this as a very plauſible and neceſſary pretence to engage Menedemus to return home, and not to his labour in the field, as he had at firſt intended. DACIER.

Have * a diſpute about their boundaries;
And they've referr'd it to my arbitration.
I'll go and tell them, 'tis not in my power
To wait on them, as I propos'd, to-day.
I will be with you preſently.

Mene. Pray do. [*Exit* Chremes.

Gods! that the nature of mankind is ſuch,
To ſee, and judge of the affairs of others,
† Much better than their own! Is't therefore ſo,
Becauſe that, in our own concerns, we feel
Too much the influence of joy or ſorrow?
How much more wiſely does my neighbour here
Conſult for me, than I do for myſelf! [might be *Chremes returning.*] I've diſengag'd myſelf, that I
At leiſure to attend on your affairs. [*Exit* Mened.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the Stage.*

Syrus to himſelf.] This way, or that way, or ſome way or other!
For money muſt be had, and th' old man trick'd.

Chremes overhearing. Was I deceiv'd, in thinking they were at it?
That ſlave of Clinia's, it ſhould ſeem, is dull,
And ſo our Syrus has the part aſſign'd him.

* *A diſpute about their boundaries.*] This circumſtance is a further confirmation that the ſcene lies in the country.

† *Much better than their own.*] Theſe reflections have double force, when thrown out to the audience, who are conſcious how applicable they are to Chremes as well as Menedemus.

Syrus. Who's there? (*ſeeing* Chremes.) Undone,

Chremes. Syrus! [if he has overheard me. [*aſide.*

Syrus. Sir!

Chremes. What now?

Syrus. Nothing.—But I wonder
To ſee you up ſo early in the morning,
Who drank ſo freely yeſterday.

Chremes. Not much. [verb goes,

Syrus. Not much! You have, Sir, as the pro-

* The old age of an eagle.

Chremes. Ah!

Syrus. A pleaſant,
Good ſort of girl, this wench of Clinia's.

Chremes. Ay, ſo ſhe ſeems.

Syrus. And handſome.

Chremes. Well enough.

Syrus. † Not like the maids of old, but paſſable,
As girls go now: nor am I much amaz'd
That Clinia doats upon her. But he has,
Alas, poor lad! a miſerable, cloſe,
Dry, covetous, curmudgeon to his father,
Our neighbour here; d'ye know him?—Yet, as if
He

* *The old age of an Eagle.*] Moſt probably a proverb, ſignifying a vigorous and luſty old age, like that of the eagle; who, as naturaliſts ſay, never dies of old age, and preſerves its life by perpetual drinking.
DACIER. PATRICK.

† *Not like the maids of old, &c.*] *Ita non ut olim, &c.* This is certainly the true meaning of the ſentence. Syrus artfully flatters the vanity of Chremes; old men are generally apt to think every thing they have ſeen or heard in former times, far ſurpaſſes the productions of the preſent. DACIER.

He did not roll in riches, his poor ſon
Was forc'd to run away for very want.
D'ye know this ſtory?
Chremes. Do I know it? Ay.
A ſcoundrel! ſhould be horſe-whipt.
Syrus. Who?
Chremes. That ſlave
Of Clinia's——
Syrus. Troth, I trembled for you, Syrus! [*aſide.*
Chremes. Who ſuffer'd this.
Syrus. Why what ſhould he have done?
Chremes. What?—have deviſ'd expedients, contriv'd ſchemes,
To raiſe the caſh for the young gentleman
To make his miſtreſs preſents; and have done
A kindneſs to the old hunks againſt his will.
Syrus. You jeſt.
Chremes. Not I: it was his duty, Syrus.
Syrus. How's this? why prithee then, d'ye praiſe those ſlaves,
Who trick their maſters?
Chremes. Yes, upon occaſion.
Syrus. Mighty fine, truly!
Chremes. Why, it oft prevents
A great deal of uneaſineſs: for inſtance,
This Clinia, Menedemus' only ſon,
Would never have elop'd.
Syrus. I cannot tell,
Whether he ſays all this in jeſt or earneſt;
But it gives freſh encouragement to Me. [*aſide.*
Chremes. And now what is't the blockhead waits for, Syrus?
Is't, till his maſter runs away again,
When

When he perceives himſelf no longer able
To bear with the expences of his miſtreſs?
Has he no plot upon th' old gentleman?

Syrus. He's a poor creature.

Chremes. But it is your part,
For Clinia's ſake, to lend a helping hand.

Syrus. Why that indeed I eaſily can do,
If you command me; for I know which way.

Chremes. I take you at your word.

Syrus. I'll make it good.

Chremes. Do ſo.

Syrus. But hark ye, Sir! remember this,
If ever it hereafter comes to paſs,
—As who can anſwer for th' affairs of men?
That your own ſon——

Chremes. I hope 'twill never be.

Syrus. I hope ſo too; nor do I mention this,
From any knowledge or ſuſpicion of him:
But that in caſe—his time of life, you know;
And ſhould there be occaſion, truſt me, Chremes,
But I could handle you moſt handſomely.

Chremes. Well, well, we'll think of it, when that time comes.
Now to your preſent taſk! [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE IV.

SYRUS *alone.*

I never heard
My maſter argue more commodiouſly;
Nor ever had a mind to miſchief, when

It

It might be done with more impunity.
But who's this coming from our houſe?

SCENE V.

Enter CLITIPHO, *and* CHREMES *following.*

Chrem. How now?
What manners are theſe, Clitipho? Does this
Become you?
Clit. What's the matter?
Chrem. Did not I
This very inſtant ſee you put your hand
Into yon wench's boſom?
Syrus. So! all's over:
I am undone. [*aſide.*
Clit. Me, Sir?
Chrem. Theſe very eyes
Beheld you: don't deny it.—'Tis baſe in you,
To be ſo flippant with your hands. For what
Affront's more groſs, than to receive a friend
Under your roof, and tamper with his miſtreſs?
And laſt night in your cups too how indecent,
And rudely you behav'd!
Syrus. 'Tis very true.
Chrem. So very troubleſome, ſo help me heav'n,
I fear'd the conſequence. I know the ways
Of lovers: they oft take offence at things,
You dream not of.
Clit. But my companion, Sir,
Is confident I would not wrong him.
Chrem. Granted.
Yet you ſhould ceaſe to hang for ever on them.
Withdraw,

Withdraw, and leave them ſometimes to themſelves.
Love has a thouſand ſallies; you reſtrain them.
I can conjecture from myſelf. There's none,
How near ſoever, Clitipho, to whom
I dare lay open all my weakneſſes.
With one my pride forbids it, with another
The very action ſhames me: and believe me,
It is the ſame with Him; and 'tis our place
To mark on what occaſions to indulge him.

Syrus. What ſays He now? [*aſide.*

Clit. Confuſion!

Syrus. Clitipho,
Theſe are the very precepts that I gave you:
And how diſcreet and temperate you've been!

Clit. Prithee, peace!

Syrus. Ay, I warrant you.

Chrem. Oh, Syrus,
I'm quite aſham'd of him.

Syrus. I do not doubt it.
Nor without reaſon; for it troubles Me.

Clit. Still, raſcal?

Syrus. Nay, I do but ſpeak the truth.

Clit. May I not then go near them?

Chrem. Prithee, then,
Is there *one* way alone of going near them?

Syrus. Confuſion! he'll betray himſelf, before
I get the money. [*aſide.*]—Chremes, will you once
Hear a fool's counſel?

Chrem. What do you adviſe?

Syrus. Order your ſon about his buſineſs.

Clit. Whither?

Syrus,

Syrus. Whither? where'er you pleaſe. Give
Go, take a walk. [place to Them.
Clit. Walk! where?
Syrus. A pretty queſtion!
This, that, or any way.
Chrem. He ſays right. Go!
Clin. Now, plague upon you, Syrus! [*going.*
Syrus to Clit. going.] Henceforth, learn
To keep thoſe hands of yours at reſt. [*Exit* Clit.]

SCENE VI.

D'ye mind?
What think you, Chremes, will become of him,
Unleſs you do your utmoſt to preſerve,
Correct and counſel him?
Chrem. I'll take due care. [him.
Syrus. But now's your time, Sir, to look after
Chrem. It ſhall be done.
Syrus. It muſt be, if you're wiſe:
For ev'ry day he minds me leſs and leſs.
Chrem. But, Syrus, ſay, what progreſs have you made
In that affair I juſt now mention'd to you?
Have you ſtruck out a ſcheme, that pleaſes you?
Or are you ſtill to ſeek?
Syrus. The plot, you mean,
On Menedemus. I've juſt hit on one.
Chrem. Good fellow! prithee now, what is't?
Syrus. I'll tell you.
But as one thing brings in another——
Chrem. Well?

Syrus.

Syrus. This Bacchis is a ſad jade.

Chrem. So it ſeems.

Syrus. Ay, Sir, if you knew all! nay, even now
She's hatching miſchief.—Dwelling hereabouts,
There was of late an old Corinthian woman,
To whom this Bacchis lent a thouſand pieces.

Chrem. What then?

Syrus. The woman's dead; and left behind
A daughter, very young, whom ſhe bequeath'd,
By way of pledge, to Bacchis for the money.

Chrem. I underſtand.

Syrus. This girl came here with Bacchis,
* And now is with your wife.

Chrem. What then?

Syrus. She begs
Of Clinia to advance the caſh; for which
She'll give the girl as an equivalent.
She wants the thouſand pieces.

Chrem. Does ſhe ſo?

Syrus. No doubt on't.

Chrem. So I thought.—And what do you
Intend to do?

Syrus. Who? I, Sir? I'll away
To Menedemus preſently; and tell him
This maiden is a rich and noble captive,
Stolen from Caria; and to ranſom her

Will

* *And now is with your Wife.*] Antiphila is ſhortly to be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes. She is not therefore in company with the other women at the feaſt, who were no other than courtezans, but with the wife of Chremes, and conſequently free from reproach or ſcandal. DACIER.

Will greatly profit him.

Chrem. 'Twill never do.

Syrus. How ſo?

Chrem. I anſwer now for Menedemus

I will not purchaſe her. What ſay you now?

Syrus. Give a more favourable anſwer!

Chrem. No,

* There's no occaſion.

Syrus.

* *There's no occaſion.*] Chremes is not allowed here to explain himſelf, being prevented by the coming of his wife; nor have any of the commentators given themſelves the trouble to do it for him. What ſeems moſt probable to me is this. He finds that Bacchis makes a demand of ten minæ, and offers Antiphila as a pledge for it; a bargain by which he was ſure to loſe nothing, and wherein Bacchis could not deceive him, the girl being already in his poſſeſſion. It is therefore likely that he intended to advance the money on thoſe conditions himſelf. DACIER.

The above conjecture of Madam Dacier would be a very ingenious way of accounting for a man's conduct in theſe circumſtances in real life; but in a play where the ſource of every action is induſtriouſly laid open by the poet, had this been the intention of Chremes, I ſhould think it ſhould have been expreſt, and the motive, that influenced him to it, alſo aſſigned. The following note on this ſcene gives a much better account of this conference between Chremes and Syrus, and ſhews of how much uſe it is in the enſuing part of the fable.

" Syrus pretends to have concerted this plot againſt " Menedemus, in order to trick him out of ſome money " to be given to Clinia's ſuppoſed miſtreſs. Chremes, " however, does not approve of this: yet it ſerves " to carry on the plot; for when Antiphila proves " afterwards to be the daughter of Chremes, he ne- " ceſſarily becomes the debtor of Bacchis, and is ob-

" liged

Syrus. No occaſion?
Chrem. No.
Syrus. I cannot comprehend you.
Chrem. I'll explain. [our door
—But hold! what now? whence comes it, that
Opens ſo haſtily?

SCENE VII.

Enter at a diſtance SOSTRATA *with a Ring and the* Nurſe.

Soſtra. Or I'm deceiv'd,
Or this is certainly the very ring;
The ring, with which my daughter was expos'd.
Chrem. to Syrus behind.] What can thoſe words mean, Syrus?
Soſtra. Tell me, Nurſe!
Does it appear to you to be the ſame?
Nurſe. Ay, marry: and the very moment that
You ſhew'd it me, I ſaid it was the ſame.
Soſtra. But have you thoroughly examin'd, Nurſe?
Nurſe. Ay, thoroughly.
Soſtra. In then, and let me know
If ſhe has yet done bathing; and meanwhile
I'll wait my huſband here. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Syrus. She wants you. Sir! enquire, [why.
What ſhe would have. She's grave, I know not
'Tis not for nothing; and I fear the cauſe.
Chrem.

" liged to lay down the ſum for which he imagines his " daughter was pledged." EUGRAPHIUS.

Chrem. The cauſe? pſhaw! nothing. She'll take mighty pains
To be deliver'd of ſome mighty trifle.
Soſtra. ſeeing them.] Oh huſband!
Chrem. Oh wife!
Soſtra. I was looking for you.
Chrem. Your pleaſure?
Soſtra. Firſt, I muſt intreat you then,
Believe, I would not dare do any thing
Againſt your order.
Chrem. What! muſt I believe
A thing paſt all belief?—I do believe it.
Syrus. This exculpation bodes ſome fault, I'm ſure. [*aſide.*
Soſtra. Do you remember, I was pregnant once,
When you aſſur'd me with much earneſtneſs,
That if I were deliver'd of a girl,
You would not have the child brought up?
Chrem. I know [child.
What you have done. You have brought up the
Syrus. * Madam, if ſo, my maſter gains a loſs.

Soſtra.

* *Madam, if ſo, my maſter gains a loſs.*] *Si ſic factum eſt, domina, ergo herus* DAMNO AUCTUS *eſt.* The moſt indifferent parts of an author commonly give the moſt trouble. The ſenſe of the original being ſomewhat dark, and the beſt conſtruction not very elegant, ſeveral attempts have been made to amend and alter the text. In this, as in moſt other caſes, I believe the common reading to be the right; and that it contains nothing more than a conceit from the ſlave, founded on the words *damno auctus*, which I have endeavoured to render in the manner of the original,

gains

Soſtra. No, I have not: but there was at that time
An old Corinthian woman dwelling here,
To whom I gave the child to be expos'd.
Chrem. O Jupiter! Was ever ſuch a fool!
Soſtra. Ah, what have I committed?
Chrem. What committed?
Soſtra. If I've offended, Chremes, 'tis a crime
Of ignorance, and nothing of my purpoſe.
Chrem. Own it, or not, I know it well enough,
That ignorantly, and imprudently,
You do and ſay all things: how many faults
In this one action are you guilty of?
For firſt, had you complied with my commands,
* The girl had been diſpatch'd; and not her death
Pretended, and hopes given of her life.
But that I do not dwell upon: You'll cry,
—Pity,—a mother's fondneſs.—I allow it.

But

gains a loſs. Some think by *his maſter* is meant Clitipho, others Chremes. Eugraphius explains the words to ſignify that Clitipho will be a loſer by a new-found ſiſter, who will be co-heireſs; and others will have them to imply the loſs to be ſuſtained by Chremes in paying Antiphila's portion.

* *The girl had been diſpatch'd.*] One cannot avoid being ſeized with a kind of horror, to think that, in a country ſo polite as Greece, men ſhould be ſo barbarous, as to murder their own children without remorſe, when they imagined it to be for the intereſt of their family. Philoſophy had long before this demonſtrated the horror, not only of theſe murders, but even of expoſing children. But philoſophy is always weak and unavailing, when oppoſed to cuſtoms authorized by long uſage. PATRICK.

But then how rarely you provided for her!
What could you mean? conſider!—for 'tis plain,
You have betray'd your child to that old beldam,
Either for proſtitution, or for ſale.
So ſhe but liv'd, it was enough, you thought:
No matter how, or what vile life ſhe led.
—What can one do, or how proceed, with thoſe,
Who know of neither reaſon, right, nor juſtice?
Better or worſe, for or againſt, they ſee
Nothing but what they liſt.

Soſtra. My deareſt Chremes,
I own I have offended: I'm convinc'd.
But ſince you're more experienc'd than myſelf,
I pray you be the more indulgent too,
And let my weakneſs ſhelter in your juſtice.

Chrem. Well, well, I pardon you: but, Soſtrata,
Forgiving you thus eaſily, I do
But teach you to offend again. But come,
Say, wherefore you began this?

Soſtra. As we women
Are generally weak and ſuperſtitious.
When firſt to this Corinthian old woman
I gave the little infant, from my finger
I drew a ring, and charg'd her to expoſe
That with my daughter: that if chance ſhe died,
* She might have part of our poſſeſſions with her.

Chrem.

* *She might have part of our poſſeſſions.*] The ancients imagined they were guilty of a moſt heinous crime, if they ſuffered their children to die, without having poſſeſſed ſome part of their fortune: the women therefore, who are generally ſuperſtitious, when they expoſed

Chrem. * 'Twas right: you thus preſerv'd
yourſelf and her.
Soſtra. This is that ring.
Chrem. Where had it you?
Soſtra. The girl
That Bacchis brought with her——
Syrus. Ha! [*aſide.*
Chrem. What ſays ſhe?
Soſtra. Deſir'd I'd keep it † while ſhe went to
I took no notice on't at firſt; but I [bathe.
No ſooner look'd on't, than I knew't again,
And ſtraight ran out to you.
Chrem. And what d'ye think,
Or know concerning her?
Soſtra. I cannot tell,

'Till

expoſed their children, put ſome jewel or other trinket among their cloaths, by this means thinking to diſcharge their claim of inheritance, and to clear their own conſcience. DACIER.

* *'Twas right: you thus preſerv'd, &c.*] The meaning of this paſſage is this. Chremes tells his wife, that by having given this ring, ſhe had done two good acts inſtead of one; ſhe had cleared her conſcience, and preſerved her child; for had there been no ring or other token among the infant's things, the finder would ſcarce have been at the trouble of taking care of her, but might have left her to periſh, never ſuſpecting ſhe would ever be enquired after, or themſelves liberally rewarded for their pains of preſerving her. DACIER.

† *While ſhe went to bathe.*] Hedelin is groſly miſtaken in ſaying that Antiphila bathed during the fourth act. It is ſo far from true, that, in the beginning of this ſcene, Soſtrata ſends the nurſe to ſee if Antiphila was not already come out of the bath. DACIER.

Till you enquire of herſelf, and find,
If poſſible, from whence ſhe had the ring.
Syrus. * Undone! I ſee more hope than I deſire.
She's our's, if this be ſo. [*aſide.*
Chrem. Is ſhe alive
To whom you gave the child?
Soſtra. I do not know.
Chrem. What did ſhe tell you formerly?
Soſtra. That ſhe
Had done what I commanded her.
Chrem. Her name;
That we may make enquiry.
Soſtra. Philtere. [loſt. [*aſide.*
Syrus. The very ſame! ſhe's found, and I am
Chrem. In with me, Soſtrata!
Soſtra. Beyond my hopes.
How much I fear'd you ſhould continue ſtill
So rigidly inclin'd, as formerly,
When you refus'd to educate her, Chremes!
Chrem. † Men cannot always be, as they deſire,
But muſt be govern'd by their fortunes ſtill.
The times are alter'd with me, and I wiſh
To have a daughter now; ‡ then, nothing leſs.

ACT

* *Undone! &c.*] Syrus is alarmed, fearing that, by the diſcovery of Antiphila, their plot on Menedemus would be baffled, and their impoſition on Chremes detected. EUGRAPHIUS.

† *Men cannot always, &c.*] This he ſays by way of palliating the cruelty of his former orders to put the child to death. DACIER.

‡ *Then nothing leſs.*] Here ends, the act, and, by the

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SYRUS *alone.*

* MY mind miſgives me, my defeat is nigh.
This unexpected incident has driven
My forces into ſuch a narrow paſs,
I cannot

the diſcovery of Antiphila, to all appearance, the main ſtory of the piece. The following obſervation on the great art of our poet, in continuing it through two acts more, is extremely juſt and ingenious.

" What would become of the piece which Terence " has called the Self-Tormentor, if the poet, by an " extraordinary effort of genius, had not contrived to " take up the ſtory of Clinia anew, and to weave it " in with the intrigue of Clitipho?" DIDEROT.

* *My mind, &c.*] Madam Dacier, and moſt of the later criticks who have implicitly followed her, tell us that, in the interval between the third and fourth acts, Syrus has been preſent at the interview between Chremes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile to it the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he diſcovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, ſays ſhe, is eaſily anſwered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's ſtory, and finding things take an unfavourable turn, retires to conſider what is beſt to be done. But ſurely this is a moſt unnatural impatience at ſo critical a juncture: and after all, would it not be better to take up the matter juſt where Terence has left it, and to ſuppoſe that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late converſation between Chremes and Soſtrata, at which we know he was preſent; and which at once accounts for his apprehenſions, which he betrayed even during that ſcene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real ſtate of the caſe, till apprized of the whole by Clinia?

I cannot even handſomely retreat
Without ſome feint, to hinder our old man
From ſeeing that this wench is Clitipho's.
As for the money, and the trick I dreamt of,
Thoſe hopes are flown, and I ſhall hold it triumph,
So I but 'ſcape a ſcouring.—Curſed Fortune,
To have ſo delicate a morſel ſnatch'd
Out of my very jaws!—What ſhall I do?
What new device? for I muſt change my plan.
—Nothing ſo difficult, but may be won
By induſtry.—Suppoſe, I try it thus, [*thinking.*
—'Twill never do.—Or thus?—No better ſtill.
But thus I think.—No, no.—Yes, excellent!
Courage! I have it.—Good!—Good!—Beſt of all!—
—'Faith, I begin to hope to lay faſt hold
Of that ſame ſlipp'ry money after all.

SCENE II.

Enter CLINIA *at another part of the Stage.*

Clin. Henceforward, Fate, do with me what thou wilt!
Such is my joy, ſo full and abſolute,
I cannot know vexation. From this hour
To you, my father, I reſign myſelf,
Content to be more frugal than you wiſh!
Syrus, overhearing.] 'Tis juſt as I ſuppos'd.
The girl's acknowledg'd;
His raptures ſpeak it ſo.—[*going up.*] I'm overjoy'd,
That things have happen'd to your wiſh.
Clin. O Syrus!
Have you then heard it too?

Syrus. I heard it? Ay:
I, who was preſent at the very time!
Clin. Was ever any thing ſo lucky?
Syrus. Nothing.
Clin. Now, heav'n ſo help me, I rejoice at this
On her account much rather than my own,
Her, whom I know worthy the higheſt honours.
Syrus. No doubt on't.—But now, Clinia, hold awhile!
Give me a moment's hearing in my turn.
For your friend's buſineſs muſt be thought of now,
And well ſecur'd; leſt our old gentleman
Suſpect about the wench.
Clin. O Jupiter! [*in raptures.*
Syrus. Peace! [*impatiently.*
Clin. My Antiphila ſhall be my wife.
Syrus. And will you interrupt me?
Clin. Oh, my Syrus,
What can I do? I'm overjoy'd. Bear with me.
Syrus. Troth, ſo I do.
Clin. We're happy, as the Gods.
Syrus. I loſe my labour on you.
Clin. Speak; I hear.
Syrus. Ay, but you don't attend.
Clin. I'm all attention.
Syrus. I ſay then, Clinia, that your friend's affairs
Muſt be attended to, and well ſecur'd:
For if you now depart abruptly from us,
And leave the wench upon our hands, my maſter
Will inſtantly diſcover, ſhe belongs
To Clitipho. But if you take her off,
It will remain, as ſtill it is, a ſecret.
Clin. But, Syrus, this is flatly oppoſite

To

To what I moſt devoutly wiſh, my marriage.
For with what face ſhall I accoſt my father?
D'ye underſtand me?
Syrus. Ay.
Clin. What can I ſay?
What reaſon can I give him?
Syrus. Tell no lie.
Speak the plain truth.
Clin. How?
Syrus. Every ſyllable.
Tell him your paſſion for Antiphila;
Tell him you wiſh to marry her, and tell him,
Bacchis belongs to Clitipho.
Clin. 'Tis well,
In reaſon, and may eaſily be done:
And then beſides you'd have me win my father,
To keep it hid from your old gentleman.
Syrus. No; rather to prevail on him, to go
And tell him the whole truth immediately.
Clin. How? are you mad, or drunk? You'll be the ruin
Of Clitipho: for how can he be ſafe?
Eh, Sirrah!
Syrus. That's my maſterpiece: This plot
Is my chief glory, and I'm proud to think
I have ſuch force, ſuch pow'r of cunning in me,
As to be able to deceive them both,
By ſpeaking the plain truth: that when your father
Tells Chremes, Bacchis is his own ſon's miſtreſs,
He ſhan't believe it.
Clin. But that way again [Chremes
You blaſt my hopes of marriage: for while

Suppoſes her my miſtreſs, he'll not grant
His daughter to me. You, perhaps don't care,
So you provide for him, what comes of me.

Syrus. Why, plague! d'ye think I'd have you counterfeit
For ever? but a day, to give me time
To bubble Chremes of the money.—Peace!
Not an hour more.

Clin. Is that ſufficient for you?
But then, ſuppoſe, his father find it out!

Syrus. * Suppoſe, as ſome folks ſay, the ſky ſhould fall!

Clin. Still I'm afraid.

Syrus. Afraid indeed! as if,
It was not in your pow'r whene'er you pleas'd,
To clear yourſelf, and tell the whole affair. [then!

Clin. Well, well, let Bacchis be brought over

Syrus. Well ſaid! and here ſhe comes.

SCENE

* *Suppoſe;—the ſky ſhou'd fall.*] There is a remarkable paſſage in Arrian's account of Alexander, lib. 4. where he tells us that ſome embaſſadors from the Celtæ, being aſked by Alexander, what in the world they dreaded moſt, Δεδιεναι, μηποτε ο ουρανος αυτοις εμπεσοι, "that they feared, leſt the ſky ſhould fall." Alexander, who expected to hear himſelf named, was ſurpriſed at an anſwer, which ſignified that they thought themſelves beyond the reach of all human power, plainly implying that nothing could hurt them, unleſs he would ſuppoſe impoſſibilities, or a total deſtruction of nature. PATRICK.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, *&c. at another Part of the Stage.*

Bacch. Upon my life,
This Syrus with his golden promiſes
Has fool'd me hither charmingly! Ten Minæ
He gave me full aſſurance of: but if
He now deceives me, come whene'er he will,
Canting and fawning to allure me hither,
It ſhall be all in vain; I will not ſtir.
Or when I have agreed, and fix'd a time,
Of which he ſhall have giv'n his maſter notice,
And Clitipho is all agog with hope,
I'll fairly jilt them both, and not come near them;
And maſter Syrus' back ſhall ſmart for it.

Clin. She promiſes you very fair.

Syrus. D'ye think
She jeſts? She'll do it, if I don't take heed.

Bacch. * They ſleep: i'faith, I'll rouſe them.
Hark ye, Phrygia,
Did'ſt note † the villa of Charinus, which

* *They ſleep: i'faith I'll rouſe them.*] *Dormiunt; ego pol iſtos commovebo.* Hedelin interprets theſe words literally; but ſurely nothing can be more plain, from the whole tenor of the ſcene, than that they are merely metaphorical, as Menage juſtly argues.

† *The villa of Charinus.*] *Villam Charini.* This paſſage alone is a ſufficient proof that the feaſt of Bacchus, mentioned in this play, was the *Dionyſia in the fields*; and conſequently that the ſcene is not laid in Athens, but in the country. DACIER.

That fellow juſt now ſhew'd us? [*aloud.*

Phry. I did, Madam.

Bacch. The next houſe on the right hand. [*aloud.*

Phry. I remember. [ſpends

Bacch. Run thither quickly: for the Captain
The Dionyſia there. [*aloud.*

Syrus, behind.] What means ſhe now? [will,

Bacch. Tell him I'm here; and fore againſt my
Detain'd by force: but that I'll find ſome means
To ſlip away and come to him. [*aloud.*

Syrus. Confuſion!— [*comes forward.*
Stay, Bacchis, Bacchis! where d'ye ſend that girl?
Bid her ſtop!

Bacch. Go! [*to* Phrygia.

Syrus. The money's ready.

Bacch. Then
I ſtay. [Phrygia *returns.*

Syrus. This inſtant you ſhall have it, Bacchis.

Bacch. When you pleaſe; I don't preſs you.

Syrus. But d'ye know
What you're to do?

Bacch. Why, what?

Syrus. You muſt go over,
You and your equipage, to Menedemus.

Bacch. What are you at now, ſauce-box?

Syrus. Coining money,
For your uſe, Bacchis.

Bacch. Do you think to play
Your jeſts on me?

Syrus. No; this is downright earneſt.

Bacch. Are You the perſon I'm to deal with?

Syrus.

Syrus. No.
But there I'll pay the money.
Bacch. Let us go then!
Syrus. Follow her there.—Ho, Dromo!

SCENE IV.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Who calls?
Syrus. Syrus.
Drom. Your pleaſure! What's the matter now?
Syrus. Conduct
All Bacchis' maids to your houſe inſtantly.
Dromo. Why ſo?
Syrus. No queſtions: let them carry over
All they brought hither. Our old gentleman
Will think himſelf reliev'd from much expence
By their departure. Troth, he little knows,
With how much loſs this ſmall gain threatens him.
If you're wiſe, Dromo, know not what you know.
Dromo. I'm dumb.
[*Exit* Dromo, *with* Bacchis' *ſervants and baggage into the houſe of* Menedemus.

SCENE V.

After which, Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to himſelf.] 'Fore heav'n, I pity Mene-
His caſe is lamentable: to maintain [demus.
That jade and all her harlot-family!
Altho' I know for ſome few days to come

He will not feel it; ſo exceedingly
He long'd to have his ſon: but when he ſees
Such monſtrous houſhold-riot and expence
Continue daily, without end or meaſure,
He'll wiſh his ſon away from him again.
But yonder's Syrus in good time. [*ſeeing* Syrus.
Syrus. I'll to him. [*aſide.*
Chremes. Syrus!
Syrus. Who's there? [*turning about.*
Chremes. What now?
Syrus. The very man!
I have been wiſhing for you this long time.
Chremes. You ſeem to've been at work with the old man.
Syrus. What! at our plot? No ſooner ſaid than done.
Chremes. Indeed!
Syrus. Indeed.
Chremes. I can't forbear to ſtroke
Your head for it. Good lad! come nearer, Syrus!
I'll do thee ſome good turn for this. I will,
I promiſe you. [*patting his head.*
Syrus. Ah, if you did but know
How luckily it came into my head! [luck?
Chremes. Pfhaw, are you vain of your good
Syrus. Not I.
I ſpeak the plain truth.
Chremes. Let me know it then.
Syrus. Clinia has told his father, that the wench
Is miſtreſs to your Clitipho; and that
He brought her with him hither, to prevent
Your ſmoking it.

Chremes.

Chremes. Incomparable!
Syrus. Really?
Chremes. O, admirable!
Syrus. Ay, if you knew all.
But only hear the reſt of our device.
He'll tell his father, he has ſeen your daughter,
Whoſe beauty has ſo charm'd him at firſt ſight,
He longs to marry her.
Chremes. Antiphila?
Syrus. The ſame: and he'll requeſt him to demand her
Of you in marriage.
Chremes. To what purpoſe, Syrus?
I don't conceive the drift on't.
Syrus. No! you're ſlow.
Chremes. Perhaps ſo.
Syrus. Menedemus inſtantly
Will furniſh him with money for the wedding,
To buy——d'ye take me?
Chremes. Cloaths and jewels.
Syrus. Ay.
Chremes. But I will neither marry nor betroth
My daughter to him.
Syrus. No? Why?
Chremes. Why!—is that
A queſtion? to a wretch!——
Syrus. Well, as you pleaſe.
I never meant that he ſhould marry her,
But only to pretend——
Chremes. I hate pretence.
Plot as you pleaſe, but do not render me

An engine in your rogueries. Shall I
Contract my daughter, where I never can
Conſent to marry her?

Syrus. I fancied ſo.

Chremes. Not I.

Syrus. It might be done moſt dextrouſly:
And, in obedience to your ſtrict commands,
I undertook this buſineſs.

Chremes. I believe it.

Syrus. However, Sir, I meant it well.

Chremes. Nay, nay,
Do't by all means, and ſpare no trouble in't;
But bring your ſcheme to bear ſome other way.

Syrus. It ſhall be done: I'll think upon ſome other.
—But then the money which I mention'd to you,
Owing to Bacchis by Antiphila,
Muſt be repaid her: and you will not now
Attempt to ſhift the matter off; or ſay,
"What is't to *me?* Was *I* the borrower?
"Did *I* command it? Could ſhe pledge my daughter
"Againſt *my* will?"——You can ſay none of this;
For 'tis a common ſaying, and a true,
That * ſtricteſt law is oft the higheſt wrong.

Chremes.

* *Stricteſt law is oft the higheſt wrong.*] *Summum jus, ſæpe ſumma eſt malitia.* This, as Syrus himſelf ſays, was a proverb. Menander probably made uſe of it in this very play, as the ſame ſentiment is to be found among his fragments.

——— Καλον

Chremes. I mean not to evade it.
Syrus. No, I'll warrant.
Nay You, tho' others did, could never think on't;
For all the world imagines you've acquir'd
A fair and handſome fortune.
Chremes. I will carry
The money to her inſtantly myſelf.
Syrus. No; rather ſend it by your ſon.
Chremes. Why ſo?
Syrus. Becauſe he acts the part of her gallant.
Chremes. What then?
Syrus. Why then 'twill ſeem more probable,
If he preſents it: I too ſhall effect
My ſcheme more eaſily.—And here he is.—
—In, Sir, and fetch the money out.
Chremes. I will. [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. to himſelf.] Nothing ſo eaſy in itſelf, but when
Perform'd againſt one's will, grows difficult.
This little walk, how eaſy! yet how faint
And weary it has made me!—and I fear
Leſt

———————Καλον
Οι νομοι σφοδρ' εισιν· ὁ δ' ὁρων τους νομους
Λιαν ακριβως, συκοφαντης μοι φαινεται.

The law, 'tis true, is good and excellent;
But he who takes the letter of the law
Too ſtrictly, is a pettyfogging knave.

Leſt I be ſtill excluded, and forbid
To come near Bacchis. [*Seeing Syrus.*]—Now all pow'rs above
Confound you, Syrus, for the trick you play'd me!
That brain of your's is evermore contriving
Some villainy to torture me withall.

Syrus. Away, you malapert! Your frowardneſs
Had well nigh ruin'd me.

Clit. I would it had,
As you deſerv'd!

Syrus. As I deſerv'd!—How's that?—
I'faith I'm glad I heard you ſay ſo much
Before you touch'd the caſh, that I was juſt
About to give you.

Clit. Why, what can I ſay?
You went away; came back, beyond my hopes,
And brought my miſtreſs with you; then again
Forbad my touching her.

Syrus. Well, well, I can't.
Be peeviſh with you now.—But do you know
Where Bacchis is?

Clit. At our houſe.

Syrus. No.

Clit. Where then?

Syrus. At Clinia's.

Clit. Then I'm ruin'd.

Syrus. Courage, man!
You ſhall go to her inſtantly, and carry
The money that you promis'd her.

Clit. Fine talk!
Where ſhould I get it?

Syrus. From your father.

Clit.

Clit. Pſhaw!
You play upon me.
Syrus. The event ſhall ſhew. [dear Syrus!
Clit. Then I am bleſt indeed. Thanks, thanks,
Syrus. Hiſt! here's your father.—Have a care! don't ſeem
Surpriz'd at any thing: give way in all;
Do as he bids, and ſay but little. Mum!

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes. Where's Clitipho?
Syrus. to Clit.] Here, ſay.
Clit. Here, Sir!
Chremes. Have You
Inform'd him of the buſineſs? [*to* Syrus.
Syrus. In good part.
Chremes. Here, take the money then, and carry it. [*to Clit.*
Syrus. Plague, how you ſtand, log!—take it.
Clit. Give it me. [*aukwardly.*
Syrus. Now in with me immediately!—You, Sir, [*to* Chremes.
Be pleas'd mean while to wait our coming here;
There's nothing to detain us very long.
[*Ex.* Clit. *and* Syrus.

SCENE VIII.

CHREMES *alone.*

My daughter now has had Ten Minæ of me,
Which I account laid out upon her board:

Ten

Ten more her cloaths will come to: and moreover
Two Talents for her portion.——* How unjuſt,
And abſolute is cuſtom! I muſt now
Leave every thing, and find a ſtranger out,
On whom I may beſtow the ſum of wealth,
Which I have ſo much labour'd to acquire.

SCENE IX.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. to himſelf.] Oh ſon, how happy haſt thou made thy father,
Convinc'd of thy repentance!

Chremes overhearing.] How miſtaken!

Mene. Chremes! I wiſh'd for you.—'Tis in your power,
And I beſeech you do it, to preſerve
My ſon, myſelf, and family.

Chremes. I'll do't.
Wherein can I oblige you?

Mene. You to-day
Have found a daughter.

Chremes. True. What then?

Mene.

* *How unjuſt, and abſolute is cuſtom!*] I am charmed with this ſentiment, and ſtill more with the good man's application of it. For in fact nothing can be more ridiculous, than when a father beſtows his daughter upon a man, he muſt alſo beſtow part of his fortune with her. And as a proof, that cuſtom only authorizes ſuch a practice, in antient times the very contrary was the caſe, money and preſents being given to the fathers, by thoſe who demanded their daughters in marriage. MADAM DACIER.

Mene. My Clinia
Begs your conſent to marry her.
Chremes. Good heaven!
What kind of man are you?
Mene. What mean you, Chremes?
Chremes. Has it then ſlipt your memory ſo ſoon,
The converſation that we had together,
Touching the rogueries they ſhould deviſe,
To trick you of your money?
Mene. I remember.
Chremes. This is the trick.
Mene. How, Chremes? I'm deceiv'd.
'Tis as you ſay. From what a pleaſing hope
Have I then fall'n!
Chremes. * And ſhe, I warrant you,
Now at your houſe, is my ſon's miſtreſs? Eh!
Mene. So they ſay.
Chremes. What! and you believ'd it?
Mene. All. [her;
Chremes. —And they ſay too he wants to marry
That ſoon as I've conſented, you may give him
Money to furniſh him with jewels, cloaths,
And other neceſſaries.
Mene. Ay, 'tis ſo:
The money's for his miſtreſs.
Chremes. To be ſure. [then.
Mene. Alas, my tranſports are all groundleſs
—Yet I would rather bear with any thing,
Than

* *And ſhe, I warrant you.*] Theſe two or three ſpeeches are differently divided in different editions. I have followed that order, which ſeemed to me to create the the moſt lively and natural dialogue.

Than loſe my ſon again.—What anſwer, Chremes,
Shall I return with, that he mayn't perceive
I've found him out, and take offence?
Chremes. Offence!
You're too indulgent to him, Menedemus!
Mene. Allow me. I've begun, and muſt go [through.
Do but continue to aſſiſt me.
Chremes. Say,
That we have met, and treated of the match.
Mene. Well; and what elſe?
Chremes. That I give full conſent;
That I approve my ſon-in-law;—In ſhort,
You may aſſure him alſo, if you pleaſe,
That I've betroth'd my daughter to him.
Mene. Good!
The thing I wanted.
Chremes. So ſhall he the ſooner
Demand the money; you, as you deſire,
The ſooner give.
Mene. 'Tis my deſire indeed. [this,
Chremes. 'Troth, friend, as far as I can judge of
You'll ſoon be weary of your ſon again.
But as the caſe now ſtands, give cautiouſly,
A little at a time, if you are wiſe.
Mene. I will.
Chremes. Go in, and ſee what he demands.
If you ſhou'd want me, I'm at home.
Mene. 'Tis well.
For I ſhall let you know, do what I will.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

MENEDEMUS *alone.*

THAT I'm not over-wiſe, no conjurer,
I know full well; but my aſſiſtant here,
And counſellor, and grand comptroller Chremes,
Outgoes me far: dolt, blockhead, ninny, aſs;
Or theſe, or any other common terms
By which men ſpeak of fools, befit Me well:
But Him they ſuit not: His ſtupidity
Is ſo tranſcendent, it exceeds them all.

SCENE II.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes. to Soſtrata within.] Nay prithee, good wife, ceaſe to ſtun the Gods [daughter;
With thanking them that you have found your
Unleſs you fancy they are like yourſelf,
And think they cannot underſtand a thing
Unleſs ſaid o'er and o'er a hundred times.
—But meanwhile [*coming forward.*] wherefore do my ſon and Syrus
Loiter ſo long?

Mene. Who are thoſe loiterers, Chremes?

Chremes. Ha, Menedemus, are You there?—
Have you told Clinia what I ſaid? [Inform me,

Mene. The whole.

Chremes. And what ſaid he?

Mene. Grew quite tranſported at it,

Like

Like thoſe who wiſh for marriage.

Chremes. Ha! ha! ha!

Mene. What do you laugh at?

Chremes. I was thinking of
The cunning rogueries of that ſlave, Syrus.
[*laughing.*

Mene. Oh, was That it?

Chremes. Why, he can form and mould
The very viſages of men, a rogue! [*laughing.*

Mene. Meaning my ſon's well-acted tranſport?

Chremes. Ay. [*laughing.*

Mene. The very ſame thing I was thinking of.

Chremes. A ſubtle villain! [*laughing.*

Mene. Nay, if you knew more,
You'd be ſtill more convinc'd on't.

Chremes. Say you ſo?

Mene. Ay; do but hear.

Chremes, laughing.] Hold! hold! inform me firſt
How much you're out of pocket. For as ſoon
As you inform'd your ſon of my conſent,
Dromo, I warrant, gave you a broad hint,
That the bride wanted jewels, cloaths, attendants;
That you might pay the money.

Mene. No.

Chremes. How? No?

Mene. No, I ſay.

Chremes. What! nor Clinia?

Mene. Not a word;
But only preſt the marriage for to-day. [He

Chremes. Amazing!—But our Syrus? Did not
Throw in a word or two?

Mene.

Mene. Not he.

Chremes. How ſo? [you,

Mene. Faith, I can't tell: but I'm amaz'd that
Who ſee ſo clearly into all the reſt,
Shou'd ſtick at this.—But that arch villain Syrus
Has form'd and moulded your ſon too ſo rarely,
That nobody can have the leaſt ſuſpicion,
That this is Clinia's miſtreſs.

Chremes. How?

Mene. I paſs
Their kiſſes and embraces. All that's nothing.

Chremes. What is there more that he can coun- [terfeit.

Mene. Ah! [*ſmiling.*

Chremes. What d'ye mean?

Mene. Nay, do but hear. I have
A private ſnug apartment, a back-room,
* Whither a bed was brought and made.

Chremes. What then?

Mene. No ſooner done, than in went Clitipho.

Chremes. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chremes. I tremble.

Mene. Bacchis follow'd.

Chremes.

* *Whither a bed was* BROUGHT, *&c.*] Peter Nannius obſerves that the beds among the antients were portable, and produces a paſſage from the Odyſſey, wherein Penelope orders the marriage-bed to be produced, to try whether Ulyſſes was really her huſband, or an impoſtor, by his manner of acknowledging it; becauſe this bed was formed out of the trunk of an olive, wrought into the apartment itſelf, and therefore, contrary to the nature of other beds, could not be removed. WESTERHOVIUS.

Chremes. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chremes. Undone!

Mene. No ſooner in,
But they made faſt the door.

Chremes. Ha! And was Clinia
Witneſs to this?

Mene. He was.— Both He and I. damus!

Chremes. Bacchis is my ſon's miſtreſs, Mene-
I'm ruin'd.

Mene. Why d'ye think ſo?

Chremes. Mine is ſcarce
A Ten-days family.

Mene. What! are you diſmay'd
Becauſe he ſticks ſo cloſely to his friend?

Chremes. Friend! His *She*-friend.

Mene. If ſo——

Chremes. Is that a doubt?
Is any man ſo courteous, and ſo patient,
As tamely to ſtand by, and ſee his miſtreſs—

Mene. Ha, ha, ha! Why not?—That I, you know,
Might be more eaſily impos'd upon. [*ironically.*

Chremes. D'ye laugh at me? I'm angry with myſelf:
And well I may. How many circumſtances
Conſpir'd to make it groſs and palpable,
Had I not been a ſtone!—What things I ſaw!
Fool, fool!—But by my life I'll be reveng'd;
For now——

Mene. And can't you then contain yourſelf?

Have

Have you no ſelf-reſpect? And am not I
A full example for you?
Chremes. Menedemus,
My anger throws me quite beſide myſelf. [ſhame
Mene. That you ſhould talk thus! Is it not a
To be ſo liberal of advice to others,
So wiſe abroad, and poor in ſenſe at home?
Chremes. What ſhall I do?
Mene. * That which but even now
You counſell'd me to do: Give him to know
That you're indeed a father: let him dare
Truſt his whole ſoul to you, ſeek, aſk of you;
Leſt he to others have recourſe, and leave you.
Chrem. And let him go; go where he will; much rather
Than here by his extravagance reduce
His father to diſtreſs and beggary.
For if I ſhould continue to ſupply
The courſe of his expences, Menedemus,
You're deſp'rate rakes wou'd be my lot indeed.
Mene. Ah, to what evils you'll expoſe yourſelf,
Unleſs you're cautious! You will ſeem ſevere,
And yet forgive him afterwards, and then
With an ill grace too.
Chremes. Ah, you do not know
How much this grieves me.
Mene. Well, well, take your way.
But tell me, do you grant me my requeſt

That

* *That which but even now you counſell'd me.*] One of the great beauties of this ſcene conſiſts in Chremes's retorting on Menedemus the very advice given by himſelf at the beginning of the piece. DACIER.

That this your new-found daughter wed my ſon?
Or is there aught more welcome to you?
Chremes. Nothing.
The ſon-in-law, and the alliance pleaſe me.
Mene. What portion ſhall I tell my ſon you've [ſettled?
Why are you ſilent?
Chremes. Portion!
Mene. Ay, what portion?
Chremes. Ah!
Mene. Fear not, Chremes, tho' it be but ſmall:
The portion nothing moves us.
Chremes. I propos'd,
According to my fortune, that Two Talents
Were full ſufficient: But you now muſt ſay,
If you'd ſave me, my fortune, and my ſon,
That I have ſettled all I have upon her.
Mene. What mean you?
Chremes. Counterfeit amazement too,
And queſtion Clitipho my reaſon for it.
Mene. Nay, but I really do not know your reaſon.
Chremes. My reaſon for it?—That his wanton mind,
Now fluſh'd with lux'ry and laſciviouſneſs,
I may o'erwhelm: and bring him down ſo low,
He may not know which way to turn himſelf.
Mene. What are you at?
Chremes. Allow me! let me have
My own way in this buſineſs.
Mene. I allow you.
Is it your pleaſure?
Chremes. It is.
Mene. Be it ſo. [bride.
Chremes. Come then, let Clinia haſte to call the

And

And for this ſon of mine, he ſhall be ſchool'd,
As children ought.—But Syrus!—

Mene. What of him?

Chremes. What! I'll ſo handle him, ſo curry him,
That while he lives he ſhall remember me.

[* *Exit* Menedemus.

What make a jeſt of me? a laughing-ſtock?
Now, afore heav'n, he would not dare to treat
A poor lone widow, as he treated me.

SCENE III.

Re-enter MENEDEMUS *with* CLITIPHO *and* SYRUS.

Clit. And can it, Menedemus, can it be,
My father has ſo ſuddenly caſt off
All natural affection? for what act?
What crime, alas, ſo heinous have I done?
It is a common failing.

Mene.

* *Exit Menedemus.*] The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, ſeeming to be in the midſt of a converſation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already ſuppoſed to be apprized of what had paſſed between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that ſome verſes are loſt here. Madam Dacier ſtrains hard to defend the poet, and fills up the void of time by her old expedient of making the audience wait to ſee Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a ſufficient time is elapſed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a ſummary account of the cauſe of his father's anger. The truth is, that a too ſtrict obſervance of Unity of Place will neceſſarily produce ſuch abſurdities; and there are ſeveral other inſtances of the like nature in Terence.

Mene. This, I know,
Should be more heavy and ſevere to you
On whom it falls: and yet am I no leſs
Affected by it, tho' I know not why,
And have no other reaſon for my grief,
But that I wiſh you well.
Clit. Did not you ſay
My father waited here?
Mene. Ay; there he is. [*Exit* Menedemus.
Chremes. Why d'ye accuſe your father, Clitipho?
Whate'er I've done, was providently done
Tow'rd you and your imprudence. When I ſaw
Your negligence of ſoul, and that you held
The pleaſures of to-day your only care,
Regardleſs of the morrow; I found means [ſtance.
That you ſhou'd neither want, nor waſte my ſub-
When You, whom fair ſucceſſion firſt made heir,
Stood ſelf-degraded by unworthineſs,
I went to thoſe the next in blood to you,
Committing and conſigning all to Them.
There ſhall your weakneſs, Clitipho, be ſure
Ever to find a refuge; food, and raiment,
And roof to fly to.
Clit. Ah me!
Chremes. Better thus,
Than, you being heir, for Bacchis to have all.
Syrus. Diſtraction! what diſturbances have I,
Wretch that I am, all unawares created!
Clit. Wou'd I were dead!
Chremes. Learn firſt, what 'tis to live.
When you know That, if life diſpleaſes you,
Then talk of dying.
Syrus. Maſter, may I ſpeak? *Chrem.*

Chremes. Speak.
Syrus. But with ſafety?
Chremes. Speak.
Syrus. How wrong is this,
Or rather what extravagance and madneſs,
To puniſh him for my offence!
Chremes. Away!
Do not you meddle. No one blames you, Syrus!
Nor need you to provide a ſanctuary,
Or interceſſor.
Syrus. What is it you do?
Chremes. I am not angry, nor with you, nor him:
Nor ſhould you take offence at what I do.
[*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE IV.

Syrus. He's gone. Ah, wou'd I'd aſk'd him—
Clit. Aſk'd what, Syrus? [off.
Syrus. Where I ſhou'd eat, ſince he has caſt us
You, I perceive, are quarter'd on your ſiſter.
Clit. Is't come to this, that I ſhou'd be in fear
Of ſtarving, Syrus?
Syrus. So we do but live,
There's hope——
Clit. Of what?
Syrus. That we ſhall have rare ſtomachs.
Clit. D'ye jeſt at ſuch a time as this?
And lend me no aſſiſtance by your counſel?
Syrus. Nay, I was ſtudying for you even now,
And was ſo all the while your father ſpoke.
And far as I can underſtand this——
Clit. What?

Syrus. Stay, you ſhall have it preſently. [*thinking.*

Clit. Well, what?

Syrus. Thus then: I don't believe that you're

Clit. How, Syrus! are you mad? [their ſon:

Syrus. I'll ſpeak my thoughts.

Be you the judge. While they had You alone,
While yet there was no other, nearer joy,
You they indulg'd, and gave with open hand:
But now a daughter's found, their real child,
A cauſe is found to drive you forth.

Clit. 'Tis like.

Syrus. Think you this fault ſo angers him?

Clit. I think not.

Syrus. Conſider too; 'tis ever found, that mothers
Plead for their ſons, and in the father's wrath
Defend them. 'Tis not ſo at preſent.

Clit. True.
What ſhall I do then, Syrus?

Syrus. Aſk of them
The truth of this ſuſpicion. Speak your thoughts.
If 'tis not ſo, you'll ſpeedily incline them
Both to compaſſion; or, if ſo, be told
Whoſe ſon you are.

Clit. Your counſel's good. I'll do't.

SCENE V.

SYRUS *alone.*

A lucky thought of mine! for Clitipho,
The leſs he hopes, ſo much more eaſily
Will he reduce his father to good terms.
Beſides, who knows but he may take a wife;

No

* The art and addreſs of this ſtratagem of Syrus is excellent, and cannot be ſufficiently admired. DACIER.

No thanks to Syrus neither.—But who's here?
Chremes!—I'm off: for ſeeing what has paſt,
I wonder that he did not order me
To be truſs'd up immediately. I'll hence
To Menedemus, and prevail on him
To intercede for me: as matters ſtand,
I dare not truſt to our old gentleman. [*Exit* Syrus.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES, SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. Nay indeed, huſband, if you don't take care,
You'll bring ſome kind of miſchief on your ſon:
I can't imagine how a thought ſo idle
Could come into your head.
Chremes. Still, woman, ſtill
D'ye contradict me? Did I ever wiſh
For any thing in all my life, but you
In that ſame thing oppos'd me, Soſtrata?
Yet now if I ſhould aſk, wherein I'm wrong,
Or wherefore I act thus, you do not know.
Why then d'ye contradict me, Simpleton?
Soſtra. Not know?
Chremes. Well, well, you know: I grant it, rather
Than hear your idle ſtory o'er again.
Soſtra. Ah, 'tis unjuſt in you to aſk my ſilence
In ſuch a thing as this.
Chremes. I do not aſk it.
Speak if you will: I'll do it ne'ertheleſs.
Soſtra. Will you?
Chremes. I will.
Soſtra. You don't perceive what harm

May come of this. * He thinks himſelf a foundling.

Chremes. A foundling, ſay you?

Soſtra. Yes indeed, he does.

Chremes. Confeſs it to be true.

Soſtra. Ah, heav'n forbid!
Let our moſt bitter enemies do that!
Shall I diſown my ſon, my own dear child?

Chremes. What! do you fear you cannot at your pleaſure,
Produce convincing proofs that he's your own?

Soſtra. Is it, † becauſe my daughter's found, you ſay this?

Chremes.

* *He thinks himſelf a Foundling.*] *Subditum ſe* SUSPICATUR. It is odd enough that Madam Dacier changes the text here, according to an alteration of her father, and reads SUSPICETUR, *He* MAY *think himſelf a foundling*—and aſſigns as a reaſon for it, that Terence could not be guilty of the very impropriety which ſhe undertook to vindicate in the preceding ſcene. I have followed the common reading: becauſe Chremes, ordering her to confirm her ſon's ſuſpicions, ſhews that he underſtood her words in a poſitive, not a potential, ſenſe. Clitipho, on his entrance in the next ſcene, ſeems to renew a requeſt already made, and it would be a poor artifice in the poet, and, as Patrick obſerves, below the genius of Terence, to make Soſtrata apprehend that theſe would be her ſon's ſuſpicions, before ſhe had any reaſon to ſuppoſe ſo.

† *Becauſe my daughter's found.*] Madam Dacier, as well as all the reſt of the commentators, has ſtuck at theſe words. Moſt of them imagine ſhe means to ſay, that the diſcovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that ſhe is not barren. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes that ſhe intimates ſuch a proof to be eaſy, becauſe Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which ſenſe ſhe thinks immediately confirmed by the anſwer of Chremes. I

cannot

Chrem. No; but becauſe, a ſtronger reaſon far,
His manners ſo reſemble yours, you may
Eaſily prove him thence to be your ſon.
He is quite like you: not a vice, whereof
He is inheritor, but dwells in You:
And ſuch a ſon no mother but yourſelf [grave!
Could have engender'd.—But he comes.—How
Look in his face, and you may gueſs his plight.

SCENE VII.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. O Mother, if there ever was a time
When you took pleaſure in me or delight
To call me ſon, beſeech you, think of that;
Pity my preſent miſery, and tell me
Who are my real parents!

Soſtra. My dear ſon,
Take not, I beg, that notion to your mind,
That you're an alien to our blood.

Clit. I am.

Soſtra.

cannot agree with any of them, and think that the whole difficulty of the paſſage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Soſtrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, becauſe ſhe could not poſſibly tell what it would be: but her own ſpeech is intended as an anſwer to his preceding one, which ſhe takes as a ſneer on her late wonderful diſcovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to inſinuate, that ſhe could at any time with equal eaſe make out the proofs of the birth of her ſon.—The elliptical mode of expreſſion, ſo uſual in Terence, together with the refinements of commentators, ſeem to have created all the obſcurity.

Soſtrata. Ah me! and can you then demand me that?
So may you proſper after both, as you're
Of both the child! and if you love your mother,
Take heed henceforward that I never hear
Such words from you.

Chrem. And if you fear your father,
See that I never find ſuch vices in you.

Clit. What vices?

Chrem. What? I'll tell you. Trifler, idler,
Cheat, drunkard, whoremaſter, and prodigal,
—Think this, and think that you are our's.

Soſtra. Theſe words
Suit not a father.

Chrem. No, no, Clitipho,
* Tho' from my brain you had been born, as Pallas
Sprang, it is ſaid, from Jupiter, I wou'd not
Bear the diſgrace of your enormities.

Soſtra. The Gods forbid—

Chrem. † I know not for the Gods:
I will

* *Tho' from my brain, &c.*] I cannot help conſidering this as a touch of *comick* anger. However, all the commentators are of a different opinion; and it is generally imagined that this is the paſſage alluded to by Horace, when he ſays in his Art of Poetry,

Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

Yet Comedy ſometimes her voice may raiſe,
And angry Chremes rail in ſwelling phraiſe.
FRANCIS.

† *I know not for the Gods.*] *Neſcio Deos.* Lambinus, in his admirable letter to Charles the 9th, accuſes Terence

I will do all that lies in Me. You ſeek
For parents, which you have: but what is wanting,
Obedience to your father, and the means
To keep what he by labour hath acquir'd,
For That you ſeek not.—Did you not by tricks
Ev'n to my preſence introduce—I bluſh
* To ſpeak immodeſtly before your mother:
But you by no means bluſh'd to do't.

Clit. Alas!
How hateful am I to myſelf! how much
Am I aſham'd! ſo loſt, I cannot tell
How to attempt to pacify my father.

SCENE VIII.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. Now in good faith our Chremes plagues his ſon.

rence of impiety: but the charge is groundleſs. Nay, had Terence been ever ſo wicked, he would ſcarce have been ſo imprudent as to introduce impious expreſſions in a play which was to be licenſed by the magiſtrates. *Neſcio Deos* does not imply, *I care not for the Gods*, but, *I know not what the Gods will do.* This is farther confirmed by a paſſage in the fourth ſcene of the ſecond act. Antiphila, in anſwer to what Bacchis tells her of other women, ſays *Neſcio alias, &c. For my own part* (ſays ſhe) *I know not what other women may do, &c.* and not, *I don't care for other women.* DACIER.

* *To ſpeak immodeſtly before your mother.*] The Greeks and Romans were remarkably polite in this particular. They would, upon no account whatever, expreſs themſelves indecently before their wives. Religion, policy, and good manners forbad it.

DACIER.

Too long and too ſeverely. I come forth
To reconcile him, and make peace between them.
And there they are!

Chrem. Oh, Menedemus! wherefore
Is not my daughter ſummon'd? and the portion,
I ſettled on her, ratified by You?

Soſtra. Dear huſband, I beſeech you not to do it!

Clit. My father, I intreat you pardon me!

Mene. Forgive him, Chremes! let his pray'rs prevail!

Chrem. What! ſhall I then with open eyes beſtow
My whole eſtate on Bacchis? I'll not do't.

Mene. We will prevent that. It ſhall not be ſo.

Clit. If you regard my life, forgive me, father!

Soſtra. Do, my dear Chremes!

Mene. Do, I prithee now!
Be not obdurate, Chremes!

Chrem. Why is this?
I ſee I can't proceed as I've begun.

Mene. 'Tis as it ſhou'd be now.

Chrem. On this condition,
That he agrees to do what I think fit.

Clit. I will do ev'ry thing. Command me, father!

Chrem. Take a wife.

Clit. Father!

Chrem. Nay, Sir, no denial!

Mene. I take that charge upon me. He ſhall do't.

Chrem. But I don't hear a word of it from him.

Clit. Confuſion!

Soſtra. Do you doubt then, Clitipho?

Chrem. Nay, which he pleaſes.

Mene. He'll obey in all;

Whate'er

Whate'er you'd have him.

Soſtra. This, at firſt, is grievous,
While you don't know it; when you know it, eaſy.

Clit. I'm all obedience, father!

Soſtra. Oh my ſon,
I'll give you a ſweet wife, that you'll adore,
Phanocrata's, our neighbour's daughter.

Clit. Her!
That red-hair'd, blear-ey'd, wide-mouth'd, hook-nos'd wench?
I cannot, father.

Chrem. Oh, how nice he is!
Would any one imagine it?

Soſtra. I'll get you
Another then.

Clit. Well, well; ſince I muſt marry,
I know one pretty near my mind.

Soſtra. Good boy!

Clit. The daughter of Archonides, our neighbour.

Soſtra. Well choſen!

Clit. One thing, father, ſtill remains.

Chrem. What?

Clit. That you'd grant poor Syrus a full pardon
For all that he hath done on my account.

Chrem. * Be it ſo.—[*to the Audience.*] Farewell,
Sirs, and clap your hand!

* *Be it ſo—&c.*] Terence's comedy of the Self-Tormentor is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one paſſage that could raiſe a laugh.

STEELE'S SPECTATOR, N° 502.

The idea of this drama [Comedy] is much enlarged beyond what it was in Ariſtotle's time; who defines it to be, *an imitation of light and trivial actions*, provoking ridicule. His notion was taken from the ſtate and practice of the Athenian ſtage; that is, from the *old* or *middle* comedy, which anſwers to this deſcription. The great revolution, which the introduction of the *new comedy* made in the drama, did not happen till afterwards. This propoſed for its *object*, in general, the actions and characters of ordinary life; which are not, of neceſſity, ridiculous, but, as appears to every obſerver, of a mixt kind, *ſerious*, as well as *ludicrous*, and, within their proper ſphere of influence, not unfrequently even *important*. This kind of *imitation*, therefore, now admits the *ſerious*; and its ſcenes, *even without the leaſt mixture of pleaſantry*, are entirely COMICK. Though the common run of *laughers* in our theatre are ſo little aware of the extenſion of this *province*, that I ſhould ſcarcely have hazarded the obſervation, but for the authority of Terence, who hath confeſſedly very little of the *pleaſant* in his drama. Nay, one of the moſt admired of his comedies hath the gravity, and, in ſome places, almoſt the ſolemnity of *tragedy itſelf*.

HURD's *Diſſertation on the ſeveral Provinces of the Drama.*

—Terence,—whether impelled by his native humour, or determined by his truer taſte, mixed ſo little of the *ridiculous* in his comedy, as plainly ſhews, it might, in his opinion, *ſubſiſt entirely without it*. DITTO.

In the paſſage, ſelected from the ingenious and learned critick laſt cited, are theſe four poſitions. Firſt, that Ariſtotle (who founded his notion of Comedy on the Margites of Homer, as he did that of Tragedy on the Iliad) had not ſo enlarged an idea of that kind of drama, as we have at this time, or as was entertained by the authors of the *new comedy*: Secondly, that this kind of imitation, even without *the* LEAST MIXTURE *of pleaſantry, is entirely* COMICK: Thirdly, that Comedy might, in the opinion of Terence, *ſubſiſt entirely without the* RIDICULOUS: And fourthly, that the Self-Tormentor hath the gravity of *tragedy itſelf*.

The

The two first positions concerning Aristotle's idea of this kind of imitation, and the genius of Comedy itself, it is not necessary to examine at present; and indeed they are questions of too extensive a nature to be agitated in a fugitive note: But in regard to the two last positions, with all due deference to the learned critick, I will venture to assert that the authority of Terence cannot be fairly pleaded in confirmation of the doctrine, that Comedy may subsist *without the least mixture* of the *pleasant* or *ridiculous*. *Terence*, say the French criticks, *fait rire au dedans, & Plaute au dehors.* The humour of Terence is indeed of a more chaste and delicate complexion than that of Plautus, Jonson, or Moliere. There are also, it is true, many grave and affecting passages in his plays, which Horace in his rule of *Interdum tamen, &c.* and even "the common run of *laughers* in our theatre" allow and applaud in our gayest comedies. I cannot however think that he ever trespasses on the severity or solemnity of Tragedy: nor can I think that there are not touches of humour in every one of the plays, which he has left behind him; some humour of dialogue, more of character, and still more of comick situation, necessarily resulting from the artful contexture of his pieces. The Andrian, The Eunuch, The Brothers, and Phormio, especially the second and fourth, are confessedly *pleasant* comedies, and the Eunuch in particular the most favourite entertainment of the Roman theatre. Instances of humour have been produced, by the ingenious critick himself, even from the Step-Mother; and the ensuing notes will probably point out more. As to the present comedy, the Self-Tormentor, I should imagine that a man, with much less mercury in his composition than Sir Richard Steele, might have met with more than one or two passages in it that would raise a laugh. Terence indeed does not, like the player-clowns mentioned by Shakespeare's Hamlet, "set on the spectators to laugh, though in "the mean time some necessary question of the play "be to be considered." He never starts from the subject, merely to indulge himself in pleasantries, like

Plautus

Plautus and even Moliere, for whole ſcenes together. His humour always ariſes from the occaſion, and flows from him in the natural courſe of the fable; in which he not only does not admit idle ſcenes, but ſcarce ever a ſpeech that is not immediately conducive to the buſineſs of the drama. His humour, therefore, muſt neceſſarily lie *cloſe* and *compact*, and requires the conſtant attention of the reader to the incidents that produce it, on which dramatick humour often in great meaſure depends; but would of courſe unfold itſelf in the repreſentation, when thoſe incidents were thrown into Action. In the preſent comedy, the character of Syrus, bating the deſcription in the ſecond act, muſt be allowed to be wholly comick; and that of Chremes ſtill more ſo. The conduct of the third and fourth acts is happily contrived for the production of mirth, and the ſituation of the two old men in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act is very pleaſantly imagined. The deep diſtreſs of Menedemus, with which the play opens, makes but a very inconſiderable part of Terence's comedy; and I am apt to think, as I have before hinted in another place, that the Self-Tormentor of Menander was a more capital and intereſting character. As our poet has contrived, the ſelf-puniſhment of Menedemus ends as ſoon as the play begins. The ſon returns in the very ſecond ſcene; and the chief cauſe of the grief of Menedemus being removed, other incidents, and thoſe of the moſt comick caſt too, are worked into the play; which, in relation to the ſubject of it, might perhaps, with more propriety, have been entitled The Fathers, than The Self-Tormentor. I cannot therefore, notwithſtanding the *pathos* and ſimplicity of the firſt ſcene, agree to the laſt poſition, "that this comedy hath the gravity of tragedy itſelf."

THE

BROTHERS.

BROTHERS.

THE

BROTHERS;

Acted at the FUNERAL GAMES of L. Æmilius Paulus, * Given by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus: † Principal

* *Lucius Æmilius Paulus.*] Surnamed Macedonicus, becauſe he had obtained a victory over Perſeus king of Macedon; he died in the year of Rome 593, one hundred fifty-eight years before the nativity of Chriſt: he was ſo poor at the time of his deceaſe, that they were conſtrained to ſell his eſtate in order to pay his widow her dower. DACIER.

† *Q. Fabius Maximus & P. Cornelius Africanus.*] In ſome copies we read, *Q. F. M. & P. C. A. Ædilibus Curilibus.*—"Q. Fabius Maximus, & P. Cornelius Africanus, Curule Ædiles."—This, as Scaliger, and other commentators are of opinion, muſt be erroneous: for the children and relations of the deceaſed, and not the Ædiles, had always the direction of the funeral games. Beſides it is very certain, that P. C. Scipio Africanus, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius, never was Ædile, the Conſulſhip having been conferred upon him the ſame year that he ſued for the Ædileſhip, though not yet arrived at the uſual age aſſigned for that high dignity; as we are told by Aurelius Victor in his little Treatiſe of Illuſtrious Men. And this event did not happen till twelve years after the death of his father and the repreſentation of this play, Scipio being even then but thirty-ſix years of age, before which time no perſon could be elected Ædile. —— Murret corrected the title after an ancient MS. he had ſeen at Venice. The Q. Fabius Maximus, & P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were the two ſons of Æmilius Paulus, and had taken the ſurnames of the perſons who had adopted them. This is undoubtedly the true reading. The Ædiles that year were Q. Fulvius Nobilior & L. Marcius. DACIER.

cipal Actors, L. Attilius Prænestinus, and Minutius Prothimus: The Musick composed for Tyrian Flutes, * by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius. Taken

* *Tyrian flutes.*] *Tibiis Sarranis.* Tyre by the ancient Phœnicians was called *Sor*; the Carthaginians, their descendants, called it *Sar*, from whence it came to be called *Sarra*. *Sarranis* therefore meant the same thing as *Tyriis*. These Tyrian flutes were the equal left-handed flutes, and always used upon joyful occasions.—And here arises a great difficulty, for how can we imagine that the children of Æmilius would have allowed such musick at their father's funeral? It is impossible. This title is not only corrupt, but defective: the true reading is *Acta primùm tibiis Lydiis, deinde* TIBIIS SARRANIS. The Lydian flutes were grave and solemn, and consequently adapted to grave and solemn purposes. After the play had been acted at that solemnity, it was performed with left-handed flutes, and doubtless on some less mournful occasion. See the preface of Donatus to this comedy. DACIER.

There is much ingenuity in the above note of Madam Dacier, who has plainly proved that the title to this play is defective, and so, there is great reason to think, are the titles to the rest of our author's comedies. Yet I cannot entirely agree with her, that such musick could not have been used at a funeral. The ancients, we know, admitted all kinds of games at such solemnities. The musick was most probably suited to the comedy, rather than to the occasion, on which it was exhibited: and Donatus, to whom she refers, tells us in express words, that it was so in the present instance, *Modulata est autem tibiis dextris, id est, Lydiis,* ob seriam gravitatem, quâ fere in omnibus comœdiis utitur hic poeta. *Sæpe tamen, mutatis per scenam modis, cantica mutavit: quod significat titulus*

Taken from the Greek of Menander: Firſt acted,

tulus ſcenæ, habens ſubjectas perſonis literas M. M. C. " It was compoſed for right-handed flutes, that is, " Lydian, *becauſe of the ſerious vein, which generally* " *prevails in all our author's comedies*; the muſick " however was frequently varied in the courſe of the " the ſcene, as is ſhewn from the letters M. M. C. " that is, *mutatis modis cantici*, ſubjoined to the names " of the characters." The learned reader, who will be at the pains to conſult Madam Dacier, I believe, will agree with me, that ſhe has but partially cited, and inaccurately tranſlated the above extract from the preface of Donatus.

I cannot conclude the notes on this title, without taking notice of the happy and elegant uſe made of the occaſion, on which the play was firſt repreſented, by my late friend Lloyd, in his Prologue to this Comedy, when acted at Weſtminſter ſchool in the year 1759, ſoon after the melancholy news of the publick loſs ſuſtained by the death of that moſt eminent military character General Wolfe. The learned reader, I dare ſay, will not be ſorry to ſee it entire.

Prologus in Adelphos, 1759.

Cum Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
  Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma ſuum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipſis
  Scenis extinctum condecorâſſe ducem.
Ecquis adeſt, ſcenam nocte hâc qui ſpectet eandem,
  Nec nobis luctum ſentiet eſſe parem?
Utcunque arriſit pulchris victoria cœptis,
  Qua Sol extremas viſit uterque plagas,
Succeſsûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
  Surgit amari aliquid, legitimuſque dolor.
Si famæ generoſa ſitis, ſi bellica virtus,
  Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,

Difficiles

acted, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius, Conſuls.

Year of Rome - - - - - - 593

Before Chriſt - - - - - - - 160

Difficiles laurus ipſoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel ſi quid amabile, jure
Eſto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus!
Nec moriere omnis.—Quin uſque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Conſluet huc ſtudio viſendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidiſſe heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

TO

JAMES BOOTH, Esq;

OF LINCOLN'S INN,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

MOST FAITHFUL,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.
DEMEA.
MICIO.
ÆSCHINUS.
CTESIPHO.
HEGIO.
SANNIO.
SYRUS.
GETA.
DROMO.
PARMENO, other Servants, &c.

SOSTRATA.
CANTHARA.
MUSICK-GIRL, and other Mutes.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THE Bard perceiving his piece cavill'd at
By partial criticks, and his adverſaries
Miſrepreſenting what we're now to play,
Pleads his own cauſe; and you ſhall be the judges,
Whether he merits praiſe or condemnation.
The * *Synapothneſcontes* is a Piece
By † Diphilus, a Comedy which Plautus,
Having tranſlated, call'd COMMORIENTES.
In the beginning of the Græcian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
Has our Bard interwoven with his *Brothers*;
The new piece which we repreſent to-day.
Say then ‡ if this be theft, or honeſt uſe
Of what remain'd unoccupied.—For that
Which

* *Synapothneſcontes.*] A Greek word [Συναποθνησκοντες] ſignifying *dying together.* Varro ſomewhere declares that Plautus was not the author of the comedy, called *Commorientes*, a Latin word of the like import: but he certainly ſpeaks of ſome other play which bore the ſame title, or the opinions of men muſt have differed in his days concerning this matter; ſome giving it to Plautus, others to Aquilius. Terence however, in my opinion, is an authority moſt to be depended upon. The play of Plautus is loſt. DACIER.

† *Diphilus.*] Diphilus, as well as Philemon, was a comick poet, cotemporary of Menander.

‡ *If this be theft, &c.*] Nothing can ſet the Greek poets in a more exalted light, than to ſee them, even from the earlieſt days of the Romans, not only ſo eagerly read, but ſo attentively and ſo carefully tranſlated, that the Latin authors ſeldom or never

Which malice tells that * certain noble perſons
Aſſiſt the Bard, and write in concert with him;
That which they deem a heavy ſlander, He
Eſteems his greateſt praiſe: that he can pleaſe
Thoſe who pleaſe you, who all the people pleaſe;
Thoſe who † in war, in peace, in counſel, ever
Have render'd you the deareſt ſervices,
And ever bore their faculties ſo meekly.
Expect not now the ſtory of the Play:
Part the old men, who firſt appear, will open;
Part will in act be ſhewn.—Be favourable;
And let your candour to the poet now
Increaſe his future earneſtneſs to write!

never attempted any thing of their own: Donatus, in his preface to this comedy, ſays of TERENCE, *minus exiſtimans laudis proprias ſcribere, quam Græcas transferre*, "thinking it leſs praiſe to invent new plays, "than to tranſlate Greek ones."

* *Certain noble Perſons.*] Scipio, Lælius, & Furius Publius. DONATUS.

See the notes to the author's life.

† *In war, peace, &c.*] In war ſignifies Scipio, in peace, Furius Publius; in counſel, Lælius.

DONATUS.

THE

THE BROTHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter MICIO.

HO, Storax! *—Æſchinus did not return
Laſt night from ſupper; no, nor any one
Of all the ſlaves, who went to ſee for him. †
—'Tis commonly,—and oh how truly!—ſaid,
If you are abſent, or delay, 'twere beſt
That ſhould befal you, which your wife denounces,
Or which in anger ſhe calls down upon you,
Than that which kindeſt parents fear.—Your wife,
If you delay, or thinks that you're in love,
Or lov'd, or drink, or entertain yourſelf,
Taking your pleaſure, while ſhe pines at home.
—And what a world of fears poſſeſs me now!
How anxious that my ſon is not return'd;
Leſt he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!
—Gods, that a man ſhould ſuffer any one
To wind himſelf ſo cloſe about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himſelf!
And yet he is not *my* ſon, but my brother's,
Whoſe bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from

* *Ho, Storax!*] *Storax! non rediit hac nocte a cœnâ Æſchinus.* Some conſider Micio as aſking a queſtion in theſe words, but they are miſtaken. He calls Storax; and finding he does not anſwer, concludes that neither Æſchinus, nor any of his ſervants are come home. DONATUS.

† *Who went to ſee for him.*] *Qui advorſum ierant.* The ſervants, who went to meet their maſters, and defend them home, were called *Adverſitores.* DONATUS.

I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet, and ſerene, town-life;
And, as ſome reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the oppoſite of this,
Has paſt his days entirely in the country
With thrift, and labour; married; had two ſons.
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my ſoul holds dear,
Striving to make myſelf as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requiſite
That all his deeds ſhould be controul'd by me,
Giving him ſcope to act as of himſelf;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my ſon
Not to conceal from me. For whoſoe'er
Hath won upon himſelf to play the falſe one,
And practiſe impoſitions on a father,
Will do the ſame with leſs remorſe to others;
* And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleneſs and modeſty, than fear.

And

* *And 'tis in my opinion, &c.*] Theſe ſentiments are adopted by Ben Jonſon in his Every Man in his Humour, where they are put into the mouth of old Knowell.

There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modeſty, than fear:
Force works on ſervile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodneſs, may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By ſoftneſs and example, get a habit.
Then if they ſtray, but warn them; and the ſame
They ſhou'd for virtue have done, they'll do for ſhame.

And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do theſe notions, nor this conduct pleaſe him.
Oft he comes open-mouth'd — Why how now,
Why do you ruin this young lad of our's? [Micio?
Why does he wench? why drink? and why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dreſs too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
—'Tis hard in him, unjuſt, and out of reaſon.
And he, I think, deceives himſelf indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendſhip;
For thus I reaſon, thus perſuade myſelf:
He who performs his duty, driven to't
By fear of puniſhment, while he believes
His actions are obſerv'd, ſo long he's wary;
But if he hopes for ſecrecy, returns
To his own ways again: But he whom kindneſs,
Him alſo inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Preſent or abſent, evermore the ſame.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father.
To make a ſon embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice, than terror or conſtraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a maſter. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confeſs he knows not
How to rule children.—But is this the man,
Whom I was ſpeaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He ſeems uneaſy too, I know not why,
And I ſuppoſe, as uſual, comes to wrangle. *

SCENE

* *Comes to wrangle.*] There are ſeveral fine paſſages

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to ſee you well.

Demea. * Oho
Well met: the very man I came to ſeek.

Micio. But you appear uneaſy: What's the matter?

Demea. Is it a queſtion, when there's Æſchinus
To trouble us, what makes me ſo uneaſy?

Micio. I ſaid it wou'd be ſo.—What has he done?

Demea. What has he done? a wretch, whom neither ties
Of ſhame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!
For not to ſpeak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now?

Micio. What has he done?

Demea. † Burſt open doors, and forc'd
His way into another's houſe, and beat
The maſter and his family half-dead;
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.
The whole town cries out ſhame upon him, Micio.
I have

in this ſpeech, and good obſervations on human life; yet it is too long a ſoliloquy. COOKE.

* *Oho! well met.*] The Poet has in this place improved on Menander, in repreſenting Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother, than to return his compliments. DONATUS.

† *Burſt open doors, &c.*] The character and paſſion of Demea is finely marked in the account which he gives of the riot; in which he dwells on every minute particular, endeavouring to multiply and exaggerate the offences of Æſchinus, and concealing every palliating circumſtance. DONATUS.

I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk.—
* And if we needs muſt draw compariſons,
Does not he ſee his brother, thrifty, ſober,
Attentive to his buſineſs in the country?
Not given to theſe practices? and when
I ſay all this to Him, to You I ſay it.
You are his ruin, Micio.

Micio. How unjuſt
Is he, who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right, but what he does himſelf!

Demea. Why d'ye ſay that?

Micio. Becauſe you, Demea,
Judge wrongly of theſe matters. 'Tis no crime
For a young man to wench, or drink.—'Tis not,
Believe me!—nor to force doors open.—This
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not. And now
You claim a merit to yourſelf, from that
Which want conſtrain'd you to. It is not fair.
For had there been but wherewithall to do't, [You,
We likewiſe ſhould have done thus. Wherefore
Were you a man, would let your younger ſon,
Now, while it ſuits his age, purſue his pleaſures;
Rather than, when it leſs becomes his years,
When, after wiſhing long, he ſhall at laſt
Be rid of you, he ſhould run riot then.

Demea. Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad

* *And if we needs muſt draw compariſons.*] There is much humour in this paſſage, when it appears that the ſon ſo much commended is the moſt in fault. DONATUS.

Is it no crime, d'ye ſay, for a young man
To take theſe courſes?

Micio. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor ſtun me with the ſelf ſame thing for ever!
Your elder ſon you gave me for adoption:
He's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,
'Tis an offence to me, and I muſt bear
The burden.* Does he treat? or drink? or dreſs?
'Tis

* *Does he treat? or drink? &c.*] The mild character of Micio is contraſted by Tully to that of a furious, ſevere father, as drawn by the famous comick poet Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the oration for Cælius, in the compoſition of which it is plain that the orator kept his eye pretty conſtantly on our poet.—The paſſages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and ſeverity, which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the ſtile of that author.

Nunc demum mihi animus ardet, nunc meum cor cumulatur irâ
——O infelix, O ſcelus!——
Egone quid dicam? egone quid velim? quæ tu omnia tuis fœdis factis facis, ut nequidquam velim.
Cur te in iſtam vicinitatem meretriciam contuliſti? cur illecebris cognitis non refugiſti? cur alienam ullam mulierem noſti? dide ac diſſice, per me licebit. Si egebis, tibi dolebit: mihi ſat eſt, qui ætatis quod reliquum eſt, oblectem meæ.
Now my ſoul burns, now my heart ſwells with anger.
——Oh wretch, oh monſter!——
What can I ſay? what can I wiſh? when you
By your vile deeds make all my wiſhes vain?
Why did you go into that neighbourhood?
Why, knowing her allurements, not avoid them?
And why maintain an intercourſe ſo vile?
—Spend, ſquander, diſſipate, I give you leave,
If want o'ertakes you, you alone will feel it:
For my remains of life I've yet enough.

His

'Tis at my coſt.——Or wench? I will ſupply him,
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
* His miſtreſſes perhaps will ſhut him out.
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? It ſhall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irkſome.—In a word,
Or ceaſe, or chuſe ſome arbiter between us:
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

Demea. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from thoſe,
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!

Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counſel.

Demea. You! do you counſel any thing?

Micio. Nay, nay;
If you perſiſt, I'm gone.

Demea. Is't thus you treat me? [o'er?

Micio. Muſt I ſtill hear the ſame thing o'er and

Demea. It touches me.

Micio. And me it touches too.
But, Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other.

* *His miſtreſſes perhaps will ſhut him out.*] *Fortaſſe excludetur foras.* I once underſtood this paſſage thus: *perhaps I may turn him out of doors:* but on further conſideration I think the ſenſe which I have followed more agreeable to the character of Micio. The fondneſs he expreſſes in this ſentiment is very remarkable: he does not abſolutely ſay, Æſchinus's miſtreſſes *will* turn him out of doors, *excludetur foras*, but *fortaſſe excludetur foras*, PERHAPS *they* MAY *turn him out of doors.* He is ſo extremely partial to his adopted ſon, that he thinks his miſtreſſes would certainly careſs him, even though he made them no preſents. This expreſſion *fortaſſe* has an admirable effect, as was obſerved by Donatus. DACIER.

For to concern yourſelf with both, appears
As if you'd redemand the boy you gave.
Demea. Ah, Micio!
Micio. So it ſeems to me.
Demea. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleaſure, waſte, deſtroy,
And ſquander; it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er ſay one word——
Micio. Again?
Angry again, good Demea?
Demea. You may truſt me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?
—It hurts me. I am not a ſtranger to him.
—But if I once oppoſe—Well, well, I've done.
You wiſh I ſhould take care of One. I do
Take ſpecial care of him; and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wiſh he *ſhould* be: which your ward,
I warrant, ſhall find out one time or other.
I will not ſay aught worſe of him at preſent. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*MICIO *alone.*

Though what he ſays be not entirely true,
There's ſomething in it, and it touches me.
But I diſſembled my concern with him,
Becauſe

* *Micio alone.*] Terence ſeems inclined to favour the part of mild fathers. He repreſents Micio as affected at his ſon's irregularities; leſt, if he ſhould appear wholly unmoved, he might ſeem to corrupt his ſon, rather than to treat him with a proper indulgence. Wherefore, through all his moderation, he ſtill betrays a fatherly emotion. DONATUS.

Becauſe the nature of the man is ſuch,
To pacify, I muſt oppoſe and thwart him;
And even thus I ſcarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame, or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himſelf.
Yet Æſchinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What wench is there he has not lov'd? to whom
He has not made ſome preſent?—And but lately
(Tir'd, I ſuppoſe, and ſick of wantonneſs)
* He told me he propos'd to take a wife.
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoyc'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afreſh.—Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out; and know it inſtantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO, *the* Muſick Girl, *and a Croud of People.*

San. HELP, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's ſake!

* *He told me he propos'd to take a wife.*] The art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant perſons ſhall open the plot: as in the preſent inſtance, which gives us to underſtand that Æſchinus had mentioned to Micio his intentions of taking a wife, though he had not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the enſuing part of the fable, without foreſtalling any of the circumſtances. DONATUS.

Aſſiſt a miſerable harmleſs man!
Help the diſtreſt!

Æſch. to the Girl.] Fear nothing: ſtand juſt there! [Never,
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger.
While I am by, ſhall he lay hands upon you.

San. Ay, but I will, in ſpite of all the world.

Æſch. Rogue as he is, he'll ſcarce do any thing
To make me cudgel him again to-day.

San. One word, Sir Æſchinus! that you may
Pretend to ignorance of my profeſſion; [not
* I'm a Procurer.

Æſch. True.

San. And in my way
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to abſolve yourſelf, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wrong'd me thus.
I ſhan't care *that* for your excuſe. [*ſnapping his fingers.*] Be ſure,
I'll proſecute my right; nor ſhall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way.
——"I'm ſorry that I did it; and I'll ſwear
"You are unworthy of this injury,"——
Though all the while I'm us'd moſt ſcurvily.

Æſch.

* *I'm a Procurer.*] He ſays this to Æſchinus to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the Procurers at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republick from their traffick in ſlaves. It was forbid to abuſe them, on pain of diſinheritance. Hence in Lucian a young man, complaining of being diſinherited by his father, ſays, τις πορνοβοσκος υβρισεν; "what ſlave-merchant accuſes me of having maltreated him?" DACIER.

Æſch. to Par.] Do you go forwards. Parmeno,
The door wide open. [and throw
San. That ſha'n't ſignify.
Æſch. to Par.] Now in with her!
San. ſtepping between.] I'll not allow it.
Æſch. to Par.] Here!
Come hither, Parmeno!—you're too far off.—
Stand cloſe to that Pimp's ſide—There—there—
juſt there!
And now be ſure you always keep your eyes
Stedfaſtly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fiſt directly in his face.
San. Ay, if he dare.
Æſch. to Par.] Now mind!—[*to Sannio.*] Let
go the girl!
[Sannio *ſtill ſtruggling with the Girl*, Æſchinus
winks, and Parmeno *ſtrikes* Sannio.
San. Oh monſtrous!
Æſch. He ſhall double it unleſs
You mend your manners. [Parmeno *ſtrikes*
Sannio *again.*
San. Help, help: murder, murder!
Æſch. to Par.] I did not wink: but you had
better err
That way than t'other.—Now go in with her.
[Parmeno *leads the Girl into* Micio's *Houſe.*
San. How's this?—Do you reign King here,
Æſchinus? [recompens'd
Æſch. Did I reign King, you ſhould be
According to your virtues, I aſſure you.
San. What buſineſs have you with me?
Æſch. None.

San. * D'ye know
Who I am, Æſchinus?
Æſch. Nor want to know.
San. Have I touch'd aught of your's, Sir?
Æſch. If you had,
You ſhould have ſuffer'd for't.
San. What greater right
Have you to take away my ſlave, for whom
I paid my money? anſwer me!
Æſch. 'Twere beſt,
You'd leave off bellowing before our door:
If you continue to be troubleſome,
I'll have you dragg'd into the houſe, and there
Laſh'd without mercy.
San. How, a freeman laſh'd!
Æſch. Ev'n ſo.
San. O monſtrous tyranny! Is this,
Is this the liberty they boaſt of here,
Common to all?
Æſch. If you have brawl'd enough,
Pleaſe to indulge me with one word, you Pimp.
San. Who has brawl'd moſt, yourſelf, or I?
Æſch. Well, well!
No more of that, but to the point!
San. What point?
What wou'd you have?
Æſch. Will you allow me then
To ſpeak of what concerns you?
San. Willingly:

Speak

* *D'ye know who I am?*] *Noſtin' qui ſim?* A law term, ſignifying, "Do I owe you any thing?"

Speak but in juſtice.

Æſch. Very fine! a Pimp,
And talks of juſtice!

San. Well, I am * a Pimp;
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,
A publick nuiſance, I confeſs it: yet
I never did You wrong.

Æſch. No that's to come.

San. Prithee return to whence you firſt ſet out,
Sir! [girl

Æſch. You, Plague upon you for it! bought the
For twenty Minæ; which ſum we will give you.
San.

* *A pimp; the common bane, &c.*] This ſeems to be a tranſlation from Diphilus, from whom this part of the fable was taken.

Ουκ εστιν ουδε τεχνιον εξωλεστερον
Τ᾽ πορνοβοσκικ.

No calling is more baneful and pernicious,
Than that of a Procurer.

WESTERHOVIUS.

The Procurer was a common character in the comedy of the antients; but if we may pronounce from their remains, we may venture to ſay that the character was never ſo finely painted in any part of their works, as in the following lines of Shakeſpeare.

Fie, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! Go Mend, mend.
Meaſure for Meaſure.

San. What if I do not chuſe to ſell the girl?
Will you oblige me?

Æſch. No.

San. I fear'd you would.

Æſch. She's a free-woman, and ſhould *not* be ſold.
And, as ſuch, * by due courſe of law I claim her.
Now then conſider which you like the beſt,
To take the money, or maintain your action.
Think on this, Pimp, till I come back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SANNIO *alone.*

Oh Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags me
Out of my own houſe; cudgels me moſt ſoundly;
And carries off my ſlave againſt my will:
And after this ill treatment, he demands
The Muſick-Girl to be made over to him,
At the ſame price I bought her.—He has pour'd
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deſerves ſo nobly at my hands,
He ſhould no doubt be gratified.—Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the caſh, I'm ſtill content.
But this I gueſs will be the caſe: as ſoon
As I ſhall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witneſſes immediately,

To

* *By due courſe of law I claim her.*] *Ego liberali illam aſſero cauſâ manu.* Law terms. The defenders of the liberty of another were called *Aſſertores*, and the ſuit commenced on that account called *Liberalis cauſa*, an action of freedom. DONATUS.

To prove that I have ſold her.—And the money
Will be mere moon-ſhine.——" By and by."——
" To-morrow."
—Yet I could bear that too, tho' much wrong,
Might I but get the money after all:
For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he muſt receive,
And pocket the affronts of young gallants,
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Concluſions to no purpoſe.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus to Æſch. within.] Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; ay, and own
That he's well treated too. [*coming forward.*
Why how now, Sannio?
What't the diſpute I overheard juſt now
'Twixt you and my young maſter?

San. Never was
Any diſpute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! Poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary.

Syrus. All your fault.

San. What could I do?

Syrus. Give a young man his way.

San. What could I give him more, who gave
my face? [Sannio?

Syrus. Nay, but do you know my meaning,
To ſeem upon occaſion to ſlight money,

Proves

Proves in the end, ſometimes, the greateſt gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated ſomewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with intereſt?

San. I never purchaſe hope with ready money.

Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to enſnare men, Sannio.

San. Well, perhaps,
Your way were beſt: yet I was ne'er ſo crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment.

Syrus. Pſhaw! I know your ſpirit:
As if you valued Twenty Minæ now,
So you might do a kindneſs to my maſter!
—Beſides they ſay you're ſetting out for Cyprus. [*careleſsly.*

San. Ha! [*alarm'd.*

Syrus.—And have bought up a large ſtock of goods
To carry over thither.—Hir'd a veſſel.
That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in ſuſpenſe:
When you return, I hope, you'll ſettle this.

San. I ſhall not budge a foot.—Undone by heav'n!
Urg'd by theſe hopes they've undertaken this. [*aſide.*

Syrus. He fears. I've thrown a ſmall rub in his way. [*aſide.*

San. to himſelf.] Confuſion! they have * nick'd me to a hair!
I've bought up ſev'ral ſlaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miſs my time
At

* *Nick'd me to a hair.*] *In ipſo articulo oppreſſit.* Literally, "hit me in the very joint."

* At Cyprus-fair would be a heavy loſs.
Then if I leave this buſineſs broken thus,
All's over with me: and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and ſtale.
" —What! come at laſt?—Why did you ſtay
" ſo long? [loſe it,
" Where have you been?"—that it were better
Than wait for it ſo long, or ſue for't then.

Syrus, coming up to him.] † Well, have you calculated what's your due?

San. Monſtrous oppreſſion! Is this honourable,
Or juſt in Æſchinus, to take away
My property by force?

Syrus. So, ſo! he comes. [*aſide.*
—I have but one word more to ſay to you.
See, how you like it.—Rather, Sannio,
Than run the riſk to get or loſe the whole,
E'en halve the matter: and he ſhall contrive
To ‡ ſcrape together by ſome means Ten Minæ.

San.

* *At Cyprus-fair.*] The merchants uſed to buy up ſlaves in all parts of Greece, to ſell them at Cyprus, where a celebrated fair was kept for that purpoſe. DACIER.

† *Well, have you calculated what's your due?*] *Jamne enumerâſti id, quod ad te rediturum putes?* I have tranſlated theſe words according to the interpretation of Donatus. Madam Dacier puts another ſenſe upon them, and thinks they rather mean Sannio's calculation of his profits at Cyprus. The ſubſequent converſation between Syrus and Sannio inclined me rather to adopt the former opinion.

‡ *Scrape together by ſome means Ten Minæ.*] Syrus knew very well that Æſchinus was ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he might be glad to take his bare principal, and think himſelf well off into the bargain. DONATUS.

San. Alas, alas! am I in danger then
Of loſing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him! he has looſen'd all my teeth:
My head is ſwell'd all over like a muſhroom:
And will he cheat me too?—I'm going no where.
Syrus. Juſt as you pleaſe—Have you aught elſe to ſay,
Before I go?
San. Yes, one word, prithee, Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I ſhould be driven to commence a ſuit,
Let him return me my bare due at leaſt;
The ſum ſhe coſt me, Syrus.—I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendſhip yet;
But you ſhall find I will not be ungrateful.
Syrus. I'll do my beſt. But I ſee Cteſipho.
He is rejoic'd about his miſtreſs.
San. Say,
Will you remember me?
Syrus. Hold, hold a little! [Syrus *and* San. *retire.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Cteſ. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome, when
Conferr'd by thoſe, from whom we moſt expect them.
O brother, brother, how ſhall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I riſe to ſuch a height of praiſe
But your deſervings will out-top me ſtill:
For in this point I am ſupremely bleſt,
That none can boaſt ſo excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.
Syrus, coming forward.] O Cteſipho! [ther?
Cteſ. turning round.] O Syrus! where's my bro-

Syrus.

Syrus. At home, where he expects you.

Ctes. Ha! [*joyfully.*]

Syrus. What now? [Syrus.

Ctes. What now!—By his assistance I live,
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who disregarding
All his own interests for my advantage,
The scandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himself! [door
What could exceed it?—But who's there?—The
Creaks on the hinges. [*offering to go off.*

Syrus. Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

SCENE V.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æsch. * Where is that rascal?

San. behind.] He enquires for me.
Has he brought out the cash with him?—Confusion!
I see none. [you.

Æsch. to Ctesipho.] Ha! well met: I long'd to see
How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe. Away
With melancholy!

Ctes. Melancholy! I
Be melancholy, who have such a brother?
Oh my dear Æschinus! thou best of brothers,
—Ah, I'm asham'd to praise you to your face,
Lest it appear to come from flattery,
Rather than gratitude.

Æsch.

* *Æsch. Where is that rascal? San. He enquires for me.*] The character of Sannio is well sustained. He immediately takes to himself the infamous name of rascal, and acknowleges it with joy, thinking he is enquired after, in order to be paid; and droops afterwards, not on account of hard words and ill usage, but only for fear he should not get his money.

DONATUS.

Æsch. Away, you fool!
As if we did not know each other, Ctesipho.
It only grieves me, we so lately knew this,
When things were almost come to such a pass,
That all the world, had they desir'd to do it,
Could not assist you.

Ctes. 'Twas my modesty.

Æsch. Pshaw! it was folly, and not modesty.
For such a trifle, * almost fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!—fie, fie, Ctesipho!

Ctes. I've been to blame.

Æsch. Well, what says Sannio?

Syrus. He's pacified at last.

Æsch. I'll to the Forum,
And pay him off.—You, Ctesipho, go in
To the poor girl.

San. Now urge the matter, Syrus!
[*apart to* Syrus.

Syrus. Let's go; for † Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.

San. Not in such haste: tho' truly I've no cause
To loiter here.

Syrus. You shall be paid: ne'er fear!

San. But all?

Syrus.

* *Almost fly your country.*] In Menander the young man was on the point of killing himself. Terence has softened this circumstance. DONATUS.

We know that the circumstance of carrying off the Musick-Girl was borrowed from Diphilus: yet it is plain that there was also an intrigue of Ctesipho's in the play of Menander; which gives another proof of the manner in which Terence used the Greek Comedies.

† *Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.*] A piece of arch malice in Syrus, in order to teaze Sannio. DONATUS.

Syrus. Yes, all: ſo hold your tongue and follow!
San. I will. [*Exit after* Æſchinus—Syrus *going.*
Cteſ. Hiſt! hark ye, Syrus!
Syrus, turning back.] Well, what now?
Cteſ. For heaven's ſake diſcharge that ſcurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale ſhould reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone for ever.
Syrus. It ſha'n't be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourſelf with Her; and order
The couches to be ſpread, and all prepar'd.
For, theſe preliminaries once diſpatch'd,
I ſhall march homewards with proviſions.
Cteſ. Do!
And ſince this buſineſs has turn'd out ſo well,
Let's ſpend the day in mirth and jollity!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Soſ. PRITHEE, good nurſe, how will it go with her?
Can. How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.
Soſ. Her pains begin to come upon her, nurſe.
Can. You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,
As if you ne'er were preſent at a labour,
Or never had been brought to bed yourſelf.
Soſ. Alas, I've no ſoul here: we're all alone.
Geta is abſent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a midwife, or call Æſchinus.

Can.

Can. He'll be here preſently, I promiſe you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a ſingle day
Go by, but he is ſure to viſit us.

Sof. He is my only comfort in my ſorrows.

Can. Troth, as the caſe ſtands, madam, circumſtances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And ſince your daughter ſuffer'd violence,
'Twas well ſhe met with ſuch a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.

Sof. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The Gods preſerve him to us!

SCENE II.

Enter GETA *haſtily at another part of the Stage.*

Geta. We are now
So abſolutely loſt, that all the world
Joining in conſultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune, that has fallen
On me, my miſtreſs, and her daughter, all
Wou'd not avail.—Ah me! ſo many troubles
Environ us at once, we ſink beneath them,
Rape, poverty, oppreſſion, ſolitude,
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!
O wicked, oh vile race!—oh impious man!

Sof. to Canthara.] Ah, why ſhould Geta ſeem thus
And agitated? [terrified,

Geta, to himſelf.] Wretch! whom neither honour,
Nor oaths, nor pity controul or move!
Nor her approaching labour; her, on whom
He ſhamefully committed violation!

Sof. I don't well underſtand him.

Can. Prithee then

Let

Let us draw nearer, Soſtrata!
Geta, to himſelf.] Alas,
I'm ſcarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
With ſuch fierce anger.—Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them,
While yet it boils within me.—There is nothing
I'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
Firſt I'd tread out the ſtinking ſnuff his father,
Who gave the monſter being.—And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it,—how I'd tear him!—Firſt,
I'd ſeize him round the waiſt, and lift him high,
Then daſh his head againſt the ground, and ſtrew
The pavement with his brains.—For Æſchinus,
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him,
Headforemoſt down ſome precipice.—The reſt
I'd ruſh on, drag, cruſh, trample underfoot.
But why do I delay to tell my miſtreſs
This heavy news as ſoon as poſſible? [*going.*
Soſ. Let's call him back.—Ho, Geta!
Geta. * Whoſoe'er
You are, excuſe me.
Soſ. I am Soſtrata. [I ſought you, Madam;
Geta. Where, where is Soſtrata? [*turns about.*]
Impatiently I ſought you: and am glad
To have encounter'd you thus readily.
Soſ. What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?
Geta. Alas! *Soſ.*

* *Whoſoe'er you are excuſe me.*] Geta's reply is founded on a frolickſome, but ill-natured cuſtom, which prevailed in Greece; to ſtop the ſlaves in the ſtreets, and deſignedly keep them in chat, ſo that they might be laſhed when they came home, for ſtaying out ſo long. DACIER.

Sof. Take breath!—But why thus mov'd, good
Geta. We're quite—— [Geta?
Sof. Quite what?
Geta. Undone: We're ruin'd, Madam,
Sof. Explain, for heaven's ſake!
Geta. Ev'n now ——
Sof. What now?
Geta. Æſchinus——
Sof. What of Æſchinus?
Geta. Has quite
Eſtrang'd himſelf from all our family.
Sof. How's that? confuſion! why?
Geta. He loves another.
Sof. Wretch that I am!
Geta. Nor that clandeſtinely;
But ſnatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.
Sof. Are you ſure of this?
Geta. Sure? With theſe very eyes I ſaw it, Madam.
Sof. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?—* What? our Æſchinus!
Our

* *What? our Æſchinus? &c.*] *Noſtrumne Æſchinum? &c.* There is ſomething extremely touching in this manner of ſpeaking. Shakeſpeare, whoſe works contain examples of every ſpecies of beauty in poetry, affords us a very elegant inſtance of this irregular manner, which, addreſſing itſelf to the paſſions, affects us more ſenſibly than ſet forms of ſpeech. The turn of phraſe, in which Deſdemona pleads for Caſſio, is a good deal ſimilar to the way in which Soſtrata here ſpeaks of Æſchinus.

——————What? Michael Caſſio?——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When

Our very life, our ſole ſupport, and hope!
Who ſwore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
* Upon his father's lap, and in that way
Wring from him his conſent to marry her! [rather

Geta. Nay, weep not, miſtreſs; but conſider
What courſe were beſt to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to diſcloſe it to ſome friend?

Can. Diſcloſe it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be diſclos'd, d'ye think?

Geta. I'd not adviſe it.
For firſt, that he has quite abandon'd us,

The

When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! OTHELLO.

* *Upon his father's lap.*] The Grecians, as ſoon as they had a child born, immediately put it on the grandfather's knee if he were living. Phœnix in the ninth Iliad ſays that his father loaded him with curſes, and invoked the Furies, conjuring them that no child of his ſon might be placed on his knees.

———Πατηρ δ' εμος αυτικ' οισθεις,
Πολλα κατηρατο, συσερας δ' επεκεκλετ' Ερινυς,
Μη ποτε γουνασιν οισιν εφεσσεσθαι φιλον υιον
Εξ εμεθεν γεσαωτα. Iliad, l. ix. v. 453.

Mr. Pope's tranſlation not having preſerved that idea, the liberty has been taken, of adding two lines.

My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed!"
Never, dread ſiſters, never may I ſee
A child, his offſpring, plac'd upon my knee!
See Pope's Iliad, b. 9. v. 582.

This cuſtom did not prevail among the Romans: our author, notwithſtanding, as he tranſlated his play from the Greek, judiciouſly preſerves that uſage.
DACIER.

The thing itſelf declares. If we then make
The ſtory known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation, and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confeſs,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he ſhould wed your daughter.—For which
Silence is requiſite. [reaſons,

Soſ. Ah, no: not I.

Geta. What mean you?

Soſ. To diſcloſe the whole.

Geta. How, Madam!
Think what you are about.

Soſ. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worſe ſtate than now.
In the firſt place my daughter has no portion,
And that which ſhould have been her ſecond dowry,
Is alſo loſt; and ſhe can ne'er be giv'n
In marriage as a virgin. For the reſt,
If he denies his former commerce with her,
I have the ring he loſt to vouch the fact.
In ſhort, ſince I am conſcious to myſelf,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,
And that no ſordid love of gain, nor aught,
Unworthy of my daughter or myſelf,
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta. [it.

Geta. * Well, I agree, 'twere better to diſcloſe

Soſ.

* *Well, I agree 'twere better to diſcloſe it.*] *Accedo, ut melius dicas.* Nothing can be plainer than theſe words. Yet they have been the occaſion of great perplexity to commentators and tranſlators. Madam Dacier gives them a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that which I have

Sof. You then away, as faſt as poſſible,
And run to Hegio our good friend and kinſman,
To

I have followed. *Ah, qu'allez vous faire? je vous en prie changez de ſentiment.* Echard, who keeps his eye more conſtantly on the French tranſlation, than on the original, ſays, much to the ſame purpoſe, *D'ye think ſo? Pray think on't again.* Cooke has it, *How? let me adviſe you to think better of it.* Weſterhovius ſuppoſes Soſtrata to have ſeemed angry with Geta, and therefore explains *ut melius dicas* to ſignify *ut bona verba loquaris—that you may ſpeak mildly.* Patrick juſtly thinking that this is too ſtrained, and no ſatisfying anſwer to Soſtrata; and, from what follows, ſeeing the neceſſity of explaining Geta's anſwer, ſo as to make it imply an aſſent, ſuppoſes an elleipſis, and ſupplies it thus. *Accedo* tibi, *ut* qui *melius dicas.—I ſubmit to you, as you ſeem to ſpeak with more juſtice.* All theſe interpretations are founded on the ſuppoſition that *melius* is the accuſative governed by *dicas.* I have no doubt but that *melius* is here uſed adverbially, which will lead us to this eaſy conſtruction, *Accedo, melius ut dicas;—I agree, that you may better tell it;* implying Geta's coming into her opinion on the point in diſpute. The remark of Donatus on this paſſage, *ut conſentiam, velut qui melius poſſim dicere,* is certainly corrupted; but if we read; as we are told it ſtands in ſome copies, *veluti melius potens ſis dicere,* it will give the ſame ſenſe that I have followed. Eugraphius in his long note on the words *Hera, lacrumas mitte! weep not, miſtreſs!* plainly underſtands them in this manner. But, as a greater authority than all commentators, I ſhall apply to Terence himſelf, and ſubmit the whole context, as it ſtands in the original, to the judgment of the learned reader.—Theſe verbal criticiſms are dry and unpleaſant both to the writer and reader. I very frequently avoid them: but in a controverted paſſage, where the ſenſe is materially concerned, it would ſeem indolence or arrogance not to ſubmit to them.

To let him know the whole affair: for He
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever ſhew'd a great regard for Us. [us.

Geta. And well he does, for no one elſe cares for

Soſ. And you, good Canthara, away with haſte,
And call a midwife; that we may be ſure
Of her aſſiſtance in the time of need.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Enter DEMEA.

Dem. Confuſion! I have heard that Cteſipho
Was

G. Hera, lacrumas mitte, ac potius, quod ad hanc rem opu', porro proſpice.
Patiamurne, an *narremus* cuipiam? C. au, au mi homo, ſanun' es?
An hoc *proferendum* tibi uſquam eſſe videtur?
G. mihi quidem non placet. [indicat.
Jam primum, illum alieno animo à nobis eſſe, res ipſa
Nunc ſi hoc *palam proferimus*, ille inficias ibit, ſat ſcio; [maxume
Tua fama, & gnatæ vita in dubium veniet: tum ſi
Fateatur, cum amet aliam, non eſt utile hanc illi dari.
Quapropter, quoquo pacto, *tacito* eſt opus. S. ah, minime gentium:
Non faciam. G. quid ages? S. *proferam*. G. hem mea Soſtrata, vide quam rem agas.
S. Pejore res loco non potis eſt eſſe, quam in hoc, quo nunc ſita eſt, [dos erat,
Primum indotata eſt: tum præterea, quæ ſecunda ei
Periit: pro virgine dari nuptum non poteſt: hoc reliquum eſt, [ſerat.
Si inficias ibit, teſtis mecum eſt annulus, quem ami-
Poſtremo, quando ego conſcia mî ſum, à me culpam hanc procul eſſe, nec
Pretium, neque rem ullam interceſſe illa aut me indignam; *experiar*, Geta.
G. Quid iſtic? accedo, ut melius *dicas*. S. tu, quantum poteſt, abi, &c.

Was preſent with his brother at this riot.
This is the ſum of all my miſeries,
If He, even He, a ſober, hopeful, lad,
May be ſeduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where ſhall I enquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into ſome vile brothel.
That profligate perſuaded him, I'm ſure.
—But here comes Syrus; He can tell me all.
And yet this ſlave is of the gang; and if
He once perceives that I'm enquiring for him,
He'll never tell me any thing, a rogue!
I'll not diſcover my deſign.

SCENE IV.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the Stage.*

Syrus to himſelf.] We've juſt
Diſclos'd the whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er ſaw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.
Dem. Oh heav'n,
The folly of the man! [*liſtening.*
Syrus to himſelf.] He prais'd his ſon;
Me, who concerted the whole ſcheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burſt with rage. [*liſtening.*
Syrus to himſelf.] He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beſide,
To make an entertainment, a Half-Mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
Dem. So! if you'd have your buſineſs well ta'en [care of,
Commit it to this fellow!
Syrus overhearing.] Who's there? Demea!
I did not ſee you, Sir. How goes it?
Dem. How?

I can't ſufficiently admire your conduct. [and idle.
Syrus negligently.] Silly enough, to ſay the truth,
To ſervants within.]—Cleanſe you the reſt of thoſe
fiſh, Dromo: Let
That large eel play a little in the water.
When I return it ſhall be bon'd; till then
It muſt not be.
Dem. Are crimes like theſe——
Syrus to Demea.] Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry ſhame upon them.
—*To ſervants within.*] See that thoſe ſalt fiſh are
well ſoak'd, Stephanio. [think
Dem. Gods, is this done on purpoſe? Does he
'Tis laudable to ſpoil his ſon? Alas!
I think I ſee the day, when Æſchinus
Shall fly for want, and liſt himſelf a ſoldier.
Syrus. O Demea! That is to be wiſe: To ſee
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.
Dem. What? is the Muſick-Girl at your houſe?
Syrus. Ay,
Madam's within.
Dem. What! and is Æſchinus
To keep her at home with him?
Syrus. I believe ſo;
Such is their madneſs.
Dem. Is it poſſible?
Syrus. A fond, and fooliſh father!
Dem. I'm aſham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.
Syrus. Ah!
There is a deal of diff'rence, Demea,
—Nor is't, becauſe you're preſent, that I ſay this—
There

There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wiſdom:
He, a mere dotard.—Would you e'er permit
Your boy to do ſuch things?
Dem. Permit him? I?
Or ſhould I not much rather ſmell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it? [*Me?*
Syrus. Pſhaw! do you boaſt your vigilance to
Dem. Heav'n keep him ever, as he is at preſent.
Syrus. As fathers form their children, ſo they prove. [ſeen
Dem. But now we're ſpeaking of him, have you
The lad to-day? [*with an affected careleſsneſs.*
Syrus. Your ſon d'ye mean?—I'll drive him
Into the country. [*aſide.*]—He is hard at work
Upon your grounds by this time. [*to* Demea.
Dem. Are you ſure on't?
Syrus. Sure? I ſet out with him myſelf.
Dem. Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter'd here. [*aſide.*
Syrus. And much
Enrag'd, I promiſe you.
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. A quarrel with his Brother at the Forum,
About the Muſick-Girl.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Ay, faith:
He did not mince the matter: He ſpoke out.
For as the caſh was telling down in pops,
All unexpected, Maſter Cteſipho:
Cries out,—"Oh Æſchinus, are theſe your courſes?
"Do you commit theſe crimes; and do you bring
"Such a diſgrace upon our family?"

Dem. Oh, oh, I weep for joy.
Syrus. —" You ſquander not
" The money only, but your life, your honour."
Dem. Heav'n bleſs him! He is like his anceſtors.
[*weeping.*
Syrus. Father's own ſon, I warrant him.
Dem. Oh, Syrus!
He's full of all thoſe precepts, He!
Syrus. No doubt on't:
He need not go from home for good inſtruction.
Dem. I ſpare no pains; neglect no means: I train
—In ſhort I bid him look into the lives [him.
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himſelf.
——" Do this."——
Syrus. Good!
Dem. " Fly that."
Syrus. Very good!
Dem. " This deed
" Is commendable."
Syrus. That's the thing!
Dem. " That's reprehenſible."
Syrus. Moſt excellent!
Dem. " And then moreover——
Syrus. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience juſt at preſent.
I've got an admirable diſh of fiſh;
And I muſt take good care they are not ſpoilt.
For that were an offence as grievous, Demea,
In Us, as 'twere in You to leave undone
The things you juſt now mention'd: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow-ſlaves the ſelf-ſame way.
—" This

—"This is is too ſalt.—This is burnt up too much.
—"That is not nice and cleanly.—That's well done.
"Mind, and do ſo again."—I ſpare no pains,
And give them the beſt precepts that I can.
In ſhort, I bid them look into the diſhes,
As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn
The duty of a cook.—This ſchool of our's,
I own, is idle: but what *can* you do?
According to the man muſt be the leſſon.
—Would you aught elſe with us?

Dem. Your reformation.

Syrus. Do you go hence into the country?

Dem. Straight.

Syrus. For what ſhould you do here, where no-body,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them?

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

DEMEA *alone.*

I then will hence, ſince he, on whoſe account
I hither came, is gone into the country.
He is my only care, *He's* my concern.
My Brother, ſince he needs will have it ſo,
May look to Æſchinus himſelf.——But who
Is coming yonder? * Hegio, of our tribe?

* *Hegio, of our tribe.*] We are told that the Athenians were divided into tribes, but writers are not agreed as to their number. Some ſay twelve, in imitation of the Jewiſh tribes: but what connection was there between the Athenians and Jews? It is probable that this number was derived from the twelve months of the year: for we find that there were alſo in every tribe thirty ſub-diviſions, alluding to the number of days in a month. PATRICK.

If I ſee plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys;
And ſuch men now-a-days are wondrous ſcarce.
A citizen of ancient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from Him.
How I rejoice to ſee but the remains
Of this old ſtock! Ah, life's a pleaſure now.
I'll wait, that I may aſk about his health,
And have a little converſation with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO, GETA *converſing at a diſtance.*

Hegio. Good heaven! a moſt unworthy action,
Can it be true? [Geta!

Geta. Ev'n ſo.

Hegio. A deed ſo baſe
Sprung from that family?—Oh Æſchinus,
I'm ſure this was not acting like your father.

Demea behind.] So! he has heard about this
And is affected at it, tho' a ſtranger, [Muſick-Girl,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monſtrous! wou'd that he were ſomewhere nigh,
And heard all this!

Hegio. Unleſs they do what's juſt,
They ſhall not carry off the matter thus.

Geta. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You're our ſole friend, our guardian, and our father.
The good old Simulus, on his death-bed,
Bequeath'd us to your care. If you deſert us,
We are undone indeed.

Hegio. Ah, name it not!
I will not, and, with honeſty, I cannot.

Dem. I'll go up to him.—Save you, Hegio!

Hegio.

Hegio. The man I look'd for.—Save you, Demea!
Dem. Your pleaſure!
Hegio. Æſchinus, your elder ſon,
Adopted by your brother, has committed
A deed unworthy of an honeſt man,
And of a gentleman.
Dem. How ſo?
Hegio. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?
Dem. Ay, ſure.
Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.
Dem. How! [come.
Hegio. Hold, Demea: for the worſt is ſtill to
Dem. Is there aught worſe?
Hegio. Much worſe: for this perhaps [youth
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.
—Soon as his ſenſe returning made him conſcious
Of his raſh outrage, of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Intreating, vowing conſtancy, and ſwearing
That he would take her home.—He was forgiven;
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:
* This is the tenth month.—He, good gentleman,
Has got a Muſick-Girl, heav'n bleſs the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.
Dem. And are you well aſſur'd of this?
Hegio. The mother,
The girl, the fact itſelf, are all before you,

* *This is the tenth month.*] Lunar months: the common method of computation before Julius Cæſar.

Joining to vouch the truth on't. And beſides,
This Geta here—as ſervants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleneſs—maintains them;
The ſole ſupport of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.

Geta. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not ſo, good Demea!
Nay, Æſchinus, I'm ſure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him.

Dem. aſide.] I'm aſham'd: and what
To do or what to ſay to him, I know not.

Pamphila, within.] * Ah me! I'm torn to pieces!
—Racking pains!
Juno Lucina, help me! ſave, I pray thee!

Hegio. Ha! Is ſhe then in labour, Geta?

Geta. Yes, Sir.

Hegio. Hark! ſhe now calls upon your juſtice, Demea!
Grant her then freely, what law elſe will claim.
And heaven ſend, that you may rather do
What honour bids! But if you mean it not,
Be ſure of this; that with my utmoſt force
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father.
† He was my kinſman: we were bred together
From

* *Ah me!* &c.] This is the ſecond inſtance in our author of the outcries of a woman in labour: a circumſtance not eaſily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly conſidered as no indecorum in thoſe days. I ſhall not defend the practice; but cannot help obſerving, that, allowing ſuch an incident, Terence in the preſent inſtance makes a moſt pathetick and oratorical uſe of it.

† *He was my kinſman.*] In Menander, Hegio was the brother of Soſtrata. WESTERHOVIUS.

From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, ſtrive, nay loſe
My life itſelf, before I will forſake them.
—What is your anſwer?

Dem. I'll find out my brother:
* What he adviſes, I will follow, Hegio.

Hegio. But ſtill remember, Demea, that the more
You live at eaſe; the more your pow'r, your wealth,
Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honourably,
If you regard the name of honeſt men.

Dem. Go to: we'll do you juſtice.

Hegio. 'Twill become you.
Geta, conduct me into Soſtrata. [*Exit with* Geta.

SCENE VII.

Demea, alone.] This is no more than I foretold: and
If his intemperance wou'd ſtop *here!*--But this [well
Immoderate indulgence muſt produce
Some terrible misfortune in the end.
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. [*Exit.*

SCENE

* *What he adviſes, I will follow, Hegio.*] *Quod mihi de hâc re dederit conſilium, id ſequar.* Madam Dacier rejects this line, becauſe it is alſo to be found in the Phormio. But it is no uncommon thing with our author to uſe the ſame expreſſion or verſe in different places, eſpecially on ſimilar occaſions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemiſtich is rather lame without it. The propriety of conſulting Micio, or Demea's preſent ill-humour with him, are of no conſequence. The old man is ſurprized at Hegio's ſtory, does not know what to do or to ſay, and means to evade giving a poſitive anſwer, by ſaying that he would conſult his brother.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter HEGIO, *ſpeaking to* Soſtrata *at the Door.*

Be of good cheer, my Soſtrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum,
And tell him the whole ſtory: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but ſpeak his mind to me, and then
I ſhall know how to act accordingly. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

Cteſ. MY father gone into the country, ſay you?

Syrus. Long ſince.

Cteſ. Nay; ſpeak the truth!

Syrus. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.

Cteſ. I wiſh,
So that his health were not the worſe for it,
He might ſo heartily fatigue himſelf,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed theſe three days!

Syrus. I wiſh ſo too; and more, if poſſible.

Cteſ. With all my heart: for I wou'd fain conſume,
As I've begun, the live-long day in pleaſure.
Nor do I hate that farm of our's ſo much
For any thing, as that it is ſo near.
For if 'twas at a greater diſtance, night
Would come upon him, ere he could return.
But now, not finding me, I'm very ſure

He'll

He'll hobble back again immediately;
Queſtion me where I've been, that I've not ſeen him
All the day long; and what ſhall I reply?

Syrus. What? can you think of nothing?

Cteſ. No, not I.

Syrus. So much the worſe.—Have you no client,
Or gueſt? [friend,

Cteſ. I have. What then?

Syrus. You've been engag'd
With them.

Cteſ. When not engag'd? It cannot be.

Syrus. It may.

Cteſ. Ay marry, for the day I grant you.
But if I paſs the night here, what excuſe
Then, Syrus?

Syrus. Ah! I would it were the cuſtom
To be engag'd at night too with one's friends!
—But be at eaſe! I know his mind ſo well,
That when he raves the loudeſt, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb.

Cteſ. How ſo?

Syrus. He loves
To hear you prais'd. I ſing your praiſes to him,
And make you out a little God.

Cteſ. Me!

Syrus. You.
And then the old man blubbers like a child,
For very joy.—But have a care! [*looking out.*

Cteſ. What now?

Syrus. * The wolf i'th' fable! *Cteſ.*

* *The wolf in the fable.*] *Lupus in fabulâ.* A proverb, ſignifying that the perſon, of whom we are ſpeaking, is at hand.

Ctes. What, my father?
Syrus. He.
Ctes. What's the best, Syrus?
Syrus. In! fly! I'll take care.
Ctes. You have not seen me, if he asks: d'ye hear?
Syrus. Can't you be quiet? [*pushes out* Ctesipho.

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA *at another part of the stage.*

Dem. Verily, I am
A most unhappy man! for first of all,
I cannot find my brother any where:
And then besides, in looking after him,
* I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers,
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Ctesipho was not there. What shall I do?
Ctesipho, peeping out.] Syrus?
Syrus. What?
Ctes. Does he seek me?
Syrus. Yes.
Ctes. Undone!
Syrus. Courage!
apart.
Demea, to himself.] Plague on it, what ill luck is this!
I can't account for it: but I believe
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the first who feels our woes; the first
Who knows of them; the first who tells the news;
And come what may, I bear the weight alone.
Syrus,

* *I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers.*] The poet artfully contrives to detain Demea in town, his presence being necessary in the subsequent part of the fable. DONATUS.

Syrus, behind.] Ridiculous! he ſays he knows
And he alone is ignorant of all. [all firſt;
Dem. I'm now return'd to ſee if Micio
Be yet come home again.
Cteſ. peeping out.] Take care, good Syrus,
He don't ruſh in upon us unawares!
Syrus. Peace! I'll take care.
Cteſ. 'Faith, I'll not truſt to you,
But ſhut myſelf and her in ſome bye place
Together: that's the ſafeſt.
Syrus. Well, away! [Cteſipho *diſappears.*
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you. } *apart.*
Dem. ſeeing Syrus.] But ſee that raſcal Syrus
coming hither! [*to ſee Demea.*]
Syrus, advancing haſtily, and pretending not
By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.—I'd fain know
How many maſters I'm to have.—Oh monſtrous!
Dem. What does he howl for? What's the
meaning on't?
Hark ye, my good Sir! prithee tell me, if
My brother is at home.
Syrus. My good Sir! Plague!
Why do you come with your *Good Sirs* to me?
I'm half kill'd.
Dem. What's the matter?
Syrus. What's the matter!
Cteſipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgel'd me and the poor Muſick-Girl
Almoſt to death.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Indeed. Nay ſee
How he has cut my lip! [*pretending to ſhew it.*

Dem.

Dem. On what account?

Syrus. The girl, he ſays, was bought by my advice. [town

Dem. Did not you ſay you ſaw him out of A little while ago?

Syrus. And ſo I did.
But he came back ſoon after, like a madman,
He had no mercy.—Was not he aſham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat Me;
Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? [*ſhewing.*

Dem. Oh rare, Cteſipho!
Father's own ſon! A man, I warrant him.

Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith if he is wiſe,
He'll hold his hands another time.

Dem. Oh brave! [beat

Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed!—Becauſe he
A helpleſs girl, and me a wretched ſlave,
Who durſt not ſtrike again;—oh, to be ſure,
Mighty brave truly!

Dem. Oh, moſt exquiſite!
My Cteſipho perceiv'd, as well as I,
That you were the contriver of this buſineſs.
—But is my brother here?

Syrus. Not he. [*ſulkily.*

Dem. I'm thinking
Where I ſhall ſeek him.

Syrus. I know where he is:
But I'll not tell.

Dem. How, ſirrah?

Syrus. Even ſo.

Dem. I'll break your head.

Syrus.

Syrus. I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
Dem. Well, where's the place?
Syrus. D'ye know the Portico
Juſt by the market, down this way? [*pointing.*
Dem. I do. [then
Syrus. Go up that ſtreet; keep ſtraight along: and
You'll ſee a hill; go ſtraight down that: and then
On this hand, there's a chapel; and juſt by
A narrow lane. [*pointing.*
Dem. Where? [*looking.*
Syrus. There; by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, Sir?
Dem. I do.
Syrus. Go through that lane.
Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.
Syrus. Ay, very true:
No more it is, Sir.—What a fool I am!
I was miſtaken.—You muſt go quite back
Into the Portico; and after all,
This is the neareſt and the ſafeſt way.
—D'ye know Cratinus' houſe? the rich man?
Dem. Ay.
Syrus. * When you've paſs'd that, turn ſhort upon the left

Keep

* *When you've paſs'd that, turn ſhort upon the left, &c.*] It is obſerved by Theobald in his edition of Shakeſpeare, that the perplext direction given by Lancelot ſeems to be copied from this of Syrus.

" Turn up, on your right hand at the next turn-
" ing, but, at the next turning of all, on your
" left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand,
" but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe."
Merchant of Venice.

Keep ſtraight along that ſtreet, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right,
And then, on this ſide of * the city-gate,
Juſt by the pond, there is a baker's ſhop,
And oppoſite a joiner's.—There he is.

Dem. What buſineſs has he there?

Syrus. He has beſpoke
Some † tables to be made with oaken legs
To ſtand the ſun.

Dem. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave!—But I loſe time. I'll after him.

[*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

Ay, go your ways! I'll work your old ſhrunk ſhanks
As you deſerve, old Drybones!—Æſchinus
Loiters intolerably. ‡ Dinner's ſpoil'd.
Cteſipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myſelf too.
Faith,

* *The city-gate, juſt by the pond.*] This gives us to underſtand that Demea would be ſent quite to the further part of the town.—The pond alſo is naturally mentioned; for Varro tells us that near the gate was always a large pond, to water the horſes, and ſupply the inhabitants in caſe of fire. DONATUS.

† *Tables with oaken legs.*] It was uſual with the Græcians to ſit and drink in the ſun. Syrus therefore being aſked a ſudden queſtion, is ſuppoſed to have ſufficient preſence of mind to give this circumſtantial anſwer, that he might the better impoſe on Demea. DONATUS.

‡ *Dinner's ſpoil'd.*] The Greeks and the Romans generally had but one repaſt a day, which was their ſupper. The dinner here mentioned was therefore an inſtance of luxury and debauch. DACIER.

Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and toſſing off my cups,
In lazy leiſure lengthen out the day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO, *and* HEGIO.

Micio. I can ſee nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit ſo much commendation.
'Tis but my duty, to redreſs the wrongs,
That we have caus'd: unleſs perhaps you took me
For one of thoſe, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expoſtulation an affront;
And having firſt offended, are the firſt
To turn accuſers.—I've not acted thus:
And is't for this that I am thank'd?

Hegio. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourſelf to Her what you have juſt told Me:
—That the ſuſpicion, fall'n on Æſchinus,
Sprung from his brother and the Muſick-Girl.

Micio. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go!

Hegio. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raiſe her ſpirit drooping with the load
Of grief and miſery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myſelf,
And tell her the whole ſtory.

Micio. No, I'll go. [Micio.

Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature,

For

* For they, whoſe fortunes are leſs proſperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more ſuſpicious;
And think themſelves neglected and contemn'd,
Becauſe of their diſtreſs and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould ſatisfy them more,
If you would clear up this affair yourſelf.

Micio. What you have ſaid is juſt, and very true.

Hegio. Let me conduct you in!

Micio. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Æſch. alone.] Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn,
Fear ſhakes my limbs, amazement fills my ſoul,
And in my breaſt deſpair ſhuts out all counſel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myſelf?
Such a ſuſpicion is now fallen on me:
And that ſo grounded on appearances.
Soſtrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the Muſick-Girl. That's plain enough
From

* *For they, whoſe Fortunes, &c.*] This fine ſentiment is ſuppoſed to be built on the following lines of Menander. If ſo, I think our poet has improved on his original.

Προς απαντα δειλος ὁ πενης εστι πραγματα,
Και παντας αυτὺ καταφρονειν υπολαμβανει.
Ο δε μετριως πραττων περισκελεσερον
Απαντα τ' ανιαρα, Λαμπρια, φερει.

The poor man in all things acts fearfully,
Suſpecting all deſpiſe him. But the man
Who's more at eaſe, with greater conſtancy
Bears up againſt misfortunes, Lamprias!

From the old nurſe. For meeting her by chance,
As ſhe was ſent from hence to call a midwife,
I ran, and aſk'd her of my Pamphila.
—" Is ſhe in labour? are you going now
" To call a midwife?"—" Go, go, Æſchinus!
" Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
" Fool'd us enough with your fine promiſes,"
Cried ſhe.—" What now?" ſays I.—" Farewel,
" enjoy
" The girl that you're ſo taken with!"—I ſaw
Immediately their cauſe of jealouſy:
Yet I contain'd myſelf, nor would diſcloſe
My brother's buſineſs to a tattling goſſip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
—But what ſhall I do now? ſhall I confeſs
The girl to be my brother's; an affair
Which ſhould by no means be reveal'd?—But not
To dwell on that.—Perhaps they'd not diſcloſe it:
Nay I much doubt if they would credit it:
So many proofs concur againſt Myſelf.—
I bore her off; I paid the money down;
She was brought home to Me.—All this, I own,
Is my own fault. For ſhould I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I ſhou'd, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
To marry Pamphila.—What indolence,
Ev'n till this hour! now, Æſchinus, awake!
—But firſt I'll go, and clear myſelf to Them.
I'll to the door. [*goes up.*]—Confuſion! how I
tremble!
How guilty like I ſeem, when I approach
This houſe! [*knocks.*] Hola! within! 'Tis I;
'Tis Æſchinus. Come, open ſomebody

The

The door immediately!—Who's here? A ſtranger!
I'll ſtep aſide. [*retires.*

SCENE VI.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, to Soſtrata within.] Do as I've told you,
I'll find out Æſchinus, and tell him all. [Soſtrata.
—But who knock'd at the door? [*coming forward.*
Æſch. behind.] By heav'n, my father!
Confuſion!
Micio, ſeeing him.] Æſchinus!
Æſch. What does *he* here? [*aſide.*
Micio. Was't you that knock'd?— What, not a word! Suppoſe
I banter him a little. He deſerves it,
For never truſting this affair to me. [*aſide.*
—Why don't you ſpeak?
Æſch. Not I, as I remember. [*diſorder'd.*
Micio. No, I dare ſay, not you: for I was wond'ring
What buſineſs could have brought you here—He bluſhes.
All's ſafe, I find. [*aſide.*
Æſch. recovering.] But prithee, tell me, Sir,
What brought *you* here?
Micio. No buſineſs of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,
To be his advocate.
Æſch. In what?
Micio. I'll tell you.
This houſe is tenanted by ſome poor women, [on't,
Whom, I believe, you know not;—Nay, I'm ſure

For

For 'twas but lately they came over hither.

Æſch. Well?

Micio. A young woman and her mother.

Æſch. Well? [it ſeems,

Micio. The father's dead.—this friend of mine,
Being her next relation, * by the law
Is forc'd to marry her.

Æſch. Confuſion! [*aſide.*

Micio. How?

Æſch. Nothing.—Well?—pray go on, Sir!—

Micio. He's now come
To take her home, for he is of † Miletus.

Æſch. How! take her home with him?

Micio. Yes, take her home.

Æſch. What! to Miletus?

Micio. Ay.

Æſch. Oh torture! [*aſide.*]—Well?
What ſay the women?

Micio. Why, what *ſhou'd* they? Nothing.
Indeed the mother has devis'd a tale
About her daughter's having had a child
By ſome one elſe, but never mentions whom:
His claim, ſhe ſays, is prior; and my friend
Ought

* *By the law is forc'd to marry her.*] This appears in many inſtances to have been a law in force with the Athenians, and was probably handed down to them by the Phœnicians, who originally received it from the Jews. *And every daughter that poſſeſſes an inheritance in any tribe of the children of Iſrael, ſhall be wife unto one of the family of the tribe of her father, that the children of Iſrael may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers.* Numbers, Chap. xxxvi. v. 8. DACIER.

† *Miletus.*] A colony of the Athenians in Pontus. DONATUS.

Ought not to have her.

Æſch. Well? and did not this
Seem a ſufficient reaſon?

Micio. No.

Æſch. No, Sir?
And ſhall this next relation take her off?

Micio. Ay, to be ſure, why not?

Æſch. Oh barbarous, cruel!
And—to ſpeak plainly, Sir,—ungenerous!

Micio. Why ſo?

Æſch. Why ſo, Sir?—What d'ye think
Will come of Him, the poor unhappy youth
Who was connected with her firſt;—who ſtill
Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life;—
When he ſhall ſee her torn out of his arms,
And born away for ever?—Oh ſhame, ſhame!

Micio. Where is the ſhame on't?—* Who betroth'd, who gave her? [is he,
When was ſhe married? and to whom? Where
And wherefore did he wed another's right?

Æſch. Was it for Her, a girl of ſuch an age,
To ſit at home, expecting till a kinſman
Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her?
—This, Sir, it was your buſineſs to have ſaid,
And to have dwelt on it.

Micio. Ridiculous!
Should I have pleaded againſt Him, to whom
I came an advocate?—But after all,
What's

* *Who betroth'd, &c.*] Theſe queſtions, which enumerate all the proofs requiſite to a marriage, are an indirect and very delicate reproof of Æſchinus for the irregular and clandeſtine manner in which he had conducted this affair. DONATUS.

What's this affair to Us? or, what have we
To do with them? let's go!—Ha! why thoſe tears?
Æſch. Father, beſeech you, hear me!
Micio. Æſchinus,
I have heard all, and I know all, already:
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more.
Æſch. So may you ever love me,
And ſo may I deſerve your love, my father,
As I am ſorry to have done this fault,
And am aſham'd to ſee you!
Micio. I believe it;
For well I know you have a liberal mind:
But I'm afraid you are too negligent.
For in what city do you think you live?
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law
Forbad your touching.—'Twas a fault, a great one;
But yet a natural failing. Many others,
Some not bad men, have often done the ſame.
—But after this event, can you pretend
You took the leaſt precaution? or conſider'd
What ſhou'd be done, or how?—If ſhame forbad
Your telling me Yourſelf, you ſhou'd have found
Some other means to let me know of it.
Loſt in theſe doubts, ten months have ſlipt away.
You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,
Yourſelf, the poor young woman, and your child.
What! did you think the Gods wou'd bring about
This buſineſs in your ſleep; and that your wife,
Without your ſtir, wou'd be convey'd to you
Into your bed-chamber?—I wou'd not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.——Come,

Cheer up, ſon! you ſhall wed her.

Æſch. How!

Micio. Cheer up,
I ſay!

Æſch. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!

Micio. * Mock you? I? wherefore?

Æſch. I don't know; unleſs
That I ſo much deſire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more.

Micio. ——Away; go home;
And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife.
Away!

Æſch. How's that? my wife? what! now?

Micio. Now.

Æſch. Now?

Micio. Ev'n now, as ſoon as poſſible.

Æſch. May all
The Gods deſert me, Sir, but I do love you,
More than my eyes!

Micio. Than her?

Æſch. As well.

Micio. That's much.

Æſch. But where is that Mileſian?

Micio. Gone:

Vaniſh'd:

* *Mock you? I? wherefore?*] We may very innocently banter a friend, and frighten him with falſe alarms, when it is in our power to undeceive him immediately, and to ſurpriſe him with good news. But none but an enemy would buoy up one with falſe hopes, in order to daſh them with bitterneſs and trouble. Micio therefore diſcovers a benevolent emotion at even being ſuppoſed to trifle with him in this reſpect.

Vaniſh'd: on board the ſhip.—But why d'ye loiter?

Æſch. Ah, Sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods; For, being a much better man than I, They will the ſooner hear your pray'rs,*

* *The ſooner hear your pray'rs.*] Donatus obſerves that there is great delicacy in this compliment of Æſchinus to Micio, which, though made to his face, does not carry in it the leaſt appearance of flattery. Madam Dacier imagines Terence refers here to a line in Heſiod, which ſays that it is the buſineſs of old men to pray. I ſhould rather imagine our author had an eye to the following fine lines of Menander, which have already been recommended to the publick notice by the learned critick in the Adventurer, No. 105.

Ειτις δε θυσιαν προσφερων, ω Παμφιλε,
Ταυρων τε πληθος η εριφων, η, νη Δια,
Ετερων τοιβων, η κατασκευασματα
Χρυσας ποιησας χλαμυδος ητοι πορφυρας,
Η δι' ελεφαντος, ησμαραγδε ζωδια,
Ευνεν νομιζει, τον Θεον καθιζαναι,
Πλανατ' εκεινος, και φρενας κενας εχει.
Δει γαρ τον ανδρα χρησιμον πεφυκεναι,
Μη παρθενες φθειροντα, μη μοιχωμενον,
Κλεπτοντα και σφαττοντα χρηματων χαριν.
Μηδε βελονης εναμμ' επιθυμης, Παμφιλε,
Ο γαρ Θεος βλεπει σε πλησιον παρων.

The man who ſacrifices, Pamphilus,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or ſheep;
Or prepares golden veſtments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Moſt groſly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanneſs, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,
In queſt of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,
† Even a needleful of thread, for God,
Who's always near thee, always ſees thy deeds.

† *This ſeems to have been a proverbial expreſſion, as we find it occur in another fragment of Menander.*

Micio. I'll in,
To ſee the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wiſe, do as I ſaid. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Æſch. alone.] How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a ſon?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wiſh?
Should I not love him? bear him in my boſom?
Ah! his great kindneſs has ſo wrought upon me,
That it ſhall be the ſtudy of my life
* To ſhun all follies, leſt they give him pain.
—But I'll in ſtraight, that I may not retard
My marriage by my own delay. [*Exit.*

SCENE

* *To ſhun all follies.*] Donatus juſtly obſerves, that it is plain from this ſoliloquy, that Terence takes the part of mild fathers, meaning to ſhew that gentle reproofs, mingled with tenderneſs, will have more effect on an ingenuous mind than railing and ſeverity. That critick alſo is more minute than uſual in pointing out the great beauties of the foregoing ſcene; commenting on almoſt every ſpeech, and obſerving how finely the two characters of Micio and Æſchinus are ſuſtained throughout their whole converſation. It was impoſſible to lay before the Engliſh reader all the little particularities dwelt upon by Donatus: and indeed the reader muſt have very little ſenſibility, who cannot of himſelf diſcern, even through the medium of this tranſlation, the many amiable touches of good-humour, mildneſs, and affection that diſtinguiſh Micio's character, as well as the natural ſtrokes of paſſion, and ingenuous ſhame in Æſchinus. The whole ſcene is remarkably beautiful, and perhaps more characteriſtick of the genius of Terence than any other in his works.

SCENE VIII.

Dem. alone.] I'm tir'd [Syrus;
With walking.—Now great Jove confound you,
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over; to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No ſign of any ſhop was there,
Nor any perſon who had ſeen my brother.
—Now I'll in therefore and ſet up my reſt
In his own houſe, till he comes home again. [*going.*

SCENE IX.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. I'll go and let the women know we're ready.

Dem. But here he is.—I have long ſought you,

Micio. What now? [Micio.

Dem. I bring you more offences; great ones;
Of that ſweet youth——

Micio. See there!

Dem. New; capital!

Micio. Nay, nay, no more!

Dem. Ah, you don't know——

Micio. I do.

Dem. O fool, you think I mean the Muſick-Girl.
This is a rape upon a citizen.

Micio. I know it.

Dem. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?

Micio. Why not endure it?

Dem. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?

Micio. No; to be ſure I'd rather——

Dem. There's a child born.

Micio. Heav'n bleſs it!
Dem. And the girl
Has nothing.
Micio. I have heard ſo.
Dem. And is He
To marry her without a fortune?
Micio. Ay.
Dem. What's to be done then?
Micio. What the caſe requires.
The girl ſhall be brought over here.
Dem. Oh Jove!
Can that be proper?
Micio. What can I do elſe? [griev'd,
Dem. What can you do?—If you're not really
It were at leaſt your duty to appear ſo.
Micio. I have contracted the young woman to him;
The thing is ſettled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehenſions I've remov'd.
This is ſtill more my duty.
Dem. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?
Micio. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis paſt all cure,
I bear it patiently. * The life of man
Is like a game at tables. If the caſt
Which is moſt neceſſary be not thrown,
That,

* *The life of man is like a game at tables.*] Menander might poſſibly borrow this moral maxim from a paſſage in the tenth book of Plato's Republick, where it is "ſaid, "That we ſhould take counſel from accidents, "and, as in a game at dice, act according to what has "fallen, in that manner which reaſon directs us to be "the beſt." DACIER.

That, which chance ſends, you muſt correct by art.
Dem. Oh rare *Corrector!*—By your *art* no leſs
Than Twenty Minæ have been thrown away
On yonder Muſick-Wench; who, out of hand,
Muſt be ſent packing; if no buyer, gratis. [her.
Micio. * Not in the leaſt; nor do I mean to ſell
Dem. What will you do then!
Micio. Keep her in my houſe.
Dem. Oh heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife
In the ſame houſe!
Micio. Why not?
Dem. Have you your wits?
Micio. Truly I think ſo.
Dem. Now, ſo help me heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To ſing with you.
Micio. Why not?
Dem. And the young bride
Shall be her pupil?
Micio. To be ſure?
Dem. And you
Dance hand in hand with them? †

* *Not in the leaſt, nor do I mean to ſell her.*] Micio is here involved in a ridiculous dilemma, in which he had rather appear abſurd, than betray Cteſipho. DONATUS.

† *Dance hand in hand with them.*] *Reſtim ductans ſaltabis. Reſtim ducere*; literally, *to lead the cord:* which would induce one to imagine that when many perſons were dancing together in thoſe days, they held a cord—but why a cord? might they not as well take hold of each other's hands? I am perſuaded that they did, and agree with Donatus that the expreſſion is merely metaphorical. DACIER.

Micio. Ay.

Dem. Ay?

Micio. And you
Make one amongſt us too upon occaſion.

Dem. Ah! are you not aſham'd on't?

Micio. Patience, Demea!
Lay by your wrath, and ſeem as it becomes you,
Chearful and free of heart at your ſon's wedding.
—I'll but ſpeak with the bride and Soſtrata,
And then return to you immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Dem. alone.] Jove, what a life! what manners! what diſtraction!
A Bride juſt coming home without a portion;
A Muſick-Girl already there in keeping;
A houſe of waſte; the youth a libertine;
The old man a dotard!—'Tis not in the pow'r
Of Providence herſelf, howe'er deſirous,
To ſave from ruin ſuch a family.

SCENE XI.

Enter at a diſtance SYRUS *drunk.*

Syrus, to himſelf.] Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en ſpecial care
Of your ſweet ſelf, and play'd your part moſt rarely.
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my fill
Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad.

Dem. behind.] Look there!
A pattern of inſtruction!

Syrus ſeeing him.] But ſee there:
Yonder's

Yonder's old Demea. [*going up to him.*] What's
the matter now?
And why ſo melancholy?
Dem. Oh thou villain! [Wiſdom?
Syrus. What! are you ſpouting ſentences, old
Dem. Were you my ſervant——
Syrus. You'd be plaguy rich,
And ſettle your affairs moſt wonderfully.
Dem. I'd make you an example.
Syrus. Why? for what? [diſturbance,
Dem. *Why,* ſirrah? — * In the midſt of this
And in the heat of a moſt heavy crime,
While all is yet confuſion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you raſcal?
Syrus. Why the plague
Did not I keep within? [*aſide.*

SCENE XII.

Enter DROMO *haſtily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
Cteſipho begs that you'd come back.
Syrus. Away! [*puſhing him off.*
Dem. What's this he ſays of Cteſipho?
Syrus. Pſhaw! nothing.
Dem. How, dog, is Cteſipho within?
Syrus. Not he.
Dem. Why does he name him then?
Syrus. It is another
Of the ſame name—a little paraſite—
D'ye know him?

* *In the midſt of this diſturbance, &c.*] The gravity of Demea and drunkenneſs of Syrus create a very humourous contraſt, and are admirably calculated to excite mirth in the ſpectators. DONATUS.

Dem. But I will immediately. [*going.*

Syrus, ſtopping him.] What now? where now?

Dem. Let me alone. } *ſtruggling.*

Syrus. Don't go! }

Dem. Hands off! what won't you? muſt I brain you, raſcal?

[*diſengages himſelf from* Syrus, *and Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

Syr. alone.] He's gone—gone in—and faith * no welcome roarer—

—Eſpecially to Cteſipho.—But what
Can I do now? unleſs till this blows over,
I ſneak into ſome corner, and ſleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't.

[*Exit reeling.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter MICIO *from* Soſtrata.

Micio, to Soſtrata within.]

All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Soſtrata,
As I've already told you, when you pleaſe.

[*comes forward.*

But who's this † forces open our ſtreet-door

With

* *No welcome roarer.*—] *Comiſſatorem haud ſane commodum.* The chief beauty lies in the word *Comiſſator*, which ſignified one who came to join a jovial party, burſting in upon them unexpectedly with much noiſe and clamour. DONATUS. DACIER.

† *Forces open our ſtreet-door, &c.*] I forgot to obſerve before, that in Athens the ſtreet-doors were made to open outwards; ſo that when any one was coming out, the noiſe of the door (which is often mentioned in theſe comedies) ſerved to give notice to thoſe in the ſtreet, that they might eſcape being hurt, and make way for the opening of the door. DACIER.

With ſo much violence?

Enter DEMEA *on t'other ſide.*

Dem. Confuſion! death!
What ſhall I do? or how reſolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations?—Heav'n! Earth! Sea!
Micio, behind.] So! all's diſcover'd: that's the thing he raves at.
—Now for a quarrel!— * I muſt help the boy.
Dem. ſeeing him.] Oh, there's the grand corrupter of our children!
Micio. Appeaſe your wrath, and be yourſelf again!
Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myſelf again;
I ſpare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own propoſal too, that you ſhou'd never
Concern yourſelf with Cteſipho, nor I
With Æſchinus. Say, was't not ſo?
Micio. It was:
I don't deny it.
Dem. Why does Cteſipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a miſtreſs, Micio?—Is not juſtice
My due from you, as well as your's from me?
Since I do not concern myſelf with your's,

Meddle

* *I muſt help the boy.*] The character of Micio appears extremely amiable through the four firſt acts of this comedy, aud his behaviour is in many reſpects worthy imitation. But his conduct in conniving at the irregularities of Cteſipho, and even aſſiſting him to ſupport them, is certainly reprehenſible. Perhaps the Poet threw this ſhade over his virtues, on purpoſe to ſhew that mildneſs and good-humour might be carried to an exceſs.

Meddle not you with mine!

Micio. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old ſaying,
"All things are common among friends.

Dem. How ſmart!
Put off with quips and ſentences at laſt? [Demea.

Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience,
—Firſt, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflexion calm you! Formerly,
You bred them both according to your fortune,
Suppoſing it ſufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I ſhould take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, ſcrape, and ſave; do every thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,
Let them uſe freely! As your capital
Will not be waſted, what addition comes
From mine, conſider as clear gain: and thus,
Weighing all this impartially, you'll ſpare
Yourſelf, and me, and them, a world of trouble.

Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals——

Micio. Hold!
I underſtand; and meant to ſpeak of that.
* There are in nature ſundry marks, good Demea,
By

* *There are in nature, &c.*] Madam Dacier makes an obſervation on this ſpeech ſomething like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above; and ſays that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumſtances of the caſe, thinks to confound Demea by a nonſenſical galimatia. I cannot be of the ingenious lady's opinion in this matter: for I think a more ſenſible ſpeech could not

By which you may conjecture eaſily,
That when two perſons do the ſelf-ſame thing,
It oftentimes falls out, that in the one
'Tis criminal, in t'other 'tis not ſo:
Not that the thing itſelf is different,
But he who does it.—In theſe youths I ſee
The marks of virtue; and I truſt, they'll prove
Such as we wiſh them. They have ſenſe, I know;
Attention; in it's ſeaſon; liberal ſhame;
And fondneſs for each other; all ſure ſigns
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:
And tho' they ſtray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.—But perhaps you fear they'll prove
Too inattentive to their intereſt.
Oh my dear Demea, in all matters elſe
Increaſe of years increaſes wiſdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it; [need:"
"We're all more worldly-minded, than there's
Which paſſion age, that kills all paſſions elſe,
Will ripen in your ſons too.

Dem. Have a care
That theſe fine arguments, and this great mildneſs
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio!

Micio. Peace!
It ſhall not be: Away with all your fears!
This day be rul'd by me: come, ſmooth your brow.

Dem. Well, ſince at preſent things are ſo, I muſt.
But then I'll to the country with my ſon
To-morow at firſt peep of day.

Micio. At midnight,

So

not be made, nor a better plea offered in favour of the young men, than that of Micio in the preſent inſtance.

So you'll but ſmile to-day.

Dem. And that wench too
I'll drag away with me.

Micio. Ay; there you've hit it.
For by that means you'll keep your ſon at home;
Do but ſecure her.

Dem. I'll ſee that: for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of aſhes, ſmoke, and meal:
Nay at high noon too ſhe ſhall gather ſtubble,
I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.

Micio. Right! now you're wiſe.—And then I'd make my ſon
Go to bed to her, tho' againſt his will.

Dem. D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper! I feel——

Micio. Ah! that again!

Dem. I've done.

Micio. In then!
And let us ſuit our humour to the time. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.*

DEMEA *alone.*

NEVER did man lay down ſo fair a plan,
So wiſe a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made ſome change in it; knew,
And taught him, that thoſe things he thought he He

* *Act.* 5. *Scene* 1.] This ſcene, which I have placed the firſt of the fifth act, ſtands in Madam Dacier's tranſlation, and in all thoſe editions and tranſlations who have followed her, as the ſecond. I think it is plain from

He did not know, and what he held as beſt,
In practice he threw by. The very thing
That happens to myſelf. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the laſt ſtage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's

from the end of the foregoing ſcene, that Micio and Demea quitted the ſtage, and entered the houſe together; and it ſeems to be equally evident, from the meſſage that Syrus brings to Demea in the ſcene immediately ſucceeding this, that Demea had left the company within—*Rogat frater, ne abeas longius—your brother begs you'd not go further off.* But what had ſtill more weight with me, and was a more forcible motive to induce me to begin the fifth act with this ſoliloquy, was the propriety, and indeed neceſſity of an interval in this place. The total change of character, whether real or affected, is in itſelf ſo extraordinary, that it required all the art of Terence to bring it about; and the only probable method of effecting it, is to ſuppoſe it the reſult at leaſt of ſome little deliberation, and reflexion on the inconveniencies he had experienced from a contrary temper. Donatus obſerves the great art with which Terence has preſerved the gradation of Demea's anger and diſtreſſes, which can be puſhed no further than the diſcovery of Cteſipho; and this admirable climax of incidents, if I may hazard the expreſſion, is finely completed in the ſcene with which I have cloſed the fourth act. To ſay the truth, the fable itſelf in a manner ends there; and though there is much humour and pleaſantry in the remaining part of the play, yet many good criticks have objected to it. Terence however, or rather Menander, muſt be allowed to have ſhewn an uncommon effort of genius, if not of judgment, in theſe adſcititious ſcenes, which he has founded on the converſion of Demea: a circumſtance which grows out of the foregoing incidents, and ſupplies the materials for a pleaſant fifth act, like the Giving away the Rings in Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice, in which play alſo, as well as this of Terence, the main buſineſs of the plot is concluded in the fourth act.

There's nothing ſo advantages a man,
As mildneſs and complacency. Of this
My brother and myſelf are living proofs:
He always led an eaſy, chearful life:
Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor,
His whole expences center'd in himſelf.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, croſs,
Saving, moroſe, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miſeries did marriage bring!--had children;
—A new uneaſineſs!—and then beſides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my courſe near finiſh'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their ſecret counſels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forſaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus thoſe, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a ſmall expence, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleaſure his.
—Well then, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generoſity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let *Me* too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Caſh will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldeſt-born?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. Oh Sir! your brother has diſpatch'd me
To beg you'd not go further off. [to you
Dem. Who's there?—
* What, honeſt Syrus! ſave you: how is't with you?
How goes it?
Syrus. Very well, Sir.
Demea, aſide.] Excellent!
Now for the firſt time I, againſt my nature,
Have added theſe three phraſes, "Honeſt Syrus!
"How is't?—How goes it?"—[*to Syrus.*] You have prov'd yourſelf
A worthy ſervant. I'll reward you for it.
Syrus. I thank you, Sir.
Dem. I will, I promiſe you;
And you ſhall be convinc'd on't very ſoon.

SCENE III.

Enter GETA.

Geta, to Soſtrata within.] Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
—But here is Demea. Save you!
Dem. Oh! your name?
Geta. Geta, Sir.
Dem. Geta, I this day have found you
To

* *What, honeſt Syrus.*] Here the Poet ſhews how aukwardly a man of an oppoſite diſpoſition endeavours to be complaiſant; and that a miſer, meaning to be generous, runs into profuſion. DONATUS.

To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For ſure that ſervant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his maſter's intereſt at heart,
As I perceiv'd that you did, Geta! wherefore,
Soon as occaſion offers, I'll reward you.
—I am endeavouring to be affable,
And not without ſucceſs. [*aſide.*

Geta. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor ſlave, Sir,

Dem. aſide.] Firſt of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æſch. They murder me with their delays; and
They laviſh all this pomp upon the nuptials, [while
They waſte the live-long day in preparation.

Dem. How does my ſon?

Æſch. My father! Are you here?

Dem. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.—But why
Do you not call the bride?

Æſch. 'Tis what I long for:
But wait the muſick and the ſingers.

Dem. Pſhaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?

Æſch. Well? [muſick;

Dem. * Ne'er mind ſingers, company, lights,
But

* *Ne'er mind ſingers, &c.*] The bride was uſually thus attended, and Lucian ſpeaks of this retinue, and I believe took the paſſage from Menander, where he

But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As ſoon as poſſible. Convey the bride
That way and lay both houſes into one.
Bring too the mother, and whole family,
Over to us.

Æſch. I will. Oh charming father!

Dem. aſide.] *Charming!* See there! He calls me *charming* now.

—My brother's houſe will be a thorough-fare;
Throng'd with whole crouds of people; much expence
Will follow: very much, what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.
—* Ho! order Babylo immediately
To

he ſays, Και αυλητριδας, και χορευτον, και υμεναιον αδοντας τινας, &c. "the players on the flute, the company, and ſingers of the nuptial ſong." DACIER.

* *Ho! order Babylo immediately to pay him Twenty Minæ.*] *Jube nunc jam dinumeret illi Babylo viginti minas.* All the commentators and tranſlators have been extremely puzzled at this paſſage. It does not become the laſt comer to be poſitive, where ſo many conjectures have already been offered and rejected. But if one may determine from the context, which is commonly the beſt way, as well as the moſt natural and obvious, it ſhould ſeem that Demea means to give an order to one of his ſervants to give Æſchinus Twenty Minæ. He has already determined to be very generous, and another inſtance of his bounty occurs in the laſt ſcene, where he pays down the money for the freedom of Phrygia.—In this very ſpeech he is pleaſantly conſidering within himſelf the expence, which he diſregards ſo as he can but get into favour. In conſequence of which reſolution it is natural to ſuppoſe that he immediately gives an order for iſſuing money to defray the charges of pulling down walls, entertaining company, &c.

To pay him Twenty Minæ.—Prithee, Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders?

Syrus. What?

Dem. Down with the wall!—[*Exit* Syrus.]—
You, Geta, go, and bring
The ladies over.

Geta. Heaven bleſs you, Demea,
For all your friendſhip to our family! [*Exit* Geta.

Dem. They're worthy of it.—What ſay You
to this? [*to* Æſchinus.

Æſch. I think it admirable.

Dem. 'Tis much better,
Than for a poor ſoul, ſick, and lying-in,
To be conducted thro' the ſtreet.

Æſch. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, Sir.

Dem. 'Tis juſt my way.—But here comes Micio.

SCENE V.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, at entering.] My brother order it, d'ye
ſay? where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?

Dem. 'Twas my order;
And by this means, and every other way,
I would unite, ſerve, cheriſh, and oblige,
And join the family to our's!

Æſch. Pray do, Sir! [*to* Micio.

Micio. I don't oppoſe it.

Dem. Nay, but 'tis our duty.
Firſt, there's the mother of the bride—

Micio. What then?

Dem.

Dem. Worthy and modeſt.
Micio. So they ſay.
Dem. In years.
Micio. True.
Dem. And ſo far advanc'd, that ſhe is long
Paſt child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,
With none to comfort her.
Micio. What means all this? [brother;
Dem. This woman 'tis your place to marry,
—And your's [*to* Æſch.] to bring him to't.
Micio. I marry her?
Dem. You.
Micio. I?
Dem. Yes, you I ſay.
Micio. Ridiculous!
Dem. to Æſch.] If you're a man, he'll do't.
Æſch. to Micio.] Dear father!
Micio. How!
Do you then join him, fool?
Dem. Nay, don't deny,
It can't be otherwiſe.
Micio. You've loſt your ſenſes!
Æſch. Let me prevail upon you, Sir!
Micio. You're mad.
Away!
Dem. Oblige your ſon.
Micio. Have you your wits?
I a new-married man at ſixty-five!
And marry a decrepid poor old woman
Is that what you adviſe me?
Æſch. Do it, Sir?
I've promis'd them.

Micio.

Micio. You've promis'd them indeed!
Prithee, boy, promiſe for yourſelf.
Dem. Come, come!
What if he aſk'd ſtill more of you?
Micio. As if
This was not ev'n the utmoſt.
Dem. Nay, comply!
Æſch. Be not obdurate!
Dem. Come, come, promiſe him.
Micio. Won't you deſiſt?
Æſch. No, not till I prevail.
Micio. This is mere force.
Dem. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
Micio. Tho' this appears to me abſurd, wrong, fooliſh,
And quite repugnant to my ſcheme of life,
Yet, if you're ſo much bent on't, let it be!
Æſch. * Obliging father, worthy my beſt love!
Dem.

* *Obliging father!*] Obliging indeed!
The Poet's conduct here is juſtly liable to cenſure: the only conſideration that can be urged in his defence is, that he meant to ſhew the inconveniencies ariſing from too unbounded a good-nature. But Micio has all along been repreſented ſo agreeable, and poſſeſſed of ſo much judgment, good ſenſe, and knowledge of the world, that this laſt piece of extravagance muſt ſhock probability, and offend the delicacy of the ſpectator.
PATRICK.

Apud Menandrum ſenex de nuptiis non gravatur. Ergo Terentius εὑρητικῶς. DONATUS.
It is ſurpriſing that none of the criticks on this paſſage have taken notice of this obſervation of Donatus, eſpecially as our loſs of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of this laſt act followed Menander: and in the preſent circumſtance

Dem. aſide.] What now?—This anſwers to my wiſh.—What more? [too,

—Hegio's their kinſman, [*to* Micio.] our relation
And very poor. We ſhou'd do *him* ſome ſervice.

Micio. Do what?

Dem. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him
To live upon.

Micio. So little, do you call it?

Dem. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been
Father to her; a good man; our relation.
It will be given worthily. In ſhort,
That ſaying, Micio, I now make my own,
Which you ſo lately and ſo wiſely quoted;
" It is the common failing of old men,
" To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that ſtain. The ſaying's true,
And ſhould be practis'd.

Micio. Well, well; be it ſo,
If he requires it. [*pointing to* Æſch.

Æſch. I beſeech it, father. [body.

Dem. Now you're indeed my brother, ſoul and

Micio. I'm glad to find you think me ſo.

Dem. I foil him
At his own weapons. [*aſide.*

SCENE VI.

To them SYRUS.

Syrus. I have executed
Your

ſtance though he has adopted the abſurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus that he rather improved on his original by making Micio expreſs a repugnance to ſuch a match, which it ſeems he did not in the play of Menander.

Your orders, Demea.

Dem. A good fellow!—Truly
Syrus, I think, ſhou'd be made free to-day.

Micio. Made free! He?—Wherefore?

Dem. Oh, for many reaſons.

Syrus. Oh Demea, you're a noble gentleman.
I've taken care of both your ſons from boys;
Taught them, inſtructed them, and given them
The wholeſomeſt advice, that I was able.

Dem. The thing's apparent: and theſe offices,
To cater;—bring a wench in, ſafe and ſnug;
—Or * in mid-day prepare an entertainment;—
—All theſe are talents of no common man.

Syrus. Oh moſt delightful gentleman!

Dem. Beſides,
He has been inſtrumental too this day
In purchaſing the Muſick-Girl. He manag'd
The whole affair. We ſhou'd reward him for it.
† It will encourage others.—In a word,
Your Æſchinus would have it ſo.

Micio. Do you
Deſire it?

Æſch. Yes, Sir.

Micio. Well if you deſire it—
Come hither, Syrus!—Be thou free!

[Syrus

* *In mid-day prepare an entertainment.*] *Apparare* de die *convivium.* The force of this paſſage conſiſts in the words *de die*, becauſe, as has been obſerved in another place, the chief meal of the Græcians was at ſupper, and an entertainment in the day-time was conſidered as a debauch. DACIER.

† *It will encourage others.*] The grave irony of this paſſage is extremely humourous. DONATUS.

[Syrus *kneels*; Micio *ſtrikes him, being the ceremony of manumiſſion, or giving a Slave his freedom.*]

Syrus. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but moſt of all, to Demea!

Dem. I'm glad of your good fortune.

Æſch. So am I.

Syrus. I do believe it; and I wiſh this joy
Were quite complete, and I might ſee my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free as well as I.

Dem. The very beſt of women!

Syrus. And the firſt
That ſuckled my young maſter's ſon, your grandſon.

Dem. Indeed! the firſt who ſuckled him!—Nay
Beyond all doubt, ſhe ſhould be free. [then,

Micio. For what?

Dem. For that. Nay, take the ſum, whate'er it
Of Me. [be

Syrus. Now all the pow'rs above grant all
Your wiſhes, Demea!

Micio. You have thriv'n to-day
Moſt rarely, Syrus.

Dem. And beſides this, Micio,
It wou'd be handſome to advance him ſomething
To try his fortune with. He'll ſoon return it.

Micio. Not that. [*ſnapping his fingers.*

Æſch. He's honeſt.

Syrus. Faith, I will return it.
Do but advance it.

Æſch. Do, Sir!

Micio. Well, I'll think on't.

Dem. I'll ſee that he ſhall do't. [*to* Syrus.

Syrus. Thou beſt of men!

Æſch. My moſt indulgent father!

Micio. What means this? [Brother?

Whence comes this haſty change of manners,

* Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence

This ſudden prodigality?

Dem. I'll tell you:

† To ſhew you, that the reaſon, why our ſons

Think

* *Whence flows all this extravagance? &c.*] *Quod proluvium? quæ iſtæc ſubita eſt largitas?* A paſſage borrowed from the comick poet Cæcilius. DACIER.

† *To ſhew you that the reaſon, &c.*] I would have characters ſeparated from each other; but I muſt own that a direct contraſt diſpleaſes me.

But the moſt ſure method to ſpoil a play, and to render it quite inſupportable, would be to multiply ſuch contraſts.

See what would be the reſult of theſe antitheſes. I call them antitheſes; for the contraſt of character is, in the plan of the drama, what that figure is in converſation. It is happy; but it muſt be uſed with moderation; and, in an elevated ſtile, totally excluded.

What is the moſt common ſtate of ſociety, that where characters are contraſted, or where they are only different?

What is the intention of contraſt in character? Doubtleſs to render one of the two more ſtriking. But that effect can only be obtained, where they both appear together. What a monotony will this create in the dialogue? what a conſtraint will it impoſe on the conduct of the fable? How can I attend to the natural chain of events, and proper ſucceſſion of ſcenes, if I am engaged by the neceſſity of always bringing the two oppoſite characters together? How often will

it

Think you ſo pleaſant and agreeable,
Is not from your deſerts, or truth, or juſtice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
—Now, therefore, if I'm odious to you, ſon,

it happen that the contraſt will require one ſcene, and the true courſe of the fable another?

Beſides, if the two contraſted characters are both drawn with equal force, the intention of the drama will be rendered equivocal. To conceive the whole force of this reaſoning, open the Brothers of Terence. There you will ſee two brothers contraſted, both drawn with equal force; and you may challenge the moſt ſubtle critick to tell you which is the principal character, Micio or Demea? If he ventures to pronounce before the laſt ſcene, he will find to his aſtoniſhment, that He, whom he has taken, during five acts, for a man of ſenſe, is a fool; and that He, whom he has taken for a fool, may be a very ſenſible man.

One would ſuppoſe at the beginning of the fifth act, that the Author, embarraſſed by the contraſt which he had eſtabliſhed, was obliged to abandon his deſign, and to turn the intereſt of his piece topſy-turvy. But what is the conſequence? That we no longer know which ſide to take; and after having been all along for Micio againſt Demea, we conclude without knowing, whether we are for one, or the other. One would almoſt deſire a third father to preſerve the golden mean between the two characters, and to point out the faults of each of them. DIDEROT.

Here Demea returns to his own character, and the conduct of Terence is admirable in the leſſon given to Micio. The oppoſite characters of theſe two brothers, and the inconveniencies reſulting from each, perfectly point out to fathers the middle way which they ought to perſue in the education of their children, between the too great ſeverity of the one, and the unlimited indulgence of the other. DACIER.

Becauſe I'm not ſubſervient to your humour,
In all things, right, or wrong; away with care!
Spend, ſquander, and do what you will!—But if,
In thoſe affairs where youth has made you blind,
Eager, and thoughtleſs, you will ſuffer me
To counſel and correct—and in due ſeaſon
Indulge you—I am at your ſervice.

Æſch. Father,
In all things we ſubmit ourſelves to you.
What's fit and proper, you know beſt,—But what
Shall come of my poor brother?

Dem. * I conſent
That he ſhall have her: let him finiſh there.

Æſch. † All now is as it ſhou'd be.—[*to the audience.*] Clap your hands!

* *I conſent that he ſhall have her.*] This complaiſance of Demea in allowing Cteſipho to retain the Muſick-Girl, would be very criminal in a modern father; but the Greeks and Romans were not ſufficiently enlightened to be ſenſible of the ſin. DACIER.

† *All now is as it ſhou'd be.*] It has been ſaid that l'Ecole des Maris [The School for Huſbands] was a copy of the Brothers of Terence: if ſo, Moliere deſerves more praiſe for having brought the taſte of ancient Rome into France, than reproach for having ſtolen his piece. But the Brothers furniſhed nothing more than the bare idea of the Ecole des Maris. There are in the Brothers two old men of oppoſite humours, who give each of them a different education to the children that they educate; there are in like manner in the Ecole des Maris two guardians, of which one is ſevere, and the other indulgent; there lies the whole reſemblance. There is ſcarce any intrigue in the Brothers; that of the l'Ecole des Maris is delicate, intereſting,

intereſting, and comick. One of the women in Terence's piece, who ought to be the principal character, is never ſeen or heard except in her lying-in. The Iſabella of Moliere is almoſt for ever on the ſtage full of grace and ſpirit, and ſometimes mingles a decency, even in the tricks which ſhe plays her guardian. There is no probability in the cataſtrophe of the Brothers: It is not in nature, that a moroſe, ſevere, covetous old fellow of ſixty ſhould become all at once gay, complaiſant, and liberal. The cataſtrophe of the Ecole des Maris is the beſt of all the pieces of Moliere. It is probable, natural, grounded on the plot; and what is of full as much conſequence, extremely comick. The ſtile of Terence is pure, ſententious, but a little cold; as Cæſar, who excelled in all, has reproached him. The ſtile of Moliere in this piece is more chaſte than in any of his others. The French Author almoſt equals the purity of the diction of Terence; and goes far beyond him in the intrigue, the characters, the cataſtrophe, and humour.

VOLTAIRE'S *Contes de Guillaume Vadé.*

It is impoſſible for any reader, who is come freſh from the peruſal of the Brothers of Terence, and the Ecole des Maris of Moliere to acquieſce in the above deciſion, and I would venture to appeal from Monſ. Voltaire to any member of the French academy for a reverſal of it. The reputation of Moliere has taken too deep root to be rendered more flouriſhing by blaſting that of Terence; nor can ſuch an attempt ever be made with a worſe grace than when the imitation is blindly preferred to the original. Moliere, ſo far from having taken only the idea of his piece from the Brothers, has tranſlated ſome paſſages almoſt literally, and the latter part of the ſecond ſcene of the Ecole des Maris is a very cloſe imitation of one in the fourth act of the Brothers. In point of fable, I make no ſcruple to prefer the piece of Terence to that of Moliere. The intrigue of the four firſt acts of the Brothers is more artfully conducted than that of any other of Terence's pieces.

In the Andrian, was all the Epiſode of Charinus to be omitted, the play would be the better for it. In the Eunuch, as has been before obſerved, there is a lameneſs in the cataſtrophe, and the concluſion of Thraſo's buſineſs in the laſt ſcene becomes epiſodical. In the Self-Tormentor the intrigue in a manner ends with the third act. In the Phormio, the loves of Antipho and Phædria have no further relation to each other, than that Phormio is uſed as an engine in both. * But in the play before us, the intereſt which Æſchinus takes in Cteſipho's affairs, combines their ſeveral amours ſo naturally, that they reciprocally put each other in motion.

I cannot think the fable of the Ecole des Maris quite ſo happy. In Terence we ſee a good-humoured uncle adopting one of his nephews, while the other lad remains under the tuition of the ſevere father. This is natural enough; but in Moliere we have two young women left by their father's will as the intended wives of their antiquated guardians. Is there not ſome abſurdity in ſuch an idea? Micio and Demea are confeſſedly the archetypes of Ariſte and Sganarelle; but in my mind infinitely ſuperiour, and exhibited in a greater variety of ſituations: nor do the two ſiſters, Iſabella and Leonor, play into each other's hands, like Æſchinus and Cteſipho. In the Brothers, the buſineſs and the play open together; in Moliere the firſt ſcene is a mere converſation-piece. In Moliere, the plot is thin, ſeems to have been only calculated for the intrigue of a *petite piece*, and the circumſtance of Iſabelle's embracing Sganarelle and giving her hand to Eraſte is purely farcical. In Terence the fable is more important, and the incidents naturally unfold themſelves one after another; and the manner in which Demea gradually arrives at the knowledge of them is extremely artful and comick. What then is intrigue? If it be the Dramatick Narration of a ſtory, ſo laid out as to

* *The plot of the Step-Mother, ſo admired by the moderns for its ſimplicity, ſhall be examined in another place.*

to produce pleaſant ſituations, I will not ſcruple to pronounce, that there is more intrigue in the Brothers than in the Ecole des Maris. The reader has already ſeen ſeveral ſtrictures on the fifth act, but the particular objection made by Monſ. de Voltaire to the cataſtrophe is founded on a miſtake: the complaiſance, gaiety, and liberality of Demea being merely aſſumed; and his aukwardneſs in affecting thoſe qualities full as comick as the admired cataſtrophe of the Ecole des Maris; which being produced in a forced manner by the diſguiſe of Iſabelle, and the broad cheat put upon Sganarelle before his face, is certainly deficient in the probability neceſſary to the incidents of legitimate comedy. It is not without reluctance that I have been drawn into an examination of the comparative merits of theſe two excellent pieces: nor do I think there is in general a more invidious method of extolling one writer, than by depreciating the productions of another.

Baron, the author of the Andriene, has alſo written a comedy called l'Ecole des Péres, [the School for Fathers] built on this play of Terence. The piece opens with a very elegant, though pretty cloſe verſion, of the firſt act of the Brothers; but on the whole I think this attempt leſs happy than his firſt. The bringing Clarice and Pamphile on the ſtage has no better effect, than his introduction of Glicerie in the Andrian. Telamon and Alcée are drawn with neither the ſtrength nor delicacy of Micio and Demea; and the old man's change of character in the fifth act is neither rejected nor retained, but rather mangled and deformed. On the whole, it were to be wiſhed, that Baron had adhered ſtill more cloſely to Terence, or, like Moliere, deviated ſtill further from him: for, as the play now ſtands, his attention to the Roman Poet ſeems to have thrown a conſtraint on his genius, and taken off the air of an original; while his alterations have rendered the Ecole des Péres but a lame imitation, and imperfect image of the Brothers of Terence.

In our own language, the Squire of Alſatia of Shadwell is alſo founded on this play: But the Muſe of White Friars has but little right to the praiſes due to that of Athens and Rome. Shadwell's play, though drawn from ſo pure a ſource, is rather a farce of five acts than a comedy; nor has it the leaſt comparative merit either in the plan or execution, except in the intention to give the character of Cteſipho more at large than it is drawn in the original.

THE

STEP-MOTHER.

THE

STEP-MOTHER;

* Exhibited at the MEGALESIAN GAMES,

Sextus Julius Cæſar and Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, Curule Ædiles: It was not acted through: The Muſick, compoſed for Equal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is entirely † from the Greek of Apollodorus: It was acted firſt without a Prologue, Cn. Octavius and T. Manlius, Conſuls; and brought on again at the Funeral Games of Æmilius Paulus: It did not pleaſe: It was acted a third time, Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actor, L. Ambivius Turpio: It pleas'd.

Year of Rome	—	—	588
Before Chriſt	—	—	165

* *Exhibited at, &c.*] The title to this play varies extremely in different editions. That given here is taken chiefly from Weſterhovius.

† *From the Greek of Apollodorus.*] Criticks differ about the name of the Greek Poet from whom this play was taken. It is generally ſaid to be Apollodorus; and moſt agree that this Comedy was not taken, like the four firſt of our author, from Menander.

TO

ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D.

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND,

AND MOST OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.
LACHES.
PHIDIPPUS.
PAMPHILUS.
PARMENO.
SOSIA.
BOY, and other Servants.

SOSTRATA.
MYRRHINA.
BACCHIS.
PHILOTIS.
SYRA.
NURSE, Servants to Bacchis, &c.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THIS play is call'd The Step-Mother. When first
It was preſented, ſuch a * hurricane,
A tumult ſo uncommon interven'd,
It neither could be ſeen, nor underſtood:
So taken were the people, ſo engag'd
By a rope-dancer!—It is now brought on
As a new piece: and he who wrote the play,
Suffer'd it not to be repeated then,
† That he might profit by a ſecond ſale.
‡ Others, his plays, you have already known;
Now then, let me beſeech you, know this too.

* *Hurricane.*] *Calamitas.* This word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the firſt ſcene of the Eunuch.—Nothing can be more evident than that this was the prologue to the ſecond attempt to exhibit this comedy.

† *That he might profit by a ſecond ſale.*] See the laſt note to the ſecond prologue.

‡ *Others, his plays, you have already known.*] According to Voſſius, the Step-Mother was not attempted to be revived till after the repreſentation of the Brothers. If ſo, they had already ſeen all the reſt of Terence's pieces. DACIER.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER PROLOGUE.*

I Come a pleader, † in the ſhape of prologue:
Let me then gain my cauſe, and now grown old
Experience the ſame favour as when young;
Who then recover'd many a loſt play,
Breath'd a new life into the ſcenes and ſav'd
The author, and his writings from oblivion.

Of

* *Another Prologue.*] Theſe two prologues are by ſome blended together, but moſt learned and judicious editors make two of them. Faernus ſays that in ſome copies the name of L. Ambivius is over them, in great letters; thus, L. AMBIVIUS PROLOGUS: and the ſame diſtinction is made in the Baſilican copy. Eugraphius ſays poſitively that the prologue was ſpoken by Ambivius Turpio. COOKE.

† *I come a pleader, &c.*] *Orator ad vos venio.* Madam Dacier, and ſome who follow her, tranſlate *Orator* by the word *Ambaſſador*. Her explanation of the original (though in this inſtance, as well as many others, ſhe does not acknowledge it) is taken from Donatus. But what is very extraordinary, Donatus, in his comment on the very next line, gives the word a quite different ſignification; and tells us that

Orator

Of thoſe, which firſt I ſtudied of Cæcilius, *
In ſome I was excluded; and in ſome
Hardly maintain'd my ground. But knowing well
The variable fortunes of the Scene,
I was content to hazard certain toil
For an uncertain gain. I undertook
To reſcue thoſe ſame plays from condemnation,
And labour'd to reverſe your ſentence on them;
That the ſame Poet might afford me more,
And no ill fortune damp young Genius in him.
My cares prevail'd; the plays were heard; and thus

Did

Orator ſignifies a perſon entruſted with the defence of a cauſe; in one word, a *Pleader:* and that *Exorator* ſignifies him who has gained the cauſe. The word is undoubtedly uſed in this latter ſenſe in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor—Oratorem *voluit eſſe me, non* Prologum—and it ſeems to be the beſt and eaſieſt conſtruction in this place alſo.

* *Cæcilius.*] A famous comick Poet among the Romans. His chief excellencies are ſaid to have been the gravity of his ſtile, and the choice of his ſubjects. The firſt quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, &c. and the laſt by Varro. *In argumentis Cæcilius poſcit palmam, in etheſi Terentius.*—"In the choice "of ſubjects Cæcilius demands the preference, in the "manners Terence."——Madam Dacier indeed renders *in argumentis* "in the diſpoſition of his ſubjects." But the words will not bear that conſtruction. *Argumentum*, I believe, is uniformly uſed for the argument itſelf, never implies the conduct of it—as in the Prologue to the

Did I reſtore an Author, nearly loſt
Through the malevolence of adverſaries,
To ſtudy, labour, and the Poet's art.
But had I at that time deſpis'd his plays,
Or labour'd to deter him from the taſk,
It had been eaſy to have kept him idle,
And to have ſcar'd him from attempting more:
For my ſake, therefore, deign to hear with candour
The ſuit I mean to offer to you now.
Once more I bring THE STEP-MOTHER before you,
Which yet in ſilence I might never play;
So did confuſion cruſh it: which confuſion
Your prudence may allay, if it will deign
To ſecond our endeavours.—When I firſt
Began to play this piece, the ſturdy Boxers,
(The

the Andrian, *non tam diſſimili argumento*—"*in argument leſs different.*"—Beſides, the diſpoſition of the ſubject was the very *art* attributed by the criticks of thoſe days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very ſame line with the gravity of Cæcilius, diſtinguiſhing them as the ſeveral characteriſticks of each writer.

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

See Hurd's notes to the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

(The Dancers on the Rope expected too)
Th' increaſing crowds, the noiſe, and women's clamour
Oblig'd me to retire before my time.
I, upon this occaſion, had recourſe
To my old way. I brought it on again.
In the firſt act I pleaſe: meanwhile there ſpreads
A rumour of the Gladiators: then
The people flock together, riot, roar,
And fight for places. I meanwhile *my* place
Could not maintain—To-day there's no diſturbance;
All's ſilence and attention; a clear ſtage:
* 'Tis your's to give theſe games their proper grace.
Let not, oh let not the Dramatick Art
Fall to a few! Let your authority
Aſſiſt and ſecond mine! If I for gain
Ne'er over-rated my abilities,

If

* *'Tis your's to give theſe games their proper grace.*] There is great force and eloquence in the actor's affecting a concern for the ſacred feſtivals, which were in danger of being deprived of their chief ornaments, if by too great a ſeverity they diſcouraged the Poets, who undertook to furniſh the plays during the celebrity. DACIER.

If I have made it ſtill my only care
To be obedient to your will, oh grant
That he who hath committed his performance
To my defence, and who hath thrown himſelf
On your protection, be not giv'n to ſcorn,
And foul deriſion of his envious foes!
Admit this plea for my ſake, and be ſilent;
That other Poets may not fear to write,
That I too may hereafter find it meet
To play new pieces, * bought at my expence.

* *Bought at my expence.*] *Pretio emptas meo.* Theſe words I have rendered literally, tho' there is great diſpute among commentators concerning them. Donatus, and, after him, Madam Dacier, explains *pretio* by *æſtimatione pretii*, importing that Ambivius valued the play, when the Ædiles were to purchaſe it. Madam Dacier therefore ſuppoſes the caſe to be thus. When the Ædiles had a mind to purchaſe a copy for the Stage, they gave it to the Maſter of the Company, to peruſe, and ſet a price upon it. If it failed, the maſter was bound to return the money to the Magiſtrates; which made it the intereſt of the Actors to ſupport the piece, as the loſs, if it was rejected fell upon themſelves.—This it muſt be owned is ingenious, but has nothing to ſupport it but conjecture. We are entirely unacquainted with the nature of theſe tranſactions between the Ædiles, Players, and Poet, and therefore cannot pronounce with certainty about them. Beſides, I believe it will be hard to find an Inſtance where *Pretium* is put for *Æſtimatio Pretii*. I am therefore more inclined to think, that on ſome occaſions the Ædiles, on others the Maſter of the Company bought the play, of which laſt kind was the purchaſe of the Step-Mother.

But

But how in either caſe, if it was not received by the publick, the Poet could claim a right to a ſecond ſale, as is mentioned in the firſt prologue, is a matter not eaſily determined at this diſtance of time.

PATRICK.

Madam Dacier's reaſoning on this dark point of theatrical hiſtory is certainly inconcluſive; not only for want of proof, but becauſe no method of *ſettling the aſſize* of plays could be more unworthy the Magiſtrate, more detrimental to Authors, or more hurtful to the credit of the Stage: for if the Actor was to abide by the loſs, his intereſt would incline him to ſet the very loweſt value on the piece.—Taking the whole prologue together, may not one conjecture, that the firſt time a play was exhibited it was purchaſed, as is mentioned in other prologues, by the Ædiles: but if it failed, or, for the ſake of Gladiators and Rope-dancers, was then refuſed a hearing, the Poet had a right to withdraw his piece without returning the copy-money; and if it was brought on again by the manager, it was at his own hazard and expence? This conjecture explains the paſſage in the firſt prologue concerning a ſecond ſale, and gives an additional force to every thing urged by Ambivius in the ſecond; in which, ſuppoſing the actor to be ſpeaking to the audience, concerning a theatrical uſage with which they were all familiarly acquainted, the whole obſcurity of both the prologues vaniſhes. We immediately comprehend the manner of his revival of the plays of Cæcilius, and ſee how eſſentially his intereſt is concerned in the reception of this Terence. It gives us alſo a very high opinion of the penetration and humanity of Ambivius.

From theſe two prologues, and ſome paſſages in Horace, we may collect that riots, parties, *&c.* were as common in Rome as in England; and that a firſt night was as terrible, and the town as formidable to Cæcilius, and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio, (the actor who ſpoke this Prologue, and probably the Manager of the Company) as well as the eſteem which

Terence

Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the town-criticks of thoſe times, who could liſten to ſuch a plea urged by the Actor, and ſo candidly acquieſce in all that he ſaid in his own commendation. We have ſeen indeed, and it is to be hoped ſhall ſee again, an acting manager in our time, to whom modern authors have as much reaſon to be partial, as Terence to Ambivius: but though he has helped out many a lame play with a lively prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make ſuch an addreſs to the publick as this now before us.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILOTIS, SYRA.

Phi. NOW, by my troth, a woman of the town
Scarce ever finds a faithful lover, Syra.
This very Pamphilus, how many times
He ſwore to Bacchis, ſwore ſo ſolemnly
One could not but believe him, that he never
Would, in her life-time, marry! See, he's married.
Syra. I warn you therefore, and moſt earneſtly
Conjure you, to have pity upon none.
But plunder, fleece, and beggar ev'ry man
That falls into your pow'r.
Phi. What! ſpare none?
Syra. None.
For know, there is not one of all your ſparks
But ſtudies to cajole you with fine ſpeeches,
And have his will as cheaply as he can.
Shou'd not You then endeavour to fool Them?
Phi. But to treat all alike is wrong.
Syra. What! wrong?
To be reveng'd upon your enemies?
Or to ſnare thoſe who ſpread their ſnares for you?
— Alas! why have not I your youth and beauty,
Or you my ſentiments?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PARMENO.

Par. to Scirtus within.] If our old gentleman
Aſks for me, tell him I'm this very moment
Gone to the Port to ſeek for Pamphilus.
D'ye underſtand my meaning, Scirtus? If he aſks,
Tell him that; if he ſhou'd not aſk, ſay nothing;
That this excuſe may ſerve another time.
[*comes forward.*
—But is not that Philotis? Whence comes She?
Philotis, ſave you!

Phi. Save you, Parmeno!

Syra. Save you, good Parmeno!

Par. And ſave you, Syra!
—Tell me, Philotis, where have you been gadding,
Taking your pleaſure this long time?

Phi. I've taken
No pleaſure, Parmeno, indeed. I went
With a moſt brutal Captain hence to Corinth.
There have I led a wretched life with him,
For two whole years.

Par. Ay, ay, I warrant you
That you have often wiſh'd to be in Athens;
Often repented of your journey.

Phi. Oh,
'Tis quite impoſſible to tell how much
I long'd to be at home, how much I long'd
To leave the Captain, ſee you, revel with you,
After the good old faſhion, free, and eaſy.
For there I durſt not ſpeak a ſingle word,
But what, and when the mighty Captain pleas'd.

Par.

Par. 'Twas cruel in him thus to tie your tongue:
At leaſt, I'll warrant, that you thought it ſo.
Phi. But what's this buſineſs, Parmeno? this ſtory
That Bacchis has been telling me within?
I could not have believ'd that Pamphilus
Would in her life-time marry.
Par. Marry truly!
Phi. Why he *is* married: is not he?
Par. He is.
But I'm afraid 'twill prove a crazy match,
And will not hold together long.
Phi. Heav'n grant it,
So it turn out to Bacchis's advantage!
But how can I believe this, Parmeno?
Tell me.
Par. It is not fit it ſhould be told.
Enquire no more.
Phi. For fear I ſhould divulge it?
Now heav'n ſo proſper me, as I enquire,
Not for the ſake of telling it again,
But to rejoice within myſelf.
Par. All theſe
Fair words, Philotis, ſha'n't prevail on me
To truſt my back to your diſcretion.
Phi. Well;
Don't tell me, Parmeno.—As if you had not
Much rather tell this ſecret, than I hear it!
Par. She's in the right I am a blab, 'tis true.
It is my greateſt failing.—Give your word,
You'll not reveal it, and I'll tell you.
Phi. Now
You're like yourſelf again. I give my word.
Speak.

Par.

Par. Liſten then.

Phi. I'm all ear.

Par. Pamphilus
Doated on Bacchis ſtill as much as ever,
When the old gentleman began to teaze him
To marry, in the common cant of fathers;
—" That he was now grown old; and Pamphilus
" His only child: and that he long'd for heirs,
" As props of his old age." At firſt my maſter
Withſtood his inſtances, but as his father
Became more hot and urgent, Pamphilus
Began to waver in his mind, and felt
A conflict betwixt love and duty in him.
At length, by hammering on marriage ſtill,
And daily inſtances, th' old man prevail'd,
And made a match with our next neighbour's daughter.
Pamphilus did not take it much to heart,
Till juſt upon the very brink of wedlock:
But when he ſaw the nuptial rites prepar'd,
And, without reſpite, he muſt marry; then
It came ſo home to him, that even Bacchis,
Had ſhe been preſent, muſt have pitied him.
Whenever he could ſteal from company,
And talk to me alone,—" Oh Parmeno,
" What have I done?" he'd cry.—" I'm loſt for ever.
" Into what ruin have I plung'd myſelf!
" I cannot bear it, Parmeno. Ah wretch!
" I am undone.

Phi. Now all the pow'rs of heav'n
Confound you, Laches, for thus teazing him!

Par. In ſhort, he marries, and brings home his wife.

The

The first night he ne'er touch'd her; nor the next.
Phi. How! he a youth, and she a maidenhead!
Tipsy, and never touch her; 'Tis not likely;
Nor do I think it can be true.
Par. No wonder.
For they, that come to you, come all desire:
But he was bound to her against his will.
Phi. What follow'd upon this?
Par. A few days after,
Pamphilus, taking me aside, informs me,
" That the maid still remain'd a maid for him;
" That he had hop'd, before he brought her home,
" He might have borne the marriage: — but
" resolving
" Within myself, not to retain her long,
" I held it neither honesty in Me,
" Nor of advantage to the maid herself,
" That I should throw her off to scorn:--but rather
" Return to her friends, as I receiv'd her,
" Chaste and inviolate."
Phi. A worthy youth,
And of great modesty!
Par. " To make this publick
" Would not, I think, do well: and to return her
" Upon her father's hands, no crime alledg'd,
" Is arrogant: but she, I hope, as soon
" As she perceives she cannot live with me,
" Will of her own accord depart."
Phi. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?
Par. Every day.
But she, as is the way you know, perceiving
He was another's property, became

More croſs and mercenary.

Phi. Troth, no wonder. [from her.

Par. Ay, but 'twas that detach'd him chiefly
For when he had examin'd well himſelf,
Bacchis, and her at home; and had compar'd
Their different manners; ſeeing that his Bride,
After the faſhion of a liberal mind,
Was decent, modeſt, patient of affronts,
And anxious to conceal the wrongs he did her;
Touch'd partly with compaſſion for his wife,
And partly tir'd with t'other's inſolence,
He by degrees withdrew his heart from Bacchis,
Transferring it to her, whoſe diſpoſition
Was ſo congenial to his own. Meanwhile
An old relation of the family
Dies in the iſle of * Imbrus. His eſtate
Comes by the law to Them; and our old man
Diſpatching thither, much againſt his will,
The now-found Pamphilus, he leaves his wife
Here with his mother. The old gentleman
† Retir'd into the country, and but ſeldom
Comes up to town.

Phi. But what is there in this
That can affect the marriage?

Par. You ſhall hear
Immediately. At firſt, for ſome few days,
The women ſeem'd to live on friendly terms.
Till

* *Imbrus.*] An iſland near Thrace.

† *Retir'd into the country.*] This is very well conducted: for ſuppoſing the old gentleman to have remained in town, the whole perplexity and intricacy of the fable would be prevented. DONATUS.

Till all at once * the Bride, forſooth conceiv'd
A wonderful diſguſt to Soſtrata:
And yet there was no open breach between them,
And no complaints on either ſide.

Phi. What then?

Par. If Soſtrata, for converſation-ſake,
Went to the Bride, ſhe inſtantly withdrew,
Shunning her company. At length, not able
To bear it any longer, ſhe pretends
Her mother had ſent for her to aſſiſt
At ſome home-ſacrifice. Away ſhe went.
After a few days abſence, Soſtrata
Sent for her back. They made ſome lame excuſe,
I know not what. She ſends again. No lady.
Then after ſeveral meſſages, at laſt
They ſay the gentlewoman's ſick. My miſtreſs
Goes on a viſit to her: not let in.
Th' old gentleman, inform'd of all this, came
On this occaſion yeſterday to town;
And waited on the father of the Bride.
What paſt between them, I as yet can't tell;
And yet I long to know the end of this.
—There's the whole buſineſs. Now I'll on my way.

Phi. And I: for † there's a ſtranger here, with [whom
I have an aſſignation.

Par.

* *The bride conceiv'd a diſguſt to Soſtrata.*] The explanation of things is very artfully reſerved to its proper place; for, in truth, Parmeno is deceived, and Philumena did not withdraw herſelf from any real diſguſt to her ſtep-mother, but pretends a pique through ſhame. DONATUS.

† *There's a ſtranger here, &c.*] Here Philotis aſſigns a reaſon for her never appearing in the reſt of the play. DONATUS.

Par. Speed the plough!
Phi. Parmeno, fare you well!
Par. Farewell, Philotis! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

It were to be wiſhed, for the ſake of the credit of our author's acknowledged *art* in the Drama, that Philotis had aſſigned as good a reaſon for her appearing at all. Eugraphius juſtly ſays, *Ea igitur meretrix, quæ hic eſt, longe a fabulâ eſt conſtituta.*—"The courtezan in this "ſcene is a character quite foreign to the fable." Donatus alſo ſays much the ſame thing in his preface, and in his firſt note on this comedy; but adds, "that "Terence choſe this method, rather than to relate the "argument by means of a Prologue, or to introduce a "God ſpeaking from a machine." I will venture to ſay that the Poet might have taken a much ſhorter and eaſier method than either; I mean, to have begun the play with the very ſcene, which now opens the ſecond Act. Parmeno's narration muſt be allowed to be beautiful; but to introduce two characters entirely foreign to the play, merely to hear this ſtory, is almoſt as inartificial, as relating it directly to the audience: but what is ſtill worſe, when the tale is all told, the information we receive from it is idle and impertinent, and only ſerves to foreſtal incidents, and throw a coldneſs on the ſucceeding ſcenes; for there is not a ſingle circumſtance in Parmeno's narration but what unfolds itſelf in the courſe of the play; and whoever begins this Comedy at the ſecond act, will take in the whole ſtory as completely, as by beginning at the firſt.—I may venture therefore to pronounce this act to be redundant, and to aſſign it as one of the cauſes of the general complaint of the want of vivacity in the fable of this comedy. A whole act conſumed in narration is not artificial; but when that narration is uſeleſs and ſuperfluous, it becomes ſtill more inexcuſable.

ACT II. SCENE I.

LACHES, SOSTRATA.*

Lach. OH heav'n and earth, what animals are women!
What a conſpiracy between them all,
To do or not do, love or hate alike!
Not one but has the ſex ſo ſtrong in her,
She differs nothing from the reſt. Step-mothers
All hate their ſtep-daughters: and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her huſband,
The ſame perverſeneſs running through them all.
Each ſeems train'd up in the ſame ſchool of miſchief:
And of that ſchool, if any ſuch there be,
My wife, I think is ſchool-miſtreſs.

* *Laches, Soſtrata.*] Donatus remarks that this ſcene opens the intention of Terence to oppoſe the generally-received opinion, and to draw the character of a good Step-Mother. It would therefore, as has been already obſerved, have been a very proper ſcene to begin the play, as it carries us immediately into the midſt of things; and we cannot fail to be intereſted where we ſee the perſons acting ſo deeply intereſted themſelves. We gather from it juſt ſo much of the ſtory, as is neceſſary for our information at firſt ſetting out: We are told of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witneſſes of the confuſion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The abſence of Laches, which had been in great meaſure the occaſion of this miſunderſtanding, is alſo very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Soſtrata.—The character of Laches is very naturally drawn. He has a good heart, and a teſty diſpoſition: and the poor old gentleman is kept in ſuch conſtaut perplexity, that he has perpetual occaſion to exert both thoſe qualities.

Soſtra. Ah me!
Who know not why I am accus'd.
Lach. Not know?
Soſtra. No, as I hope for mercy! as I hope
We may live long together!
Lach. Heav'n forbid!
Soſtra. Hereafter, Laches, you'll be ſenſible
How wrongfully you have accus'd me.
Lach. I?———
Accuſe you wrongfully?—Is't poſſible
To ſpeak too hardly of your late behaviour?
Diſgracing me, yourſelf, and family;
Laying up ſorrow for your abſent ſon:
Converting into foes his new-made friends,
Who thought him worthy of their child in marriage.
You've been our bane, and by your ſhrewiſhneſs
Brew'd this diſturbance.
Soſtra. I?
Lach. You, woman, you:
Who take me for a ſtone, and not a man.
Think ye, becauſe I'm moſtly in the country,
I'm ignorant of your proceedings here?
No, no; I know much better what's done here,
Than where I'm chiefly reſident. Becauſe
Upon my family at home, depends
My character abroad. I knew long ſince
Philumena's diſguſt to you;———no wonder!
Nay, 'twere a wonder, had it not been ſo.
Yet I imagin'd not her hate ſo ſtrong,
'Twould vent itſelf upon the family:
Which had I dream'd of, ſhe ſhould have remain'd,
And you pack'd off.—Conſider, Soſtrata,

How

How little cauſe you had to vex me thus.
In complaiſance to you, and huſbanding
My fortune, I retir'd into the country;
Scraping, and labouring beyond the bounds
Of reaſon, or my age, that my eſtate
Might furniſh means for your expence and pleaſure.
—Was it not then your duty in return
To ſee that nothing happen'd here to vex me?
Soſtra. 'Twas not my doing, nor my fault indeed.
Lach. 'Twas your fault, Soſtrata; your fault alone.
You were ſole miſtreſs here; and in your care
The houſe, tho' I had freed you of all other cares.
A woman, an old woman too, and quarrel
With a green girl! oh ſhame upon't!—You'll ſay
That 'twas her fault.
Soſtra. Not I indeed, my Laches. [account.
Lach. Fore heav'n, I'm glad on't! on my ſon's
For as for You, I'm well enough aſſur'd,
No fault can make you worſe.
Soſtra. But prithee, huſband,
How can you tell that her averſion to me
Is not a mere pretence, that ſhe may ſtay
The longer with her mother?
Lach. No ſuch thing.
Was not your viſit yeſterday a proof.
From their denial to admit you to her? [me.
Soſtra. They ſaid ſhe was ſo ſick ſhe could not ſee
Lach. Sick of your humours; nothing elſe, I fancy
And well ſhe might: for there's not one of you
But want your ſons to take a wife: and that's
No ſooner over, but the very woman,
Which by your inſtigation they have married,
They, by your inſtigation, put away.

SCENE II. *Enter* PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] Although, Philumena, I know my pow'r
To force you to comply with my commands,
Yet yielding to paternal tenderneſs,
I e'en give way, nor croſs your humour.

Lach. See,
Phidippus in good time! I'll learn from him
The cauſe of this.—[*going up to him.*] * Phidippus,
Myſelf indulgent to my family, [tho' I own
Yet my complacency and eaſineſs
Runs not to that extreme, that my good-nature
Corrupts their morals. Would you act like me,
'Twould be of ſervice to both families.
But you I ſee are wholly in their pow'r.

Phid. † See there!

Lach.

* *Phidippus, tho' I own, &c.*] This expoſtulation of Laches with Phidippus is a moſt faithful and elegant copy of nature. His peace of mind being diſturbed by the diſorders he finds in his family, his ill-humour, like that of moſt married men, breaks out firſt upon his wife. But as family-ſcenes, whether ſweet or bitter, are ſeldom agreeable to a third perſon, the preſence of Phidippus immediately puts an end to their dialogue. But the circumſtance which I moſt admire is, that although Laches had juſt before thrown the whole blame on Soſtrata, he no ſooner ſees Phidippus than he endeavours to exculpate his own family, and to inſinuate that the whole fault lies on that of his neighbour.

† *See there!*] *Heia vero!* Theſe words, ſeemingly ſo eaſy, have yet puzzled Commentators. Donatus makes them an adverb of interruption. Madam Dacier interprets them as addreſſed by Phidippus to his daughter, in reference to their converſation within, ſignifying, "Did not I tell you they would be offended

"at

Lach. I waited on you yeſterday
About your daughter: but I went away,
No wiſer than I came. It is not right,
If you would have the alliance laſt between us,
To ſmother your reſentment. If We ſeem
In fault, declare it; that we may refute,
Or make amends for our offence: and you
Shall carve the ſatisfaction out yourſelf.
But if her ſickneſs only is the cauſe
Of her remaining in your family,
Truſt me, Phidippus, but you do me wrong,
To doubt her due attendance at my houſe.
For, by the pow'rs of heav'n, I'll not allow
That you, altho' her father, wiſh her better
Than I. I love her on my ſon's account;
To whom, I'm well convinc'd, ſhe is as dear
As he is to himſelf: and * I can tell
How deeply 'twill affect him, if he knows this.
Wherefore I wiſh ſhe ſhould come home again,
Before my ſon's return.

Phid. My good friend Laches,
I know your care, and your benevolence;

" at your preſence?" For my part I take it to be an emotion of ſurprize mixed with diſcontent. Phidippus, while he is yet diſcourſing with his daughter, is ſuddenly accoſted by Laches, and in language too, that he did not much like. Upon which he exclaims, *Heia vero!* which words ſeem to anſwer pretty nearly to our phraſe, *Look ye there now!* a phraſe often uſed on the like occaſions. PATRICK.

* *I can tell how deeply, &c.*] Here the Poet very artfully prepares a reaſon to be aſſigned by Pamphilus for his pretended diſcontent at the departure of his wife. DONATUS.

Nor doubt but all is as you ſay; and hope
That you'll believe I wiſh for her return,
So I could but effect it.

Lach. What prevents it?
Tell me, Phidippus! does ſhe blame her huſband?

Phid. Not in the leaſt. For when I urg'd it home,
And threaten'd to oblige her to return,
She vow'd moſt ſolemnly, ſhe could not bear
Your houſe, ſo long as Pamphilus was abſent.
—All have their failings: I am of ſo ſoft
A nature, I can't thwart my family.

Lach. *Ha, Soſtrata! [*to* Soſtrata, *apart.*

Soſtra. Wretch that I am! Ah me! [*aſide.*

Lach. And her return's impoſſible? [*to* Phidippus.

Phid. At preſent.
—Would you aught elſe with me? for I have bu-
That calls me to the Forum. [ſineſs

Lach. I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Manet* SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. How unjuſtly
Do huſbands ſtretch their cenſures to all wives
For the offences of a few, whoſe vices
Reflect diſhonour on the reſt!—For, heaven
So help me, as I'm wholly innocent

Of

* *Ha, Soſtrata!*] This is extremely artful. The anſwer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What then can we ſuppoſe could make the houſe ſo diſagreeable to her in his abſence, but the behaviour of Soſtrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all againſt her. Suppoſing this to be the firſt act of the play, it would be impoſſible for a Comedy to open in a more intereſting manner.

Of what my huſband now accuſes me!
But 'tis no eaſy taſk to clear myſelf;
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,
That Step-Mothers are all ſevere.—Not I;
For I have ever lov'd Philumena,
As my own daughter; nor can I conceive
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.
My ſon's return, I hope, will ſettle all;
And, ah, I've too much cauſe to wiſh his coming.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PAMPHILUS *and* PARMENO.

Pam. NEVER did man experience greater ills,
More miſeries in love than I.—Diſtrac-
Was it for This I held my life ſo dear? [tion!
For This was I ſo anxious to return?
Better, much better were it to have liv'd
In any place, than come to this again!
To feel, and know myſelf a wretch!—For when
Miſchance befals us, all the interval
Between its happening, and our knowledge of it,
May be eſteem'd clear gain.

Par. But as it is,
You'll ſooner be deliver'd from your troubles.
For had you not return'd, the breach between them
Had been made wider. But now, Pamphilus,
Both will, I doubt not, reverence your preſence.
You'll know the whole, make up their difference,
And reconcile them to each other.—Theſe
Are all mere trifles, which you think ſo grievous.

Pam. Ah, why will you attempt to comfort me?

Was

Was ever ſuch a wretch?—Before I married,
My heart, you know, was wedded to another.
—But I'll not dwell upon that miſery,
Which may be eaſily conceiv'd: and yet
I had not courage to refuſe the match
My father forc'd upon me.—Scarcely wean'd
From my old love, my lim'd ſoul ſcarcely freed
From Bacchis, and devoted to my wife,
Than, lo, a new calamity ariſes,
Threatening to tear me from Philumena.
For either I ſhall find my mother faulty,
Or elſe my wife: In either caſe unhappy.
For duty, Parmeno, obliges me
To bear with all the failings of a mother:
And then I am ſo bounden to my wife,
Who, calm as patience, bore the wrongs I did her,
Nor ever murmur'd a complaint.—But ſure
'Twas ſomewhat very ſerious, Parmeno,
That could occaſion ſuch a laſting quarrel.

Par. Rather ſome trifle, if you knew the truth.
The greateſt quarrels do not always riſe
From deepeſt injuries. We often ſee,
That what wou'd never move another's ſpleen,
Renders the cholerick your worſt of foes.
Obſerve how lightly children ſquabble.—Why?
Becauſe they're govern'd by a feeble mind.
Women, like children, too are impotent,
And weak of ſoul. A ſingle word, perhaps,
Has kindled all this enmity between them. [come.

Pam. * Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm

[*noiſe within.*

Par.

* *Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.*] It was

Par. Ha! what's all this?
Pam. Huſh!
Par. I perceive a buſtle,
And running to and fro.—Come this way, Sir!
—To the door!—nearer ſtill!—There, there, d'ye hear? [*noiſe continues.*
Pam. Peace; huſh! [*ſhriek within*] Oh Jupiter, I heard a ſhriek! [tongue.
Par. You talk yourſelf, and bid me hold my *Myrrhina, within.*] Huſh, my dear child, for heaven's ſake!
Pam. It ſeem'd
The voice of my wife's mother. I am ruin'd!
Par. How ſo?
Pam. Undone!
Par. And why?
Pam. Ah, Parmeno,
They hide ſome terrible misfortune from me!
Par. They ſaid, your wife Philumena was ill:
Whether 'tis that, I cannot tell.
Pam. Death, ſirrah!
Why did you not inform me that before?
Par. Becauſe I could not tell you all at once.
Pam. What's her diſorder?
Par. I don't know.
Pam. But tell me.
Has ſhe had no phyſician?
Par. I don't know.
Pam. But why do I delay to enter ſtraight,
That

was the cuſtom of thoſe times, for the huſband returning from abroad to ſend a meſſenger before, to give his wife notice of his arrival. DACIER.

That I may learn the truth, be what it will?
—Oh my Philumena, in what condition
Shall I now find thee?—If there's danger of thee,
My life's in danger too. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Par. alone.] It were not good
That I ſhould follow him into the houſe:
* For all our family are odious to them.
That's plain from their denying Soſtrata
Admittance yeſterday.—And if by chance
Her illneſs ſhould increaſe, (which heav'n forbid,
For my poor maſter's ſake!) they'll cry directly,
"Soſtrata's ſervant came into the houſe:"
Swear,—"that I brought the plague along with me,
"Put all their lives in danger, and encreas'd
"Philumena's diſtemper."—By which means,
My miſtreſs will be blam'd, and I be beaten.

SCENE III. *Enter* SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. Alas, I hear a dreadful noiſe within.
Philumena, I fear, grows worſe and worſe:
† Which Æſculapius, and thou, Health, forbid!
But

* *For all our family are odious to them.*] The Poet very artfully deviſes a reaſon to prevent not only Parmeno, but Soſtrata alſo from entering the houſe.
DONATUS.

† *Which Æſculapius, and thou, Health, &c.*] She invokes the Goddeſs of Health together with Æſculapius, becauſe in Greece their ſtatues were always placed near each other, ſo that to offer up prayers to the one and not to the other, would have been held the higheſt indignity to the power neglected.—Lucian in his Hippias ſays, και εικονες εν αυτω λιθυ λευκυ της αρχαιας εργασιας, η μεν Υγειας, ηδε Ασκληπιυ. *It contains*

But now I'll viſit her. [*goes towards the houſe.*

Par. Ho, Soſtrata!

Soſtra. Who's there?

Par. You'll be ſhut out a ſecond time.

Soſtra. Ha, Parmeno, are you there?—Wretched!
What ſhall I do?--Not viſit my ſon's wife, [woman
When ſhe lies ſick at next door?

Par. Do not go;
No, nor ſend any body elſe; for they, [odious,
That love the the folks, to whom themſelves are
I think are guilty of a double folly:
Their labour proves but idle to themſelves,
And troubleſome to thoſe for whom 'tis meant.
Beſides, your ſon, the moment he arriv'd,
Went in to viſit her.

Soſtra. How, Parmeno
Is Pamphilus arriv'd?

Par. He is.

Soſtra. Thank heav'n!
Oh, how my comfort is reviv'd by that!

Par. And therefore I ne'er went into the houſe.
For if Philumena's complaints abate,
She'll tell him, face to face the whole affair,
And what has paſt between you to create
This difference.—But here he comes—how ſad!

SCENE IV.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Soſtra. My dear boy, Pamphilus!

Pam.

contains two white marble ſtatues of very ancient workmanſhip, the one of the Goddeſs of Health, the other of Æſculapius. DACIER.

Pam. My mother, ſave you! [*diſordered.*

Soſtra. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd.—How Your wife? [does

Pam. A little better.

Soſtra. Grant it, heav'n!

—But why d'ye weep, and why are you ſo ſad?

Pam. Nothing, good mother.

Soſtra. What was all that buſtle?

Tell me, did pain attack her ſuddenly?

Pam. It did.

Soſtra. And what is her complaint?

Pam. A fever.

Soſtra. What! a quotidian?

Pam. So they ſay.—* But in,

Good mother, and I'll follow.

Soſtra. Be it ſo. [*Exit.*

Pam.

* *But in, good Mother.*] The behaviour of Pamphilus in this ſcene is almoſt faithfully occupied from nature. Being ſhocked with the diſcovery he has made, he leaves the houſe in great anguiſh, which, though he wiſhes to diſſemble, he is unable to conceal. He cannot receive his mother as he ought, or give an anſwer of above two words: and finding himſelf unfit for converſation or company, he finds means to remove Soſtrata and Parmeno as ſoon as poſſible. When any unexpected grief takes hold of us, witneſſes lay a conſtraint on our behaviour, and we are apt to wiſh to be alone, in order to deliver ourſelves up entirely to the natural emotions of the mind. There is a very ſuperior inſtance of the like beauty in Othello, in the ſcene where the Moor is worked up to jealouſy by Iago. He firſt teſtifies his uneaſineſs by half-words and ſhort ſpeeches; but ſoon finding it impoſſible to ſmother his diſorder much longer, he orders Iago to leave him; upon which he immediately burſts into an agony of paſſion.

Pam. Do you run, Parmeno, to meet the ſervants,
And give your help in bringing home the baggage.
Par. As if they did not know the road!
Pam. Away! [*Exit* Parmeno.

SCENE V.

Pam. alone.] Which way ſhall I begin the wretched tale
Of my misfortunes, which have fall'n upon me
Thus unexpectedly? which even now
Theſe very eyes have ſeen, theſe ears have heard?
And which, diſcover'd, drove me out o'doors,
Cover'd with deep confuſion?—For but now
As I ruſh'd in, all anxious for my wife,
And thinking to have found her viſited,
Alas, with a far different complaint;
Soon as her women ſaw me, at firſt ſight [come!"
Struck and o'erjoy'd, they all exclaim'd, "He's
And then as ſoon each countenance was chang'd,
That chance had brought me ſo unſeaſonably.
Meanwhile one of them ran before to ſpeak
Of my arrival. I who long'd to ſee her,
Directly follow'd; and no ſooner enter'd,
Than her diſorder was, alas, too plain:
For neither had they leiſure to diſguiſe it,
Nor could ſhe ſilence the loud cries of travail.
Soon as I ſaw it, "Oh ſhame, ſhame!" I cried,
And ruſh'd away in tears and agony,
O'erwhelm'd with horror at a ſtroke ſo grievous.
The mother follows me, and at the threſhold
Falls on her knees before me all in tears.
This touch'd me to the ſoul. And certainly

'Tis

'Tis in the very nature of our minds,
To riſe and fall according to our fortunes.
Thus ſhe addreſs'd me.—" Oh, my Pamphilus,
" The cauſe of her removal from your houſe,
" You've now diſcover'd. To my virgin-daughter
" Some unknown villain offer'd violence;
" And ſhe fled hither to conceal her labour
" From you, and from your family."—Alas!
When I but call her earneſt prayers to mind,
I cannot chuſe but weep.—" Whatever chance,"
Continued ſhe, " whatever accident,
" Brought you to-day thus ſuddenly upon us,
" By that we both conjure you—if in juſtice,
" And equity we may—to keep in ſilence,
" And cover her diſtreſs.—Oh, Pamphilus,
" If e'er you witneſs'd her affection for you,
" By that affection ſhe implores you now,
" Not to refuſe us!—for recalling her,
" Do as your own diſcretion ſhall direct.
" That ſhe's in labour now, or has conceiv'd
" By any other perſon, is a ſecret
" Known but to you alone. For I've been told,
" The two firſt months you had no commerce with her.
" * And it is now the ſeventh ſince your union.
" Your

* *And it is now the ſeventh ſince your union.*] There are many doubts concerning the interpretation of this line in the original—*Tum poſtquam ad te venit, menſis agitur hic jam ſeptimus*—Not being able to adjuſt this diſpute, I have rendered the line by a tranſlation equally equivocal. Some imagine that it means the ſeventh month from their marriage; and others explain it to be the ſeventh month from the time that Pamphilus had know-

" Your ſentiments on this are evident.
" But now, my Pamphilus, if poſſible,
" I'll call it a miſcarriage: no one elſe
" But will believe, as probable, 'tis your's.
" The child ſhall be immediately expos'd.
" No inconvenience will ariſe to you,
" While thus you ſhall conceal the injury,
" * That my poor girl unworthily ſuſtain'd."

—I

knowledge of his wife. The words *Poſtquam ad te veni?* ſeem to countenance the former interpretation, but what Phidippus ſays in the next act rather favours the latter.

It is neceſſary to the underſtanding the fable of this Comedy, that the Engliſh Reader ſhould know that the Græcians had a power of putting away their wives on refunding the portion.

There are ſeveral circumſtances in the plot of this play rather irreconcilable to modern ideas of delicacy; but as they have in them no moral turpitude, they gave no offence to the Antients. There are no leſs than three of the ſix plays of Terence, in which we have a lady in the ſtraw, and in two we abſolutely hear her cry out. The Moderns on the contrary have choſen, as ſubjects of ridicule, things which the Antients would have conſidered with horror. Adultery has been looked upon by Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburgh, as a very good joke, and an inexhauſtible fund of humour and pleaſantry; and " our Engliſh Writers," as Addiſon obſerves, " are as frequently ſevere upon " that innocent unhappy creature, commonly known " by the name of a Cuckold, as the Ancient Comick " Writers were upon an Eating Paraſite, or a Vain-" Glorious Soldier."

* *That my poor girl unworthily ſuſtain'd.*] It is rather extraordinary that Myrrhina's account of the injury done to her daughter ſhould not put Pamphilus in mind of his own adventure, which comes out in the fifth act. It is certain that had the Poet let the Audience into that ſecret in this place, they would have immediately concluded that the wife of Pamphilus, and the lady whom he had raviſhed, were one and the ſame perſon.

—I promis'd her; and I will keep my word.
But to recall her; wou'd be poor indeed:
Nor will I do it, tho' I love her ſtill,
And former commerce binds me ſtrongly to her.
—I can't but weep, to think how ſad and lonely
My future life will be.—Oh fickle fortune!
How tranſient are thy ſmiles!-But I've been ſchool'd
To patience by my former hapleſs paſſion,
Which I ſubdued by reaſon: and I'll try
By reaſon to ſubdue this too.—But yonder
Comes Parmeno, I ſee, with th' other ſlaves!
He muſt by no means now be preſent, ſince
* To him alone I formerly reveal'd,
That I abſtain'd from her when firſt we married:
And if he hears her frequent cries, I fear,
That

* *To him alone I formerly reveal'd, &c.*] I cannot help thinking this circumſtance a more than ordinary overſight in ſo correct a writer as Terence. By entruſting the inquiſitive and babbling Parmeno with this ſecret, he certainly appears to acquaint him with more of the real truth, than it was even his own intention to have him ſuppoſed to know. In the laſt ſcene of the play Pamphilus conceals from him the diſcovery concerning Philumena; but that ſhe had retired home, merely for the purpoſe of lying-in, is a fact which it would not be in his power to conceal. In regard to Laches, Phidippus, and Soſtrata, this fact indeed is of no conſequence: but Parmeno, who had been entruſted with the ſecret of his maſter's abſtinence, muſt either conclude the child to be no ſon of Pamphilus, and conſider his maſter as a contented cuckold, or gueſs at the real ſtate of the caſe. Either way, the intention of the Poet is defeated; and what is ſtill worſe than even Parmeno's being acquainted with it himſelf, we know that he had communicated it to a couple of courtezans; ſo that this myſtery is indeed likely to be what the French call *le ſecret de la Comedie*, though not in the ſenſe that Terence himſelf propoſed.

That he'll diſcover her to be in labour.
I muſt diſpatch him on ſome idle errand,
* Until Philumena's deliver'd. SCENE

* *Until Philumena's deliver'd.*] It is obſerved by the Rev. Mr. Joſeph Warton in his Judicious critical papers in the Adventurer, that "Terence ſuper-abounds "in ſoliloquies; and that nothing can be more inarti-"ficial, or improper, than the manner in which he "hath introduced them:" and we may add to this obſervation, that there is no play of Terence, in which he has ſo much tranſgreſſed that way, as in the Step-Mother. The preſent long ſoliloquy is a moſt flagrant inſtance of want of art and propriety. There are in it many affecting touches, and it informs us, at a proper period, of a very important part of the fable; though Monſ. Diderot thinks that the return of Pamphilus would have been infinitely more intereſting, if this diſcovery had been made before. The ſame ingenious French Writer lays it down as a rule without exception, that "a ſoliloquy is an interval of repoſe in the "action, and of agitation in the character." This rule, I believe, ought to be unexceptionably followed in writing ſoliloquys: but the fact is directly oppoſite in the ſoliloquy now before us. The plot proceeds; but the action is carried on by the worſt method poſſible, that of converting one of the perſonages into a kind of chorus, interpreting between the Poet and Audience, like Hamlet to Ophelia. The agitation of Pamphilus alſo is very different from that of Othello, referred to in a former note. It does not conſiſt, as it ought in nature to have done, merely of deliberation and paſſion; but he enters into a minute detail, and repeats methodically every circumſtance ſuppoſed to have paſt within. How much more dramatick would it have been to have had his bitter reflections interrupted by the intervention of Myrrhina; which would have given the Poet an opportunity of throwing that narrative part of the ſoliloquy into an affecting ſcene? I cannot help thinking that the tedious length of this ill-timed ſoliloquy, together with the want of vivacity in the firſt and laſt acts, was the chief reaſon of the low reputation of this piece among the criticks of antiquity.

SCENE VI.

Enter at a diſtance PARMENO, SOSIA, *and other Slaves with baggage.*

Par. to Soſia.] Ay?
And had you ſuch a wretched voyage, ſay you?
Soſia. O Parmeno, words can't expreſs how
A ſea-life is. [wretched
Par. Indeed?
Soſia. O happy Parmeno!
You little know the dangers you've eſcap'd,
Who've never been at ſea.—For not to dwell
On other hardſhips, only think of this!
I was on ſhip-board thirty days or more,
In conſtant fear of ſinking all the while,
The winds ſo contrary, ſuch ſtormy weather!
Par. Dreadful!
Soſia. I found it ſo, I promiſe you.
In ſhort, were I aſſur'd I muſt return,
'Fore heaven, Parmeno, I'd run away
Rather than go on board a ſhip again.
Par. You have been apt enough to think of that
On ſlighter reaſons, Soſia, before now.
—But yonder's my young maſter Pamphilus
Standing before that door.—Go in! I'll to him,
And ſee if he has any buſineſs for me.
[*Exeunt* Soſia, *and the reſt of the Slaves with the baggage.*
Maſter, are you here ſtill! [*to* Pamphilus.
Pam. Oh Parmeno!
I waited for you.
Par. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Pam.

Pam. Run to * the Citadel.

Par. Who?

Pam. You.

Par. The Citadel!

For what?

Pam. Find out one Callidemides,
My landlord of Mycone, who came over
In the ſame ſhip with me.

Par. A plague upon it!
Would not one ſwear † that he has made a vow
To break my wind, if he came home in ſafety,
With running on his errands?

Pam. Away, Sirrah!

Par. What meſſage? Muſt I only find him out!

Pam. Yes; tell him, that it is not in my power
To meet him there to-day, as I appointed;
That he mayn't wait for me in vain.—Hence; fly!

Par. But I don't know him, if I ſee him, Sir.

Pam. impatiently.] Well; I'll deſcribe him ſo, you cannot miſs him.
—A large, red, frizzle-pated, groſs, blear-eyed,
Ill-looking fellow.

Par. Plague on him, ſay I!
—What if he ſhould not come, Sir, muſt I wait Till

* *The Citadel.*] This is no doubt to be underſtood, as Madam Dacier ſuppoſes, of the Fort, or Citadel, that defended the Piræus. It was at a conſiderable diſtance from the city, and therefore better ſuited to the deſign of Pamphilus, which was to keep Parmeno for ſome time at a diſtance. PATRICK.

† *That he had made a vow, &c.*] This is a facetious alluſion to the cuſtom among the antients, of perſons engaged in a dangerous voyage vowing to perform particular acts, in caſe they came home in ſafety. DONATUS.

Till evening for him?

Pam. Wait.—Be quick!

Par. Be quick?

I can't be quick,—I'm ſo much tir'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Pam. alone.] He's gone.
What ſhall I do? Alas, I ſcarcely know
How to conceal, as Myrrhina deſir'd,
Her daughter's labour. Yet I pity her;
And what I can, I am reſolv'd to do,
* Conſiſtent with my duty: for my parents
Muſt be obey'd before my love.—But ſee!
My father and Phidippus come this way.
How I ſhall act, heav'n knows.

SCENE VIII.

Enter at a diſtance LACHES *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Lach. Did not you ſay
She only waited my ſon's coming?

Phid. Ay. [turn then!

Lach. They ſay that he's arriv'd. Let her re-

Pam. behind.] What reaſon I ſhall frame to give
For not recalling her, I cannot tell. [my father,

Lach. overbearing.] Whoſe voice was that?

Pam. to himſelf.] And yet I am reſolv'd
To ſtand to my firſt purpoſe.

Lach. ſeeing Pamphilus.] He himſelf,
Whom

* *Conſiſtent with my duty: for my parents, &c.*] This reflection ſeems to be rather improper in this place: for the diſcovery of Philumena's labour betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure: after which diſcovery his anxiety proceeds entirely from the ſuppoſed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made uſe of merely as a pretence.

Whom I was ſpeaking of!

Pam. going up.] My father, ſave you!

Lach. Save you, my ſon!

Phid. Pamphilus, welcome home!
I'm glad to ſee you ſafe, and in good health.

Pam. I do believe it.

Lach. Are you juſt now come?

Pam. Juſt now, Sir.

Lach. Well; and tell me, Pamphilus,
What has our kinſman Phania left us?

Pam. Ah, Sir,
He, his whole life-time, was a man of pleaſure,
And ſuch men ſeldom much enrich their heirs.
Yet he has left at leaſt this praiſe behind him,
"While he liv'd, he liv'd well."

Lach. * And have you brought
Nothing home with you but this ſingle ſentence?

Pam. What he has left, tho' ſmall, is of advan-

Lach. Advantage? No, it is a diſadvantage: [tage.
For I could wiſh he was alive and well. [for 't

Phid. That you may ſafely; for your wiſhing
Will never bring the man to life again:
Yet I know well enough wh ch you'd like beſt. [*aſide.*

Lach. to Pam.] Phidippus order'd that Philumena
Should be ſent over to him yeſterday.
—Say that you order'd it.

[*aſide to* Phidippus, *thruſting him.*

* *And have you brought, &c.*] *Tum tu igitur nihil attuliſti hac plus unâ ſententiâ.* This is taken notice of by Donatus as a particular happy ſtroke of character: and indeed the idea of a covetous old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth ſtopped with a moral precept, is truly comick. See Hurd's Horace, vol. 1. p. 272.

Phid. aſide to Laches.] Don't thruſt me ſo.—
I did. [*aloud.*

Lach. But now he'll ſend her home again.

Phid. I will.

Pam. Nay, nay, I know the whole affair.
Since my arrival, I have heard it all. [bearers,

Lach. Now, plague upon theſe envious tale-
Who are ſo glad to fetch and carry news! [no blame

Pam. to Phid.] That I've endeavour'd to deſerve
From any of the family, I'm conſcious,
Were it my inclination to relate, [her,
How true I've been, how kind, and gentle tow'rds
I well might do it: But I rather chuſe,
You ſhould collect it from herſelf. For when
She, altho' now there's enmity between us,
Beſpeaks me fair, you will the ſooner credit
My diſpoſition tow'rds her. And I call
The Gods to witneſs, that this ſeparation
Has not ariſen from my fault. But ſince
She thinks it is beneath her to comply
With Soſtrata, and bear my mother's temper;
And ſince no other means are to be found
Of reconciliation, I, Phidippus,
Muſt leave my mother or Philumena.
Duty then calls me to regard my mother.

Lach. My Pamphilus, I cannot be diſpleas'd,
That you prefer to all the world a parent.
But take heed, your reſentment don't tranſport you,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon, Pamphilus.

Pam. Ah, what reſentment can I bear to her,
Who ne'er did any thing I'd wiſh undone,
But has ſo often deſerv'd well of me?
I love her, own her worth, and languiſh for her;
For I have known her tenderneſs of ſoul:

And

And heaven grant, that with ſome other huſband
She find that happineſs ſhe miſt in me;
From whom the ſtrong hand of neceſſity
Divorces her for ever!

Phid. That event
'Tis in your pow'r to hinder.

Lach. If you're wiſe,
Take your wife home again!

Pam. I cannot, father.
I muſt not ſlack my duty to my mother. [*going.*

Lach. Where are you going? [*Exit* Pamphilus.

SCENE IX.

Manent LACHES, *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. How perverſe is this! [*angrily.*

Lach. Did not I ſay he'd take it ill, Phidippus,
And therefore begg'd you to ſend back your daughter?

Phid. 'Fore heaven I did not think him ſuch a churl.
What! does he fancy I'll go cringing to him?
No;—if he'll take his wife he may:—if not,
Let him refund her portion;—there's an end!

Lach. See there now! you're as fractious as himſelf. [enough

Phid. You're come back obſtinate and proud
In conſcience, Pamphilus! [*angrily.*

Lach. This anger will ſubſide,
Tho' he has had ſome cauſe to be diſturb'd.

Phid. Becauſe you've had a little money left you,
Your minds are ſo exalted!

Lach. What! d'ye quarrel
With *Me* too?

Phid. Let him take to-day to think on't,

And ſend me word if he will have her home,
Or not: that if ſhe don't remain *his* wife,
She may be given to another. [*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE X.

Lach. alone.] Stay!
Hear me! one word, Phidippus! Stay!—He's gone.
—What is't to me? [*angrily.*] E'en let them ſettle it
Among themſelves; ſince nor my ſon, nor He
Take my advice, nor mind one word I ſay.
—This quarrel ſhall go round, I promiſe them:
I'll to my wife, the author of this miſchief,
* And vent my ſpleen and anger upon *Her*. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MYRRHINA *haſtily.*

WHAT ſhall I do!—Confuſion!—which way turn?
Alas, what anſwer ſhall I make my huſband?
For I dare ſay he heard the infant's cries,
He ran ſo haſtily, without a word,
Into my daughter's chamber. If he finds
That ſhe has been deliver'd, what excuſe

To

* *And vent my ſpleen and anger upon her.*] There are few ſcenes of comedy more truly humourous than the ſituation and behaviour of the two old gentlemen at the concluſion of this act. The natural, but uncommon conduct of Pamphilus; it's effect on Phidippus; *his* treatment of Laches and abrupt departure; and then again the emotions of Laches on the uſage he had experienced from his ſon and his neighbour, are all very pleaſant, and muſt produce an admirable effect in the repreſentation.

To make, for having thus conceal'd her labour,
I can't deviſe.—But our door creaks!—'Tis He.
I am undone.

SCENE II. *Enter* PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. * Soon as my wife perceiv'd
That I was going to my daughter's chamber,
She ſtole directly out o'doors.—But there
She ſtands.—Why, how now, Myrrhina?
Holo, I ſay! [*She affects not to ſee him.*

Myrr. D'ye call me, huſband?

Phid. Huſband!
Am I your huſband? am I ev'n a man?
For had you thought me to be either, Woman,
You would not dare to play upon me thus.

* *Soon as my wife perceiv'd &c.*] *Uxor ubi me ad filiam ire ſenſit, ſe duxit foras.* Madam Dacier joins this ſcene to the third act, and aſſigns this verſe as her reaſon for it. I have choſen rather to follow the old diviſion, which ſeems to me to be the right. This ſcene brings on a new part of the plot; which occupies the reſt of this fourth act. The continuity of the ſcenes being broken at the departure of Myrrhina proves nothing, or too much: for Terence often takes that liberty in the middle of an act, and the ſcene is certainly left vacant by Laches. Beſides, Myrrhina does not, as Madam Dacier aſſerts, leave the houſe immediately on the entrance of Phidippus, in order to avoid him; but is frightened out of doors by his running to Philumena's chamber on hearing the cries of the Child. This, it is moſt natural to ſuppoſe, happened ſome time after he had returned home, and all theſe circumſtances are with much greater propriety made to fill the interval between the two acts, than huddled into the compaſs of ſix lines. Terence, indeed, ſometimes runs into that very abſurdity; but I think we need not induſtriouſly force him out of his way on purpoſe to make him guilty of it.

Myrr. How! [bed.

Phid. How?—My daughter has been brought to —Ha! are you dumb?—by whom?

Myrr. Is that a queſtion
For you, who are her father, to demand?
Alas, by whom d'ye think, unleſs her huſband?

Phid. So I believe: nor is it for a father
To ſuppoſe otherwiſe: But yet I wonder,
That you have thus conceal'd her labour from us:
Eſpecially as ſhe has been deliver'd
At her full time, and all is as it ſhou'd be.
What! Is there ſuch perverſeneſs in your nature,
As rather to deſire the infant's death, [ſhip
Than that his birth ſhou'd knit the bond of friend-
Cloſer betwixt us; rather than my daughter,
Againſt your liking, ſhou'd remain the wife
Of Pamphilus?—I thought all this
Had been Their fault, while You're alone to blame.

Myrr. How wretched am I!

Phid. Would to heav'n you were!
—But now I recollect your converſation
When firſt we made this match, you then declar'd
You'd not endure ſhe ſhould remain the wife
Of Pamphilus, who follow'd miſtreſſes,
And paſs'd the nights abroad.

Myrr. I had much rather
He ſhould think any reaſon, than the true one. [*aſide.*

Phid. I knew he kept a miſtreſs; knew it long
Ere you did, Myrrhina; but I could never
Think that offence ſo grievous in a youth,
Seeing 'tis natural to them all: and ſoon
The time ſhall come, when he'll ſtand ſelf-reprov'd.

But

But you, perverſe and wilful as at firſt,
Could take no reſt, till you had brought away
Your daughter, and annull'd the match, I made:
There's not a circumſtance, but loudly ſpeaks
Your evil diſpoſition to the marriage.

Myrr. D'ye think me then ſo obſtinate, that I,
Who am her mother, ſhou'd betray this ſpirit,
Granting the match were of advantage to us?

Phid. Is it for you then to foreſee, or judge
What's of advantage to us? You perhaps
Have heard from ſome officious buſy-body,
That they have ſeen him going to his miſtreſs,
Or coming from her houſe: And what of that,
So it were done diſcreetly, and but ſeldom?
Were it not better that we ſhould diſſemble
Our knowledge of it, than pry into things,
Which to appear to know wou'd make him hate us?
For could he tear her from his heart at once,
To whom he'd been ſo many years attach'd,
I ſhould not think he were a man, or likely
To prove a conſtant huſband to my daughter.

Myrr. No more of Pamphilus, or my offence;
Since you will have it ſo!—Go, find him out;
Confer with him alone, and fairly aſk him,
Will he, or no, take back Philumena?
If he avows his inclination to't,
Reſtore her; but if he refuſes it,
Allow, I've ta'en good counſel for my child. [match,

Phid. Grant, he ſhou'd prove repugnant to the
Grant, you perceiv'd this in him, Myrrhina;
Was not I preſent? had not I a right
To be conſulted in't?—It makes me mad,

That you ſhould dare to act without my order:
And I forbid you to remove the Child
Out of this houſe.—But what a fool am I,
Enjoining her obedience to my orders!
I'll in, and charge the ſervants, not to ſuffer
The infant to be carried forth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Myrr. alone.] No woman more unhappy than myſelf:
For how he'd bear it, did he know the whole,
When he has taken ſuch offence at this,
Which is of much leſs conſequence, is plain.
Nor by what means to reconcile him to it,
Can I deviſe. After ſo many ills,
This only miſery there yet remain'd,
To be oblig'd to educate the child,
Ignorant of the father's quality.
For he, the cruel ſpoiler of her honour,
Taking advantage of the night and darkneſs,
My daughter was not able to diſcern
His perſon; nor to force a token from him,
Whereby he might be afterwards diſcover'd:
But he, at his departure, pluck'd by force
* A Ring from off her finger.—I fear too,
That Pamphilus will not contain himſelf,
Nor

* *A Ring from off her finger.*] This is a preparation for the Cataſtrophe; for the Ring produces the diſcovery. DONATUS.

This preparation being made by a ſoliloquy, which tells the circumſtance directly to the audience, is not ſo artful as might be expected from Terence.

Nor longer keep our ſecret, when he finds
Another's child acknowledg'd for his own. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SOSTRATA, PAMPHILUS.

Soſtrata. Dear ſon, I'm not to learn that you
Tho' you diſſemble your ſuſpicions to me, [ſuppoſe,
That my ill humour caus'd your wife's departure.
But by my truſt in heaven, and hopes in you,
I never knowingly did any thing
To draw her hatred and diſguſt upon me.
I always thought you lov'd me, and to-day
You have confirm'd my faith: for even now
Your father has been telling me within,
How much you held me dearer than your love.
Now therefore, on my part, I am reſolv'd
To equal you in all good offices;
That you may know your mother ne'er withholds
The juſt rewards of filial piety:
Finding it then both meet for your repoſe,
My Pamphilus, as well as my good name,
I have determin'd to retire directly
From hence into the country with your father;
So ſhall my preſence be no obſtacle,
Nor any cauſe remain, but that your wife
Return immediately.

Pam. What thoughts are theſe?
Shall her perverſeneſs drive you out of town?
It ſhall not be: nor will I draw, good mother,
That cenſure on me, that my obſtinacy,
Not your good-nature was the cauſe.—Beſides,
That you ſhould quit relations, friends, diverſions,
On my account, I can't allow.

Soſtra. Alas,
Thoſe things have no allurements for me now.
While I was young, and 'twas the ſeaſon for them
I had my ſhare, and I am ſatisfied.
'Tis now my chief concern to make my age
Eaſy to all, * that no one may regret
My lengthen'd life, nor languiſh for my death.
† Here, altho' undeſervedly I ſee
My preſence odious: I had beſt retire:
So ſhall I beſt cut off all diſcontent,
Abſolve myſelf from this unjuſt ſuſpicion,
And humour Them. Permit me then to ſhun
The common ſcandal thrown upon the ſex.

Pam. How fortunate in every thing but one
Having ſo good a mother,—ſuch a wife!

Soſtra. Patience, my Pamphilus! Is't poſſible
You can't endure *one* inconvenience in her?
If in all elſe, as I believe, you like her,

Dear

* *That no one may regret my lengthen'd life, &c.*] This idea of the long life of a Step-Mother being odious to her family, is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner by Shakeſpeare.

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how ſlow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my deſires,
Like to a Step-Dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Midſummer Night's Dream.

† *Here, altho' undeſervedly, I ſee, &c.*] Though Soſtrata induſtriouſly endeavours to ſtifle her reſentment, yet, in ſpite of herſelf, ſome little indignation, ariſing from a ſenſe of the ill uſage ſhe has received, will mix in what ſhe ſays; which the Poet has purpoſely thrown into her diſcourſe, in order to paint the manners, and expreſs character.

Dear ſon, be rul'd by me, and take her home!

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Soſtra. And I am wretched too;
For this grieves me, my ſon, no leſs than you.

SCENE V. *Enter* LACHES.

Lach. I have been ſtanding at a diſtance, wife,
And overheard your converſation with him.
You have done wiſely to ſubdue your temper,
And freely to comply with what, perhaps,
Hereafter muſt be done.

Soſtra. * And let it be!

Lach. Now then retire with me into the country:
There I ſhall bear with You, and You with Me.

Soſtra. I hope we ſhall.

Lach. Go in then, and pack up
The neceſſaries you would carry with you.
Away!

Soſtra. I ſhall obey your orders. [*Exit.*

Pam. Father!

Lach. Well, Pamphilus?

Pam. My mother leave the town?
By no means.

Lach. Why?

Pam. Becauſe I'm yet uncertain

What

* *And let it be!*] *Fors fuat pol!* Madam Dacier refines prodigiouſly on theſe three words, and ſuppoſing great difficulty in them, explains them by a very long periphraſis. Donatus ſeems to conſider them as mere words of aſſent, agreeable to the mild character of Soſtrata; and if I might venture to correct a French tranſlation, I would ſay that Madam Dacier might have rendered them more properly by the common expreſſion of *A la bonne heure!*

What I ſhall do about my wife.

Lach. How's that?

What *would* you do, but take her home again?

Pam. 'Tis what I wiſh for, and can ſcarce for-
But I'll not alter what I firſt deſign'd. [bear it.
What's beſt I'll follow: and I'm well convinc'd
That there's no other way to make them friends,
But that I ſhould not take her home again.

Lach. You don't know that: but 'tis of no importance
Whether they're friends or not, when Soſtrata
Is gone into the country. We old folks
Are odious to the young. We'd beſt retire.
In ſhort we're grown a by-word, Pamphilus,
" * The old man and old woman."—But I ſee
Phidippus coming in good time. Let's meet him!

SCENE

* *The old man and old woman.*] *Odioſa hæc eſt ætas adoleſcentulis. E medio æquom excedere eſt. Poſtremo jam nos fabulæ ſumus, Pamphile, Senex atque Anus.* There is nothing, I ſuppoſe, in theſe words, which provokes a ſmile. Yet the *humour* is ſtrong. In his ſolicitude to promote his ſon's ſatisfaction, he lets fall a ſentiment truly characteriſtick, and which old men uſually take great pains to conceal; I mean the acknowledgment of *that ſuſpicious fear of contempt, which is natural to old age.* So true a picture of life in the repreſentation of this *weakneſs*, might, in other circumſtances, have created ſome *pleaſantry*; but the *occaſion*, which forced it from him, diſcovering, at the ſame time, the *amiable diſpoſition* of the ſpeaker, covers the ridicule of it, or more properly converts it into an object of *eſteem.*

HURD's *Diſſertation on the ſeveral Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot help thinking that the latter part of this ingenious remark is rather too refined. If the *characteriſtick*

SCENE VI. *Enter* PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] I'm angry with you—
'fore heaven, very angry,
Philumena!—You've acted ſhamefully.
Though You indeed have ſome excuſe for't, ſeeing
Your mother urg'd you to't; but She has none.

Lach. You're come upon us in good time, Phidippus;
Juſt in the time we wanted you.

Phid. What now?

Pam. What anſwer ſhall I give them? † how explain? [*aſide.*

Lach.

racteriſtick humour of the paſſage is ſtrong, the ridicule ſeems rather intended to be heightened by the comick turn of expreſſion. The complexions of men are ſo different, and the muſcles of ſome are ſo much more eaſily relaxed into a ſmile than thoſe of others, that it is difficult to pronounce exactly in what degree ſuch a ſober piece of pleaſantry would act upon them. But there are many inſtances of paſſages of true humour, which do not immediately raiſe a laugh, or even provoke a ſmile: and it is ſufficient if they are conceived in the ſame vein of pleaſantry, that runs though the reſt of the work. The ſtroke of character before us ſeems to me to be juſt in the ſame ſtile with that which this critick takes notice of, in the third act, and of which he ſays, that "it is an obſervation drawn naturally and forcibly from Laches;—and this too without *deſign*; which is important, and ſhews the diſtinction of what, in the more reſtrained ſenſe of the word, we call *humour*, from other modes of *pleaſantry*."

† *How explain?*] *Quo pacto hoc aperiam?* This is the common reading, which Bently and Madam Dacier convert to *operiam*, *how ſhall I* hide *it?* I ſee no occaſion for any alteration. Pamphilus did not mean to divulge the ſecret; but in his preſent embaraſſment he might eaſily be perplexed how to aſſign plauſible reaſons for his way of acting.

Lach. Inform your daughter, Soſtrata will hence
Into the country; ſo Philumena
Need not dread coming home again.
Phid. Ah, friend!
Your wife has never been in fault at all:
All this has ſprung from my wife Myrrhina.
The caſe is alter'd. She confounds us, Laches.
Pam. So that I may not take her home again,
Confound affairs who will! [*aſide.*
Phid. I, Pamphilus,
Would fain, if poſſible, make this alliance
Perpetual between our families.
* But if you cannot like it, take the Child. [*aſide.*
Pam. He knows of her delivery. Confuſion!
Lach. The Child! what Child?
Phid. We've got a grandſon, Laches.
For when my daughter left your houſe, ſhe was
With child, it ſeems, altho' I never knew it
Before this very day.
Lach. Fore heav'n, good news!
And I rejoice to hear a child is born,
And that your daughter had a ſafe delivery.
But what a woman is your wife, Phidippus?
Of what a diſpoſition? to conceal
Such an event as this? I can't expreſs
How much I think ſhe was to blame. [Laches.
Phid. This pleaſes me, no more than you, good
Pam. Altho' my mind was in ſuſpenſe before,
My doubts all vaniſh now. I'll ne'er recall her,
Since ſhe brings home with her another's child. [*aſide.*
Lach.

* *Take the Child.*] According to law, the Male Children always followed the father. DONATUS.

Lach. There is no room for choice now, Pam-
Pam. Confuſion! [*aſide.* [philus.
Lach. We've oft wiſh'd to ſee the day,
When you ſhould have a child, to call you father.
That day's now come. The Gods be thank'd!
Pam. Undone! [*aſide.*
Lach. Recall your wife, and don't oppoſe my will.
Pam. If ſhe had wiſh'd for children by me, father,
Or to remain my wife, I'm very ſure
She never would have hid this matter from me:
But now I ſee her heart divorc'd from me,
And think we never can agree hereafter,
Wherefore ſhould I recall her?
Lach. A young woman
Did as her mother had perſuaded her.
Is that ſo wonderful? and do you think
To find a woman without any fault?
—Or is't becauſe the *men* are ne'er to blame?
[*ironically.*
Phid. Conſider with yourſelves then, gentlemen,
Whether you'll part with her, or call her home.
What my wife does, I cannot help, you know.
Settle it as you pleaſe, you've my conſent.
But for the child, what ſhall be done with him?
Lach. A pretty queſtion truly! come what may,
Send his own bantling home to him of courſe,
That we may educate him.
Pam. * When his own

Father

* *When his own father abandons him, I educate him?*] *Quem ipſe neglexit pater, ego alam?* Donatus on this paſſage takes notice of a reading, which entirely changes the ſenſe. *Quem* ipſa *neglexit, pater*; where

Father abandons him. I educate him? [ſay you?

Lach. What ſaid you? how! not educate him,
Shall we expoſe him rather, Pamphilus?
What madneſs is all this?—My breath and blood!
I can contain no longer. You oblige me
To ſpeak, againſt my will, before Phidippus:
Think you I'm ignorant whence flow thoſe tears?
Or why you're thus diſorder'd and diſtreſs'd?
Firſt, when you gave as a pretence, *you could not*
Recall your wife in reverence to your mother,
She promis'd to retire into the country.
But now, ſince that excuſe is taken from you,
You've made *her private lying-in* another.
You are miſtaken if you think me blind
To your intentions.—That you might at laſt
Bring home your ſtray affections to your wife,
How long a time to wean you from your miſtreſs
Did I allow? your wild expence upon her
How patiently I bore? I preſs'd, intreated,
That you would take a wife. 'Twas time, I ſaid,
At my repeated inſtances you married,
And, as in duty bound to do, complied:
But now your heart is gone abroad again

After

where we have *ipſa* for *ipſe*, and *Pater* is a vocative "Shall I, father, take care of a child, whom the mo-"ther herſelf has abandoned?" But the other reading is certainly the beſt. It is full of paſſion, and is ſtrongly deſcriptive of the ſituation of Pamphilus. There is indeed an objection that may be offered, from a ſuppoſition, that this were betraying Philumena. But we are to imagine it a ſtart of paſſion, and that Laches, totally ignorant of that ſecret, catches at the laſt words *Ego alam?* "I educate him?" which the actor might deliver with greater energy than the preceding.

PATRICK.

After your miſtreſs, whom to gratify,
You throw this wanton inſult on your wife.
For I can plainly ſee you are relaps'd
Into your former life again.
Pam. Me?
Lach. You.
And 'tis baſe in you, to invent falſe cauſes
Of quarrel with your wife, that you may live
In quiet with your miſtreſs, having put
This witneſs from you. This your wife perceiv'd.
For was there any other living reaſon,
Wherefore ſhe ſhould depart from you?
Phid. He's right:
That was the very thing.
Pam. I'll take my oath,
'Twas none of thoſe, that you have mention'd.
Lach. Ah,
Recall your wife: or tell me, why you will not.
Pam. 'Tis not convenient now.
Lach. Take home the child then.
For *he* at leaſt is not in fault. I'll ſee
About the mother afterwards.
Pam. to himſelf.] Ev'ry way
I am a wretch, nor know I what to do:
My father has me in the toils, and I,
By ſtruggling to get looſe, am more entangled.
I'll hence, ſince preſent I ſhall profit little.
For I believe they'll hardly educate
The child againſt my will; eſpecially
Seeing my ſtep-mother will ſecond me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent PHIDIPPUS, LACHES.

Lach. Going? how's that? and give me no plain anſwer! —D'ye

—D'ye thſuk he's in his ſenſes ?--Well--ſend home
The child to me, Phidippus. I'll take care on't.
Phid. I will.—I cannot wonder that my wife
Took this ſo ill. Women are paſſionate,
And can't away with ſuch affronts as theſe.
This was their quarrel: nay ſhe told me ſo,
Though before Him I did not care to ſpeak on't:
Nor did I credit it at firſt; but now
'Tis evident, and I can plainly ſee
He has no ſtomach to a wife.
Lach. Phidippus,
How ſhall I act? What's your advice?
Phid. How act?
I think 'twere beſt to ſeek this wench, his miſtreſs.
Let us expoſtulate the matter with her,
Speak to her roundly, nay, e'en threaten her,
If ſhe has aught to do with him hereafter.
Lach. I'll follow your advice.—Ho, boy! [*enter a boy.*] run over
To Bacchis. Tell her to come forth to me. [*Exit boy.*
—I muſt beſeech you alſo to continue
Your kind aſſiſtance to me in this buſineſs.
Phid. Ah, Laches! I have told you all along,
And I repeat it now, that 'tis my wiſh
To render our alliance firm and laſting,
If poſſible, as I have hopes it will be.
—* But would you have me preſent at your conference
With Bacchis?
Lach. No; go, ſeek the child a nurſe.
[*Exit* Phidippus. SCENE

* *But wou'd you have me preſent, &c.*] Phidippus utters theſe words with an air of diſinclination to be preſent

SCENE VIII.

Enter BACCHIS *attended by her Women.*

Bacc. to herſelf.] 'Tis not for nothing Laches
wants to ſee me;
And, or I'm much deceiv'd, I gueſs the cauſe.
Lach. to himſelf.] I muſt take care my anger don't
tranſport me
Beyond the bounds of prudence, which may hinder
My gaining my deſign on her, and urge me
To do what I may afterwards repent.
I'll to her.—[*going up.*] Save you, Bacchis!
Bacc. Save you, Laches! [priz'd
Lach. Bacchis, I do not doubt but you're ſur-
That I ſhould ſend the boy to call you forth.
Bacc. Ay, and I'm fearful too, when I reflect
Both who and what I am: leſt my vocation
Should prejudice me in your good opinion.
My conduct I can fully juſtify. [woman.
Lach. If you ſpeak truth, you're in no danger,
For I'm arriv'd at that age, when a treſpaſs
Would not be eaſily forgiven in me.
Wherefore I ſtudy to proceed with caution,
And to do nothing raſhly. If you act,
And will continue to act honeſtly,
It were ungenerous to do you wrong,
And ſeeing you deſerve it not, unjuſt.

Bacc.

preſent at this conference; and the characters are well ſuſtained in this inſtance: for it would not become him to diſcourſe coolly with a courtezan, whom he ſuppoſed to be the ſeducer of Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly adviſe ſuch a converſation, as conducive to the peace of both families. DONATUS.

Bacc. Truly, this conduct aſks my higheſt thanks;
For he who does the wrong, and then aſks pardon,
Makes but a ſorry reparation for it.
But what's your pleaſure?

Lach. You receive the viſits
Of my ſon Pamphilus——

Bacc. Ah!——

Lach. Let me ſpeak.
Before he married I endur'd your love.
—Stay! I've not finiſh'd all I have to ſay.—
He is now married. You then, while 'tis time,
Seek out another, and more conſtant friend.
For he will not be fond of you for ever,
Nor you, good faith, for ever in your bloom.

Bacc. Who tells you that I ſtill receive the viſits
Of Pamphilus?

Lach. His ſtep-mother.

Bacc. I?

Lach. You. [fore
And therefore has withdrawn her daughter: there-
Meant ſecretly to kill the new-born child.

Bacc. Did I know any thing, to gain your credit,
More ſacred than an oath, I'd uſe it, Laches,
In ſolemn proteſtation to aſſure you,
That I have had no commerce with your ſon,
* Since he was married.

Lach.

* *Since he was married.*] *Me ſegregatum habuiſſe, uxorem ut duxit, a me Pamphilum.* How ſhall we reconcile this ſolemn proteſtation of Bacchis to a paſſage in the firſt act?

Ph. *Quid interea! ibatne ad Bacchidem?*
Par. *Cotidie.*

Phi.

Lach. Good girl! But d'ye know
What I would farther have you do?
Bacc. Inform me.
Lach. Go to the women here, and offer them
The ſame oath. Satisfy their minds, and clear
Yourſelf from all reproach in this.
Bacc. I'll do't.
Altho' I'm ſure no other of my calling
Would ſhew herſelf before a married woman
Upon the ſame occaſion.—But it hurts me
To ſee your ſon ſuſpected on falſe grounds;
And that to thoſe, who owe him better thoughts,
His conduct ſhould ſeem light. For he deſerves
All my beſt offices. [upon me,
Lach. Your converſation has much wrought
Gain'd my good-will, and alter'd my opinion.
For not the women only thought thus of you,
But I believ'd it too. Now therefore ſince
I've found you better than my expectation,
Prove ſtill the ſame, and make my friendſhip ſure.
If otherwiſe—But I'll contain myſelf. I'll not
Say any thing ſevere.—But I adviſe you,
Rather experience what a friend I am,
Than what an enemy.
Bacc. I'll do my beſt.

SCENE

Phi. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?
Par. Every day.

Are we to ſuppoſe that Bacchis, who behaves ſo candidly in every other inſtance, wantonly perjures herſelf in this? or that the Poet, by a kind of infatuation ſtrangely attending him in this Comedy, flatly contradicts himſelf?

SCENE IX.

Enter PHIDIPPUS *and a Nurſe.*

Phid. to the Nurſe.] Nay, you ſhall want for nothing at my houſe;
I'll give you all that's needful in abundance.
But when you've eat and drank your fill yourſelf,
Take care to ſatisfy the infant too.
Lach. I ſee the father of Philumena
Coming this way. He brings the child a nurſe.
—Phidippus, Bacchis ſwears moſt ſolemnly—
Phid. Is this ſhe?
Lach. Ay.
Phid. They never mind the Gods,
Nor do I think the Gods mind them.
Bacc. Here are
My waiting-women: take them, and extort
By any kind of torment the truth from them.
—Our preſent buſineſs is, I take it, this:
That I ſhould win the wife of Pamphilus.
To return home; which ſo I but effect,
I ſha'n't regret the fame of having done
* What others of my calling would avoid.

Lach.

* *What others of my calling wou'd avoid.*] Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great ſucceſs. In this comedy he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good Step-Mother, and an honeſt courtezan; but at the ſame time he ſo carefully aſſigns their motives of action, that by him alone every thing ſeems reconcilable to truth and nature; for this is juſt the oppoſite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all poets, "to paint good matrons, and wicked courtezans."

DONATUS.

Lach. Phidippus, we've diſcover'd that in fact
We both ſuſpected our wives wrongfully.
Let's now try *Her:* for if your wife perceives
Her own ſuſpicions alſo are unjuſt,
She'll drop her anger. If my ſon's offended,
Becauſe his wife conceal'd her labour from him,
That's but a trifle: he'll be ſoon appeas'd.
—And truly I ſee nothing in this matter,
That need occaſion a divorce.
Phid. Fore heav'n,
I wiſh that all may end well.
Lach. Here ſhe is;
Examine her; ſhe'll give you ſatisfaction. [mind
Phid. What needs all this to Me? you know *my*
Already, Laches: do but make Them eaſy.
Lach. Bacchis, be ſure you keep your promiſe with me.
Bacc. Shall I go in then for that purpoſe?
Lach. Ay,
* Go in; remove their doubts, and ſatisfy them.
Bacc. I will; altho' I'm very ſure my preſence
Will be unwelcome to them; for a wife,

When

* *Go in; remove their doubts, &c.*] It is not unlikely that the method of bringing about the diſcovery by means of Bacchis going into the family, gave Sir Richard Steele the hint of ſending Sealand to Indiana's lodgings for the ſame purpoſe. When we are profeſſedly imitating one part of an author, we naturally enough make uſe of other paſſages in his works; and what inclines me the more to this conjecture, is that Steele makes exactly the ſame uſe of the Bracelet, that Terence does of the Ring, though the preſence of Iſabella rendered it not ſo neceſſary. Such an inconſiſtency might very poſſibly proceed from imitation.

When parted from her huſband, to a miſtreſs
Is a ſure enemy.

Lach. They'll be your friends,
When once they know the reaſon of your coming.

Phid. Ay, ay, they'll be your friends, I promiſe you,
When they once learn your errand; for you'll free
Them from miſtake, Yourſelf from all ſuſpicion.

Bacc. I'm cover'd with confuſion. I'm aſham'd
To ſee Philumena.—[*to her women.*] You two, in after me. [*Exeunt* Phid. Bacc. *&c.*

SCENE X. LACHES *alone.*

What is there that could pleaſe me more than This,
That Bacchis, without any loſs, ſhould gain
Favour from Them, and do Me ſervice too?
For if ſhe really has withdrawn herſelf
From Pamphilus, it will increaſe, ſhe knows,
Her reputation, intereſt, and honour:
Since by this generous act ſhe will at once
Oblige my ſon, and make us all her friends. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PARMENO *alone.*

I'Faith my maſter holds my labour cheap,
To ſend me to the Citadel for nothing,
Where I have waited the whole day in vain

For

* *Laches alone.*] This ſoliloquy ſeems to be rather idle and unneceſſary: but it is but juſtice to obſerve of this act in general, that the perplexity of the fable is very artfully increaſed, and that the incidents tending to the cataſtrophe are well contrived and moſt naturally introduced.

For his Myconian, Callidemides.
There was I ſitting, gaping like a fool,
And running up, if any one appear'd,
--" Are you, Sir, a Myconian ?"--" No not I."--
—" But your name's Callidemides ?"--" Not it."--
" And have not you a gueſt here, of the name
" Of Pamphilus ?"—All anſwer'd, No.
In ſhort, I don't believe there's ſuch a man.
At laſt I grew aſham'd, and ſo ſneak'd off.
—But is't not Bacchis that I ſee come forth
From our new kinſman ? What can ſhe do there ?

SCENE II.

Enter BACCHIS.

Bacc. Oh Parmeno, I'm glad I met with you.
* Run quick to Pamphilus.
Par. On what account ?
Bacc. Tell him, that I deſire he'd come.
Par. To you ?
Bacc. No; to Philumena.
Par. Why, what's the matter ?
Bacc. Nothing to You ; ſo aſk no queſtions.
Par. Muſt I
Say nothing elſe ?
Bacc. Yes ; tell him too,
That Myrrhina acknowledges the Ring,
Which formerly he gave me, as her daughter's.

* *Run quick, &c.*] Parmeno is drawn as of a lazy and inquiſitive character. Terence therefore humourouſly contrives to keep him in continual employment and total ignorance. DONATUS.

Par. I underſtand you. But is that all?

Bacc. All.

He'll come the moment that you tell him that.
What! do you loiter?

Par. No, i'faith, not I.

I have not had it in my pow'r, I've been
So bandied to and fro, ſent here and there,
Trotting, and running up and down all day. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Bacc. alone.] * What joy have I procur'd to Pamphilus
By coming here to-day! what bleſſings brought him!
And from how many ſorrows reſcued him!
His ſon, by his and their means nearly loſt,
I've ſav'd; a wife, he meant to put away,
I have reſtor'd; and from the ſtrong ſuſpicions
Of Laches and Phidippus ſet him free.
—Of all theſe things the Ring has been the cauſe.
For I remember, near ten months ago,
That he came running home to me one evening,
Breathleſs, alone, and much inflam'd with wine,
Bringing this Ring. I was alarm'd at it.
" † Prithee, my deareſt Pamphilus, ſaid I, [Ring?
" Whence comes all this confuſion? whence this
" Tell

* *Bacchis alone.*] The reſt of the argument is told in ſoliloquy. DONATUS.

So much the worſe.

† *Prithee, my deareſt Pamphilus, &c.*] Terence ſtudies brevity: for in the Greek theſe things are acted, not related. DONATUS.

This

" Tell me, my love."—He put me off at firſt :
Perceiving this, it made me apprehend
Something of ſerious import, and I urg'd him
More earneſtly to tell me.—He confeſs'd,
That, as he came along, he had committed
A rape upon a virgin—*whom* he knew not—
And, as ſhe ſtruggled, forc'd from her that Ring :
Which Myrrhina now ſeeing on my finger,
Immediately acknowledg'd, and enquir'd,
How I came by it. * I told all this ſtory :

Whence

This is ſo curious a piece of information, communicated by Donatus, that I am ſurpriſed that no former editors or tranſlators have taken notice of it. If it means, that in the Greek the circumſtances of the cataſtrophe were thrown into action, Terence may indeed have ſtudied brevity, but he has not much conſulted the entertainment of his audience. That this is the meaning of this paſſage in Donatus, I think is plain. The converſation, of which Bacchis here ſpeaks, muſt have taken place before the opening of the play ; ſo that it can hardly be ſuppoſed to have been introduced as a ſcene in the original Greek: beſides, the note of Donatus immediately preceding ſeems to confirm this interpretation, as well as what he ſays ſoon after, *concluſit narrationem fabulæ, more ſuo : ne hæc in futuro actu expectaremus.* " He has here concluded the " ſtory of the fable, after his uſual manner: that we " may not expect theſe things to come out in a future " act."

* *I told all this ſtory : Whence 'twas diſcover'd, &c.*] It is not ſufficient, oh thou writer of Comedy, to have ſaid in your plan, " I will introduce a young man but weakly attached to a courtezan : he ſhall quit her ; ſhall marry, and be fond of his wife ; the wife ſhall be amiable, and her huſband promiſe himſelf a happy life

Whence 'twas diſcover'd, that Philumena
Was ſhe who had been raviſh'd, and the child
Conceiv'd

with her: Moreover, he ſhall lie by her for two months without touching her, and yet ſhe ſhall prove with child. I muſt have a good Step-Mother, and a Courtezan of ſentiment. I cannot do without a rape; and I will ſuppoſe it to be committed in the ſtreet by a young man drunk."——Very well: Courage! Go on; huddle ſtrange circumſtances one upon another; I conſent to it. Your fable will be wonderful, to be ſure. But do not forget, that you muſt redeem all this *marvellous* in your plot by a multitude of common incidents that atone for it, and give it the air of probability.

DIDEROT.

The above extract from Monſ. Diderot's Eſſay on Dramatick poetry is a very elegant compliment to the genius of our poet, and the art diſplayed in the play before us. The outline of the fable is undoubtedly beautiful; but on the whole, I cannot think that outline ſo well filled as might be expected from the maſter-hand of Terence. There are many circumſtances happily contrived to create an agreeable perplexity, but in other parts of the piece there prevails an uncommon coldneſs and want of ſpirit. The ſame ingenious French Critick has a very fine paſſage in the Eſſay above mentioned. "Although," ſays he, "the quick-"neſs of the movement varies according to the diffe-"rent ſpecies of the Drama, yet the action always "proceeds. It does not ſtop even between the acts. "'Tis a maſs looſened from the top of a rock: its ve-"locity increaſes in proportion to its deſcent; and it "bounds from place to place, according to the ob-"ſtacles which it meets with in its way."—According to this compariſon, which is, I think, as juſt as it is beautiful, what ſhall we ſay to the firſt act of this Comedy? Inſtead of a maſs falling from a rock, it ſeems an unwieldy maſs, which can with difficulty be heaved from the ground: or, to change the alluſion, the Poet treats his fable, as the Savoyards do a clock-

work

Conceiv'd from that encounter.—That I've been
The inſtrument of all theſe joys I'm glad,
Tho' other courtezans would not be ſo;
Nor is it for our profit and advantage,
That lovers ſhould be happy in their marriage.
But never will I, for my calling'-ſake,
Suffer ingratitude to taint my mind.
I found him, while occaſion gave him leave,
Kind, pleaſant, and good-humour'd: and this
Happen'd unluckily, I muſt confeſs. [marriage
Yet I did nothing to eſtrange his love;
And ſince I have receiv'd much kindneſs from him,
'Tis fit I ſhou'd endure this one affliction.

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance PAMPHILUS *and* PARMENO.

Pam. Be ſure you prove this to me, Parmeno;

work figure, which they are obliged to wind up, before they can ſet it in motion.—And then of what does the laſt act conſiſt? All the materials, which ſhould compoſe it, are exhauſted in the interval ſuppoſed to paſs between that act and the fourth, a fault, which dramatick writers, of inferior genius to Terence, are very apt to fall into. But ſurely there cannot be an error more fatal to the cataſtrophe of a piece; nor any fault more fatal to the piece than an inanimate cataſtrophe: "for if," continues Monſ. Diderot, "The above compariſon is juſt; if it is true that "there will be ſo much leſs of diſcourſe as there is "more of action, there ought to be more diologue than "incident in the former acts, and more incident "than dialogue in the latter."

Prithee be ſure on't. Do not bubble me
With falſe and ſhort-liv'd joy.
Par. 'Tis even ſo.
Pam. For certain?
Par. Ay, for certain.
Pam. I'm in heaven,
If this be ſo.
Par. You'll find it very true.
Pam. Hold, I beſeech you.—I'm afraid, I think
One thing, while you relate another.
Par. Well?
Pam. You ſaid, I think, "that Myrrhina diſcover'd
"The Ring on Bacchis' finger, was her own."
Par. She did.
Pam. "The ſame I gave her formerly.
"—And Bacchis bade you run and tell me this."
Is it not ſo?
Par. I tell you, Sir, it is.
Pam. Who is more fortunate, more bleſt than I?
—What ſhall I give you for this news? what? what?
I don't know.
Par. But I know.
Pam. What?
Par. Juſt nothing.
For I ſee nothing of advantage to you,
Or in the meſſage, or myſelf.
Pam. Shall I
Permit you to go unrewarded; you,
Who have reſtor'd me ev'n from death to life?
Ah, Parmeno, d'ye think me ſo ungrateful?
—But yonder's Bacchis ſtanding at the door.
She wait's for me, I fancy. I'll go to her.

Bacc.

Bacc. ſeeing him.] Pamphilus, ſave you!

Pam. Bacchis! my dear Bacchis!
My guardian, my protectreſs!

Bacc. All is well:
And I'm o'erjoy'd at it.

Pam. Your actions ſpeak it.
You're ſtill the charming girl I ever found you.
Your preſence, company, and converſation,
Come where you will, bring joy and pleaſure with them.

Bacc. And you, in faith, are ſtill the ſame as ever,
The ſweeteſt, moſt engaging man on earth.

Pam. Ha! ha! ha! that ſpeech from you, dear Bacchis?

Bacc. You lov'd your wife with reaſon, Pamphilus:
Never, that I remember, did I ſee her
Before to-day; and ſhe's a charming woman.

Pam. Speak truth!

Bacc. So heaven help me, Pamphilus!

Pam. Say, have you told my father any part
Of this tale?

Bacc. Not a word.

Pam. Nor is there need.
Let all be huſh! I would not have it here,
* As in a comedy, where every thing

Is

* *As in a Comedy.*] Terence here with reaſon endeavours to make the moſt of a circumſtance peculiar to his play. In other Comedies, every body, Actors as well as Spectators, are at laſt equally acquainted with

Is known to every body. Here, thoſe perſons
Whom it concerns, already know it; They,
Who 'twere not meet ſhould know it, never ſhall.
Bacc. I promiſe you, it may with eaſe be hid.
Myrrhina told Phidippus, that my oath
Convinc'd her, and ſhe held you clear.
Pam. Good! good!
All will be well, and all, I hope, end well.
Par. May I know, Sir, what good I've done to-day?
And what's the meaning of your converſation?
Pam. No.
Par. I ſuſpect however.—"I reſtore him
"From death to life?"—which way?—
Pam. Oh, Parmeno,
You can't conceive the good you've done to-day,
From what diſtreſs you have deliver'd me.
Par. Ay, but I know, and did it with deſign.
Pam. Oh, I'm convinc'd of that. [*ironically.*
Par. Did Parmeno
Ever let ſlip an opportunity

Of

the whole intrigue and Cataſtrophe; and it would even be a defect in the plot, were there any obſcurity remaining. But Terence, like a true Genius, makes himſelf ſuperior to Rules, and adds new beauties to his piece by forſaking them. His reaſons for concealing from part of the perſonages of the Drama the principal incident of the Plot, are ſo plauſible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending againſt manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the Play. DACIER.

See the notes to the third act of this Comedy.

Of doing what he ought, Sir?

Pam. Parmeno,
In after me!

Par. I follow.—By my troth,
I've done more good to-day without deſign,
Than ever with deſign in all my life.—
*Clap your hands!

* *Clap your hands!*] Terence had recourſe to the expedient of *double plots*. And this, I ſuppoſe, is what gained him the reputation of being the moſt *artificial* writer for the Stage. The Hecyra [The Step-Mother] is the only one of his Comedies, of the true antient caſt. And we know how it came off in the repreſentation. The ill ſucceſs and the ſimplicity of its conduct have continued to draw upon it the ſame unfavourable treatment from the critics, to this day; who conſtantly ſpeak of it, as much inferior to the reſt; whereas, for the genuine beauty of dramatick deſign and the obſervance, after the ancient Greek manner, of the nice dependency and coherence of the *fable*, throughout, it is, indiſputably, to every reader of true taſte, the moſt maſterly and exquiſite of the whole collection.

HURD's *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.*

Though I would not attempt to juſtify the town-criticks of the days of Terence, who paſſed a ſentence of abſolute condemnation on this Comedy, yet I cannot think that it failed merely for want of duplicity of intrigue; nor that the Criticks of Horace's time eſteemed Terence the moſt *artificial* writer for the Stage, only becauſe he combined two ſtories into one. May we not, at this day, ſpeak of the *uncommon art* of Terence in the preparation of his incidents, and conduct of his fable, without being ſuppoſed to imply a particular commendation of his *double plots?* and may we

not allow the beauty of deſign in writing on a *ſingle plot*, and yet at the ſame time diſcover ſo many capital defects in the conduct of a particular piece, as may reduce it to a much lower ſtandard of merit than that of other Comedies conſtructed on a leſs correct model? *Tous les genres*, ſays Monſ. Voltaire, *ſont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* For my part, I had much rather ſee or read the Comedy of the Provoked Huſband, which ſo flagrantly tranſgreſſes the unity of action that it is almoſt two plays in one, than the cold production of any affected lover of ſimplicity, who, on the ſole merit of a *ſingle plot*, tells a dull ſtory in a dull manner, without any intereſt of incident, ſtrength of character, or vivacity of dialogue. It is not the inſertion of an Epiſode that will enliven the fable; but the juſt delineation of character and proper conduct of the plot, ſimple or complicated, that gives it ſpirit. Monſ. Voltaire juſtly obſerved, in his letters on our nation, that the Love-Epiſode in Addiſon's Cato throws a languor on the whole piece. The Theatre affords a conſtant evidence of the ſame fact in Tate's alteration of King Lear; and, to inſtance rather in Comedy, the Andrian of our Author would be much better without the ſtory of Charinus. Intereſting incidents, however, there muſt be: or inſipidity will enſue, unleſs the attention be diverted from examining the plot, by Buffoonery; which is as vicious in the *manners* of Comedy, as Pantomime changes in the *fable*. Terence, "whoſe taſte was abhorrent from ribaldry," has, I think, in this play ſuffered the *intereſt* of this piece to languiſh; and if there is any juſt obſervation in the preceding notes, there is a lameneſs, notwithſtanding the ſimplicity, in the conduct of the fable. The firſt act, being entirely conſumed in narration, is very inartificial, and what is ſtill worſe, redundant; the diſcovery of the main incident is made in the moſt unintereſting manner, by a long ſoliloquy in the third act; and the cataſtrophe itſelf is managed in the ſame cold manner, by another long ſoliloquy; the incidents, that ſhould have filled the fifth act, being injudiciouſly precluded by what is ſuppoſed to paſs in the preceding interval

interval.—In point of character alſo, The Step-Mother has much leſs merit than the reſt of our author's pieces. Laches and Phidippus are far inferior to Simo, Menedemus, Chremes, Micio, Demea, *&c.* nor is Pamphilus equal to the Pamphilus of the Andrian, or Phædria, or Æſchinus, *&c.*—This play has by ſome Criticks been coupled with the Self-Tormentor for purity of ſtile and beauty of ſentiment. It is not void of thoſe graces, no more than it is wholly deſtitute of art in the conſtruction of the plot, but ſurely it poſſeſſes them in a much leſs eminent degree than the Self-Tormentor. Can the narration of Parmeno, not to dwell on its being needleſs, be compared with that of Menedemus? or with that of Simo in the Andrian; or that of Geta in the Phormio?—I have endeavoured to omit no opportunity of taking notice of the beautiful paſſages of this play; and I have indeed been more than ordinarily aſſiduous to point them out, in order to ſhew that in the moſt indifferent productions of a great author, there are ſome things worthy our attention and imitation. On the whole, however, I am ſorry to be obliged to differ once more from the learned and ingenious Critick above cited: And I cannot help thinking it rather ſingular, that he, who every where maintains that *character* is the chief object of Comedy, ſhould yet ſeem to draw concluſions directly oppoſite to theſe premiſes, and not only prefer Terence (whoſe *artificial* fables rendered him popular) to all other Comick Dramatiſts, but alſo rank the Step-Mother, merely on account of "the nice dependency and coherence of the "*fable*," higher in merit than any other of his pieces, confeſſedly more rich in *character*. I muſt own that, ſo far from being able to acquieſce in the opinion, that "it is, indiſputably, to every reader of true taſte, the "moſt maſterly and exquiſite of the whole collection," I am, in this inſtance, much rather inclined to ſay with Folcatius,

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex ijs fabula.

"The laſt, and leaſt in merit of the ſix."

Monſ.

Monſ. Diderot, ſo often mentioned in theſe notes, has given us two excellent ſerious Comedies, Le Fils Naturel, and Le Péré de Famille: in the conduct of the firſt, if I am not deceived, he ſeems to have kept his eye on the Step-Mother, and in the ſecond on The Brothers; and, in my opinion, he has gone as far beyond Terence in the Fils Naturel, as he has fallen ſhort of him in the Péré de Famille.

PHORMIO.

PHORMIO.

* Acted at the ROMAN SPORTS,

L. Poſtumius Albinus, and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Muſick, compoſed for unequal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken entirely from the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus: † Acted four times, C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Conſuls.

Year of Rome — — 592
Before Chriſt — — — 159

* *Acted at the Roman Sports.*] Donatus ſays "At the "Megaleſian Games:" but he is certainly wrong. For this Comedy was played after the Eunuch had been brought on the ſtage, though in the very ſame year; it could not conſequently be at the ſame feſtival on which the Eunuch was played, but ſome ſucceeding one. The Megaleſian Games happened in April, and the Roman Sports in the month of September. DACIER.

† *Acted four times.*] FACTA QUARTO. The words *quarto* and *quartùm* have afforded matter of much diſpute. When Pompey was juſt about to conſecrate the Temple of Victory, a difficulty aroſe how he ſhould expreſs his third Conſulſhip! whether it ought to be *Conſul tertio*, or *Conſul tertium?* The learned men of Rome were divided in their opinions about it, and even Cicero left the queſtion undecided; for in order to ſatisfy all parties, he directed it ſhould be thus abbreviated, *Conſul tert. Facta quarto* here can mean nothing elſe but that the Phormio was acted four times in one year, to diſtinguiſh its merit; and not, as Donatus interprets, that it was Terence's fourth play in order of Compoſition. DACIER.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST FAITHFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.
DEMIPHO.
CHREMES.
ANTIPHO.
PHÆDRIA.
CRATINUS.
CRITO.
HEGIO.
PHORMIO.
DORIO.
GETA.
DAVUS, and other Servants.

NAUSISTRATA.
SOPHRONA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

* THE Old Bard finding it impoſſible
To draw our Poet from the love of verſe,
And bury him in indolence, attempts
By calumny to ſcare him from the ſtage;
Pretending that in all his former plays
† The characters are low, and mean the ſtile;
Becauſe

* *The old Bard.*] Luſcius Lavinius, the ſame mentioned in former prologues.

† *The characters are low and mean the ſtile.*] *Tenui eſſe oratione, & ſcripturâ levi.* The Poet here ſhews the want of judgment in the cenſures of the Critick, who objects to him as a fault, what ought to be the chief excellence of comick ſtile. It is true indeed that Terence was in this inſtance held inferior to Menander; and condemned for uſing leſs ſublime language than his original: from which cenſure he here endeavours to vindicate himſelf by ſaying, that ſuch a raiſed ſtile rather belonged to the province of Tragedy.

DONATUS.

The opinion of Donatus on this paſſage is pretty clear from the above note: yet this line has created much diſpute among commentators. The learned author of the Notes on the Art of Poetry almoſt directly contradicts Donatus, and ſays, "The ſenſe of this paſ-
"ſage is not, as commentators have idly thought, *that*
"*his ſtyle was low and trifling*, for this could never be
"pretended, but *that his dialogue was inſipid, and his*
"*characters, and in general his whole compoſition,*
"WITHOUT THAT COMICK HEIGHTENING, *which*
"*their vitiated taſtes required.*" Whoever conſults the whole context, I think, muſt accede to the interpretation of Donatus, rather than that of the Annotator upon Horace. The objection of Lavinius to the plays of Terence was not *that they were without*

that

Becauſe he ne'er deſcrib'd * a mad-brain'd youth,
Who in his fits of phrenzy thought he ſaw
A Hind, the dogs in full cry after her;
Her too imploring and beſeeching him
To give her aid.—But did he underſtand,
That when the piece was firſt produc'd, it ow'd,
More

that comick heightening, &c. but, that the Poet did not aſpire to the Tragick Sublime. The next line puts it beyond doubt. *Becauſe he ne'er deſcribed, &c.* all which circumſtances, ſays Donatus, are tragical, and would be vicious in Comedy.

In a note to the prologue to the Andrian on the lines.

Non ita diſſimili ſunt argumento, ſed tamen
Diſſimili oratione ſunt factæ, ac ſtilo.

Donatus gives this explanation. Orationem *in ſententiis dicunt eſſe*, ſtilum *in verbis*, argumentum *in rebus.*—" *Oratio* refers to the ſentiments, *ſtilus* to the " diction, and *argumentum* to the plot." Agreeable to this interpretation I rendered that paſſage.

——————— In argument
Leſs different, than in ſentiment, and ſtile.

But here the inſtance immediately ſubjoined ſeeming to point out the word *Oratione* as referring to Character, as *Scriptura* relates to the language, I have tranſlated the verſe according to that idea.

* *A mad-brain'd youth.*] This verſe illuſtrates the foregoing; for here the Poet gives us a ſpecimen of his rival's genius and taſte. He was fond of introducing characters extravagant, unnatural, and overſtrained: hence the language muſt be of a piece, impetuous, turbulent, full of rant and affectation. No wonder, therefore, if he could not reliſh the compoſitions of our poet, whoſe characters are drawn from nature, and the language ſuitably artleſs and ſimple. PATRICK.

PROLOGUE.

More to the Actor, than himſelf, it's ſafety,
He would not be thus bold to give offence.
—But if there's any one that ſays or thinks,
" That had not the Old Bard aſſail'd him firſt,
" Our Poet could not have devis'd a Prologue,
" Having no matter for abuſe ;"—let ſuch
Receive for anſwer, " that altho' the prize
" To all advent'rers is held out in common,
" The Veteran Poet meant to drive our Bard
" From ſtudy into want : *He* therefore choſe
" To anſwer, though he would not firſt offend.
" And had his adverſary but have prov'd
" A generous rival, he had had due praiſe ;
" Let him then bear theſe cenſures, and reflect,
" Of his own ſlanders 'tis the due return.
" But henceforth I ſhall ceaſe to ſpeak of him,
" Altho' he ceaſes not himſelf to rail."
But now what I'd requeſt of you, attend !
To-day I bring a new Play, which the Greeks
Call * Epidicazomenos ; the Latins,
From the chief character, name Phormio :
Phormio, whom you will find a Paraſite,
And the chief engine of the plot.—And now,
If to our Poet you are well inclin'd,
Give ear ; be favourable ; and be ſilent !

Let

* *Epicazomenos.*] A Greek word, [Επιδικαζομενος] ſignifying a perſon who demands juſtice of another ; meaning Phormio, who is the Plaintiff in the Law-ſuit, which is the ground of the intrigue in this pleaſant comedy.

PROLOGUE.

Let us not meet * the ſame ill fortune now,
That we before encounter'd, when our troop
Was by a tumult driven from their place;
To which the Actor's merit, ſeconded
By your good-will and candour, has reſtor'd us.

* *The ſame ill fortune now, &c.*] Alluding, as is generally ſuppoſed, to the diſturbances on the firſt attempts to repreſent the Step-Mother.

PHORMIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

* DAVUS *alone.*

†GETA, my worthy friend and countryman,
Came to me yeſterday: For ſome time paſt I've

* *Davus alone.*] Terence here follows the ſame method, that he perſues in ſome other of his Comedies, of introducing a Protatick Perſonage, that is, a character foreign to the fable; that, while the ſtory is opened to him, the audience may be informed of as much as is neceſſary for them to know. But altho' this ſcene is introduced merely for the inſtruction of the ſpectator, yet the Poet has contrived to ſeaſon it with a great deal of wit and humour; and indeed that is the higheſt pitch of dramatick art, to ſeem to intend nothing but the amuſement of the Spectator, and to carry on the plot, while you are actually endeavouring to prepare them for the incidents that are to follow. DONATUS.

I have already more than once delivered my opinion concerning the Protatick Perſonage. The ſcene before us is indeed moſt exquiſitely beautiful, and ſo admirable a model of Narration, that it gives one pain to make the ſlighteſt objection to it. But I cannot help thinking that the Trinummus of Plautus, a comedy which has ſome ſimilarity to this of our author, is opened with more art and vivacity. Davus is rather idly introduced, brings money to no end, and hears the ſtory to no purpoſe. In the Andrian, Simo has ſome ſort of excuſe for opening the myſtery of his conduct to Soſia, as he belongs to the family, and it was propoſed to make uſe of his aſſiſtance. But Davus has ſo very little relation to the parties concerned, that we do not know whoſe ſervant he is; nor does he take any part in the ſucceeding events. In the Trinummus, on the contrary, an old gentleman, who thinks the conduct of his friend reprehenſible, comes to chide him for his behaviour; and the perſon accuſed, in his own vindication, explains himſelf at once to his angry monitor and to the ſpectators. This character alſo is not merely introduced as a Protatick Perſonage, but acts afterwards in concert with his friend.

† *Geta, my worthy friend and countryman.*] *Amicus ſummus*

I've ow'd him ſome ſmall balance of account:
This, he deſir'd, I wou'd make up: I have;
And brought it with me: For his maſter's Son,
I am inform'd has lately got a wife:
So I ſuppoſe this ſum is ſcrap'd together
For a Bride-Gift. Alack, how hard it is,
That he, who is already poor, ſhould ſtill
Throw in his mite, to ſwell the rich man's heap!
* What He ſcarce, ounce by ounce, † from ſhort
Sorely defrauding his own appetite, [allowance,
Has ſpar'd, poor wretch! ſhall She ſweep all at once.
Unheeding with what labour it was got.
Geta, moreover, ‡ ſhall be ſtruck for more;
Another gift, when Madam's brought to bed;—
Another too, when Maſter's Birth-day's kept,
And

ſummus meus & popularis Geta. Popularis properly ſignifies one of the ſame town; and though not born in it, a perſon who has been regiſtered with the inhabitants. The very names Davus and Geta plainly prove they could not be *countrymen* in the ſtrict ſenſe and meaning of that word. DACIER.

* *What he ſcarce, ounce by ounce, &c.*] *Quod ille unciatim, &c.* Theſe verſes are extremely fine and elaborate, and make an exact climax, almoſt every word, as Donatus has obſerved, having a conſiderable emphaſis and energy; the touches are ſtrong, forcible, and natural.—The images of poverty and diſtreſs are greatly heightened by the contraſt which immediately follows. DACIER.

† *From ſhort allowance.*] *E demenſo ſuo Demenſum* was a meaſure of corn containing, as is commonly ſuppoſed, four buſhels, which was delivered out to the ſlaves monthly, as their allowance. DONATUS.

‡ *Shall be ſtruck for more.*] FERIETUR *alio munere.* Here the familiar Latin phraſe exactly anſwers to the Engliſh one.

* And they initiate him.—All this Mamma
Shall carry off, the Bantling her excuſe.
But is that Geta?

SCENE II. *Enter* GETA.

Get. at entering.] If a red-hair'd man
Enquire for me——

Dav. No more! he's here.

Get. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.

Dav. Here, take this! [*gives a purſe.*] 'tis all told: you'll find it right;
The ſum I ow'd you.

Get. Honeſt, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.

Dav. And well you may, as men and times go now:
Things, by my troth, are come to ſuch a paſs,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.—But, pray, why ſo ſad?

Get. I?—You can ſcarce imagine in what dread,
What danger I am in.

Dav. How ſo?

Get. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it ſecret.

Dav. Away, fool!
The man, whoſe faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to truſt with words?—And to what end
Shou'd I deceive you? *Get.*

* *And they initiate him.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of Initiation among the antients, of which there were ſeveral kinds. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes it to ſignify their being initiated in the grand myſteries of Ceres, which was commonly done, while they were yet very young. PATRICK.

Get. Liſt then!
Dav. I'm all ear. [Chremes?
Get. D'ye know our old man's elder brother,
Dav. Know him? ay ſure.
Get. You do?—And his ſon Phædria?
Dav. As well as I know you.
Get. It ſo fell out,
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth
At the ſame ſeaſon. He to Lemnos, our's
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
By wheedling letters, almoſt promiſing
Mountains of gold.
Dav. To one that had ſo much,
More than enough already?
Get. Prithee, peace!
Money's his paſſion.
Dav. Oh, would I had been
A man of fortune; I!
Get. At their departure,
The two old gentlemen appointed me
A kind of governor to both their ſons.
Dav. A hard taſk, Geta!
Get. Troth, I found it ſo.
* My angry Genius for my ſins ordain'd it.
At firſt I took upon me to oppoſe:
In ſhort, while I was truſty to th' old man,
The young one made my ſhoulders anſwer for it.
Dav.

* *My angry Genius for my ſins ordain'd it.*] The Antients had a perſuaſion, that each man had a Genius or Guardian Deity, and that when he fell into any misfortune, or was guilty of any crime, it was becauſe his Genius had abandoned him. PATRICK.

Dav. So I ſuppoſe: for what a fooliſh taſk
* To kick againſt the pricks!
Get. I then reſolv'd
To give them their own way in ev'ry thing.
Dav. Ay, then you † made your market.
Get. Our young ſpark
Play'd no mad pranks at firſt: But Phædria
Got him immediately a Muſick-Girl:
Fond of her to diſtraction! She belong'd
To a moſt avaricious ſordid pimp;
Nor had we aught to give;—th' old gentlemen
Had taken care of That. Nought elſe remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
‡ To lead her out to ſchool, and hand her home.
We too, for lack of other buſineſs, gave
Our time to Phædria. Oppoſite the ſchool,
Whither ſhe went to take her leſſons, ſtood
§ A Barber's ſhop, wherein moſt commonly
We waited her return. Hither one day

* *To kick againſt the pricks,*] *Adverſum ſtimulum calces.* To kick againſt the pricks.—Originally an old Greek proverb, Προς τα κεντρα λακτιζειν. — προς κεντρα κωλον εκτεινειν.—So our SAVIOUR (Acts, chap. ix. v. 5.) *it is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks.* WESTERHOVIUS.

† *Made your market.*] *Sciſti uti foro.* An alluſion to merchants, who fix the price of commodities in proportion to the demand there is for them. DONATUS.

‡ *To lead her out to ſchool.*] Muſick-ſchools, where the Slave-merchants ſent their Girls to attain accompliſhments, which might enhance their price. COOKE.

§ *A Barber's ſhop.*] Barbers ſhops in Athens and Rome were places of publick reſort for converſation, much of the nature of our Coffee-houſes. PATRICK.

* Came a young man in tears: we were amaz'd,
And aſk'd the cauſe. Never (ſaid he, and wept)
Did I ſuppoſe the weight of poverty
A load ſo ſad, ſo inſupportable,
As it appear'd but now.—I ſaw but now,
Not far from hence, a miſerable virgin
† Lamenting her dead mother. Near the corpſe
She ſat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,
Except one poor old woman, was there near
To aid the funeral. I pitied her:
Her beauty too was exquiſite.—In ſhort
He mov'd us all: And Antipho at once
Cried, "Shall we go and viſit her?—"Why, ay,
"I think ſo," ſaid the other, "let us go!"
"Conduct us, if you pleaſe."—We went, arriv'd,
And ſaw her.—Beautiful ſhe was indeed!
More juſtly to be reckon'd ſo, for ſhe
Had no additions to ſet off her beauty.
Her hair diſhevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,
In tears, and miſerably clad: that if

The

* *Came a young man in tears.*] In Apollodorus this young man is no other than the Barber himſelf, who was juſt returned from cutting off the young woman's hair, which was one of the uſual ceremonies of mourning among the Greeks. This circumſtance Terence has judiciouſly altered, that he might not ſhock the Roman ſpectators with manners ſo very foreign to their own. DONATUS.

† *Lamenting her dead mother.*] The Poet has managed this part of the Narration with ſo much addreſs, that we are not ſo much affected at the death of the mother, as at the diſtreſs of the beautiful virgin: eſpecially as we find in the cataſtrophe, that the death of this woman gives the poet a better oportunity of eſtabliſhing the general happineſs. DONATUS.

The life and ſoul of beauty had not dwelt
Within her very form, all theſe together
Muſt have extinguiſh'd it.—The ſpark, poſſeſs'd
Already with the Muſick-Girl, juſt cried,
"She's well enough."--But our young gentleman—
Dav. Fell, I ſuppoſe, in love.
Get. In love indeed.
But mark the end! Next day, away he goes
To the old woman ſtraight, beſeeching her
To let him have the girl:—"Not ſhe indeed!
"Nor was it like a gentleman, ſhe ſaid,
"For him to think on't: She's a citizen,
"An honeſt girl, and born of honeſt parents:—
"If he wou'd marry her indeed, by law
"He might do *that*; on no account, aught elſe."
—Our ſpark, diſtracted, knew not what to do:
At once he long'd to marry her, at once
Dreaded his abſent father.
Dav. Wou'd not He,
Had he return'd, have giv'n conſent?
Get. To wed
A girl of neither family nor fortune?
Never.
Dav. What then?
Get. What then! There is a Paraſite,
One Phormio, a bold enterpriſing fellow,
Who—all the Gods confound him!—
Dav. What did He?
Get. Gave us the following counſel.—"There's a law
"That Orphan Girls ſhou'd wed their next [of kin,
"Which law obliges too their next of kin

" To marry them.—I'll ſay, that you're her
" kinſman,
" And ſue a writ againſt you. I'll pretend
" To be her father's friend, and bring the cauſe
" Before the judges. Who her father was,
" Her mother who, and how ſhe's your relation,
" All this ſham evidence I'll forge; by which
" The cauſe will turn entirely in my favour.
" You ſhall diſprove no title of the charge;
" So I ſucceed.—Your father will return; [own."
" Proſecute Me;—what then?—The Girl's our

Dav. A pleaſant piece of impudence!

Get. It pleas'd
Our ſpark at leaſt: He put it into practice;
Came into court; and he was caſt; and married.

Dav. How ſay you?

Get. Juſt as you have heard.

Dav. Oh Geta,
What will become of you?

Get. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, whate'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.

Dav. Why, that's well ſaid,
And like a man.

Get. All my dependance is
Upon myſelf.

Dav. And that's the beſt.

Get. I might
Beg one indeed to intercede for me, [once!
Who way plead thus—" Nay, pardon him this
" But if he fails again, I've not a word
" To ſay for him."—And well if he don't add,
" When I go hence, e'en hang him "

Dav

Dav. What of him,
* Gentleman-Uſher to the Muſick-Girl?
How goes He on?
Get. So, ſo!
Dav. He has not much
To give perhaps.
Get. Juſt nothing, but mere hope.
Dav. His father too, is he returned?
Get. Not yet. [Him?
Dav. And your old man, when do you look for
Get. I don't know certainly: but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.
Dav. Wou'd you aught elſe
With me, good Geta?
Get. Nothing, but Farewell! [*Exit* Davus.
Ho, Boy! what, nobody at home! [*Enter Boy.*]
Take this,
† And give it Dorcium. [*Gives the Purſe, and Exit.*

SCENE III.

ANTIPHO, PHÆDRIA.

Ant. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my beſt friend!—That I
Shou'd tremble, when I think of his return!

* *Gentleman-Uſher to the Muſick-Girl.*] *Quid Pædagogus ille.* The ſervants who attended children to and from ſchool were by the Greeks called Pedagogues. Socrates was ſatirically called the Pedagogue of Alcibiades: and Davus humourouſly applies this name to Phædria, who, as Geta had told him, attended the Girl to and from the Muſick-ſchool. DACIER.

† *And give it Dorcium.*] *Da hoc Dorcio.—Dorcio* from Dorcium, the name of a woman, as Planeſium, Glycerium. DONATUS.

When, had I not been inconſiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
Phæ. What now?
Ant. Is that a queſtion? And from You,
Who know th' atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind
To give ſuch counſel! nor to uge me on,
In the extravagance of blind deſire,
To this raſh act, the ſource of my misfortunes!
I ſhou'd not have poſſeſt her: that indeed
Had made me wretched ſome few days.—But then
This conſtant anguiſh had not torn my mind.—
Phæ. I hear you.
Ant. —while each moment I expect
His coming to divorce me.
Phæ. Other men,
For lack of what they love, are miſerable;
Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich
A lover, Antipho! For your condition
Is to be wiſh'd and pray'd for. Now, by heaven,
Might I, ſo long as you have done, enjoy
My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.
How hard my lot, unſatisfied, unbleſt!
How happy your's, in full poſſeſſion!—One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous diſpoſition,
And honeſt fame, without expence, you've got:
The wife, whom you deſir'd!—in all things bleſt,
But want the diſpoſition to believe ſo.
Had you like me, a ſcoundrel-pimp to deal with,
Then you'd perceive—But ſure 'tis in our nature,
Never to be contented.
Ant. Now to Me,

Phædria,

Phædria, 'tis You appear the happy man.
Still quite at large, free to conſider ſtill,
To keep, perſue, or quit her: I, alas,
Have ſo entangled and perplext myſelf,
That I can neither keep, nor let her go.
—What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I ſee
Running this way?—'Tis he himſelf.—Ah me!
How do I fear what news he brings!

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance GETA *running.*

Get. Confuſion!
A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,
So many evils take you unprepar'd;
Which I know neither how to ſhun, nor how
To extricate myſelf; for this bold ſtroke
Of our's can't long be hid.

Ant. What's this confuſion?

Get. Then I have ſcarce a moment's time to think.
My maſter is arriv'd.

Ant. What miſchief's that? [art

Get. Who, when he ſhall have heard it, by what
Shall I appeaſe his anger?—Shall I ſpeak?
'Twill irritate him.—Hold my peace?--enrage him.
* Defend myſelf?—Impoſſible!—Oh, wretch!
Now for myſelf in pain, now Antipho
Diſtracts my mind.—But *him* I pity moſt;
For *him* I fear; 'tis *he* retains me here:
For, were it not for *him*, I'd ſoon provide
For my own ſafety—ay, and be reveng'd

* *Defend myſelf? Impoſſible!*] *Purgem me? Laterem lavem.—Laterem lavare*, "to waſh a brick," was a proverb, ſignifying to labour in vain.

On the old greybeard—carry ſomething off,
And ſhew my maſter a light pair of heels.
Ant. What ſcheme to rob and run away is this?
Get. But where ſhall I find Antipho? where ſeek him?
Phæ. He mentions you.
Ant. I know not what, but doubt
That he's the meſſenger of ſome ill news.
Phæ. Have you your wits?
Get. I'll home: he's chiefly there.
Phæ. Let's call him back!
Ant. Holo, you! ſtop!
Get. Heyday!
Authority enough, be who you will.
Ant. Geta!
Get. turning.] The very man I wiſh'd to meet!
Ant. Tell us, what news?—in one word, if you can,
Get. I'll do it.
Ant. Speak!
Get. This moment at the Port ——
Ant. My father?
Get. Even ſo.
Ant. Undone!
Phæ. Heyday!
Ant. What ſhall I do?
Phæ. What ſay you? [*to* Geta.
Get. That I've ſeen
His father, Sir,—your Uncle.
Ant. How ſhall I,
Wretch that I am! oppoſe this ſudden evil?
Shou'd I be ſo unhappy, to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
Get. Since that's the caſe then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.
Ant. Alas!
I'm not myſelf.

Get.

Get. But now you ſhou'd be moſt ſo, Antipho.
For if your father ſhou'd diſcern your fear,
He'll think you conſcious of a fault.
Phæ. That's true.
Ant. I cannot help it, nor ſeem otherwiſe.
Get. How wou'd you manage in worſe difficulties?
Ant. Since I'm not equal to bear this, to thoſe
I ſhou'd be more unequal.
Get. This is nothing.
Pooh, Phædria, let him go! why waſte our time?
I will be gone. [*going.*
Phæ. And I. [*going.*
Ant. Nay, prithee, ſtay!
What if I ſhou'd diſſemble?—Will that do?
[*endeavouring to aſſume another air.*
Get. Ridiculous!
Ant. Nay, look at me! Will That
Suffice?
Get. Not it.
Ant. Or this?
Get. Almoſt.
Ant. Or this? [that;
Get. Ay! now you've hit it. Do but ſtick to
Anſwer him boldly; give him hit for daſh,
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.
Ant. I underſtand you.
Get. "Forc'd"—"againſt your will"—
"By law"—"by ſentence of the court"—d'ye
—But what old gentleman is that, I ſee [take me?
At t'other end o'th' ſtreet?
Ant. 'Tis he himſelf.
I dare not face him. [*going.*

Get. Ah, what is't you do?
Where d'ye run, Antipho! Stay, ſtay, I ſay.
Ant. I know myſelf and my offence too well:
To you then I commend my life and love. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Manent PHÆDRIA, *and* GETA.

Phæ. Geta, what now?
Get. You ſhall be roundly chid;
I ſoundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
—But what e'en now we counſell'd Antipho,
It now behoves ourſelves to practiſe, Phædria.
Phæ. Talk not of what behoves, but ſay at once
What you wou'd have me do.
Get. Do you remember
The plea, whereon you both agreed to reſt,
At your firſt vent'ring on this enterprize?
"That Phormio's ſuit was juſt, ſure, equitable,
"Not to be controverted."——
Phæ. I remember.
Get. Now then that plea! or, if it's poſſible,
One better or more plauſible.
Phæ. I'll do't.
Get. Do you attack him firſt! I'll lie in ambuſh,
To re-inforce you, if you give ground.
Phæ. Well. [*they retire.*

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. How's this? A wife! what, Antipho! and
Aſk my conſent?—nor my authority—— [ne'er
Or, grant we paſs authority, not dread
My wrath at leaſt?—To have no ſenſe of ſhame?
—Oh, imprudence!—Oh, Geta, rare adviſer!

Get.

Get. Geta at laſt.

Dem. What they will ſay to me,
Or what excuſe they will deviſe, I wonder.

Get. Oh, we have ſettled that already: Think
Of ſomething elſe.

Dem. Will he ſay this to me,
—"Againſt my will I did it"—Forc'd by law"—
—I hear you: I confeſs it.

Get. Very well.

Dem. But conſcious of the fraud, without a word
In anſwer or defence, to yield the cauſe
Tamely to your opponents—did the law
Force you to *that* too?

Phæ. That's home.

Get. Give me leave!
I'll manage it.

Dem. I know not what to do:
This ſtroke has come ſo unawares upon me,
Beyond all expectation, paſt belief.
—I'm ſo enrag'd, I can't compoſe my mind
To think upon it.—* Wherefore ev'ry man,

When

* *Wherefore ev'ry man, &c.*] *Quamobrem omnes, &c.* This paſſage is quoted by Tully in the third book of his Tuſculan Queſtions, and the maxim contained in theſe lines was a favourite principle among the Stoicks. But I cannot help thinking that the introduction of it in this place has commonly been conſidered too ſeriouſly; and I have ſcarce any doubt but that Terence intended it as a ſtroke of character. Commentators, in general, are never ſo happy as when they light upon a ſentence in a claſſick author, which they can extol as a leſſon of ſound morality: but in dramatic writings we are not merely to confine ourſelves to the conſideration of what is ſaid, but who ſays it. Donatus, in

his

When his affairs go on moſt ſwimmingly,
Ev'n then it moſt behoves to arm himſelf
Againſt the coming ſtorm: loſs, danger, exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet;
His ſon in fault, wife dead, or daughter ſick—
All common accidents, and may have happen'd;
That nothing ſhou'd ſeem new or ſtrange. But if
Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that
Let him account clear gain.

Get. Oh, Phædria,
'Tis wonderful, how much a wiſer man
I am than my old maſter. My misfortunes
I have conſider'd well.—At his return
Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,
Or ſet to labour in the fields; of theſe
Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out
Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear again.
—But why delay t'accoſt th' old gentleman,
And ſpeak him fair at firſt? [*Phædria goes forward.*

Dem. Methinks I ſee
My nephew Phædria.

Phæ. My good Uncle, welcome!

Dem. Your ſervant!—But where's Antipho?

Phæ. I'm glad
To ſee you ſafe——

Dem.

his preface to this play, ſays "that it is founded on "paſſions almoſt too high for Comedy; but that the "Poet contrives to temper every circumſtance by his "art." In the preſent inſtance, the old gentleman is indeed in a violent paſſion, but his anger is ſo managed throughout the ſcene, that it becomes truly comick: And Donatus very properly refers us to a ſimilar paſſage in the Brothers, where Demea in like manner delivers moral precepts, which are in like manner turned into ridicule, and archly parodied by the impudent ſlave.

Dem. Well, well!—But anſwer me.
Phæ. He's well: hard by.—But have affairs turn'd
According to your wiſhes? [out
Dem. Wou'd they had!
Phæ. Why, what's the matter?
Dem. What's the matter, Phædria?
You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my abſence.
Phæ. What! are you angry with him about That?
Get. Well counterfeited!
Dem. Shou'd I not be angry?
Let me but ſet eyes on him, he ſhall know
That his offences have converted me
From a mild father to a moſt ſevere one.
Phæ. He has done nothing, Uncle, to offend you.
Dem. See, all alike! the whole gang hangs to-
Know one, and you know all. [gether:
Phæ. Nay, 'tis not ſo.
Dem. One does a fault, the other's hard at hand,
To bear him out: when t'other ſlips, *he*'s ready:
Each in their turn!
Get. I'faith th' old gentleman
Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair. [Phædria.
Dem. If 'twere not ſo, you'd not defend him,
Phæ. If, Uncle, Antipho has done a wrong
Or to his intereſt, or reputation,
I am content he ſuffer, as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a ſnare for inexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Thro' envy from the rich, or from compaſſion
Add to the poor?

Get.

Get. Unleſs I knew the cauſe,
I ſhou'd imagine this was truth he ſpoke. [ſide,
Dem. What judge can know the merits on your
When you put in no plea; as he has done?
Phæ. He has behav'd like an ingenuous youth.
When he came into court, he wanted pow'r
To utter what he had prepar'd, ſo much
He was abaſh'd by fear and modeſty. [of time
Get. Oh brave!—But why, without more loſs
Don't I accoſt th' old man? [*going up.*] My maſter,
I am rejoic'd to ſee you ſafe return'd. [welcome!
Dem. What! my good maſter Governor! your
The prop! the pillar of our family! [ſlave!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My ſon in charge.
Get. I've heard you for ſome time
Accuſe us all quite undeſervedly,
And me, of all, moſt undeſervedly.
For what cou'd I have done in this affair?
A ſlave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.
Dem. I grant it.
Nay more—the boy was baſhful—I allow it.
—You but a ſlave.—But if ſhe had been prov'd
Ever ſo plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
* Give her, according to the law, a portion,
And let her ſeek ſome other for a huſband?
Why did he rather bring a beggar home?

Get.

* *Give her, according to the law, a portion?*] By this propoſal Terence artfully prepares us for the impoſition of Phormio, who extorts money from the old gentleman on this very foundation. DONATUS.

Get. 'Twas not the thought, but money that was [wanting.
Dem. He might have borrow'd it.
Get. Have borrow'd it!
Eaſily ſaid.
Dem. If not to be had elſe,
On intere .
Get. Nay, now indeed you've hit it.
* Who wou'd advance him money in your life?
Dem. Well, well, it ſhall not, and it cannot be
That I ſhou'd ſuffer her to live with him
As wife a ſingle day. There is no cauſe.
—Wou'd I might ſee that fellow, or cou'd tell
Where he reſides!
Get. What, Phormio!
Dem. † The girl's Patron.
Get. He ſhall be with you ſtraight.
Dem. Where's Antipho?
Phæ. Abroad.
Dem. Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.
Phæ. I'll go directly. [*Exit.*
Get. aſide.] Ay, to Pamphila. [*Exit.*

SCENE

* *Who wou'd advance him money in your life?*] Alexander ab Alexandro, Genial. Dier. L. 1. takes notice of an ancient decree of Senate, derived to the Romans from a law of Solon, in which, in order to provide againſt young men borrowing money during the life of their fathers, it was ordained, that in caſe of non-payment, the lender ſhould have no remedy at law. The miſchief meant to be guarded againſt by this decree was, that leſt the ſons of rich men, being involved in debt, ſhould be tempted to extricate themſelves by diſhonourable means, or even to haſten the death of a parent. WESTERHOVIUS. PATRICK.

† *The girl's Patron.*] *Iſtum Patronum mulieris.* They who undertook to carry on a law-ſuit for another were called *Patroni*, Patrons.

SCENE VII. DEMIPHO *alone.*

* I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return;
Thence to the Forum, and convene ſome friends,
Who may be preſent at this interview,
That Phormio may not take me unprepar'd. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHORMIO, GETA.

Phor. † AND Antipho, you ſay, has ſlunk away,
Fearing his father's preſence?

Get. Very true.

Phor. Poor Phanium left alone?

Get. 'Tis even ſo.

Phor. And the old gentleman enrag'd?

Get. Indeed. [You:

Phor. The ſum of all then, Phormio, reſts on
On you, and you alone. You've bak'd this cake;
E'en

* *I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return.*] It was the cuſtom for thoſe returning from a voyage or journey to give thanks in a formal manner to the Gods, even before they ſaw their wives or friends. And every citizen had at home Houſhold Gods (uſually called *Penates, Domeſtici,* or *Lares*) which he and his family worſhipped in private, and conſidered as the particular guardians of the family. WESTERHOVIUS.

† *And Antipho, you ſay, &c.*] It is ſaid that this play being once rehearſed before Terence and ſome of his moſt intimate acquaintance, Ambivius, who acted the part of Phormio, came in drunk, which threw the author into a violent paſſion: but Ambivius had ſcarce repeated a few lines, ſtammering, and ſcratching his head, before Terence became pacified, declaring that when he was writing thoſe very lines, he abſolutely had juſt ſuch a Paraſite, as Ambivius then repreſented, in his thoughts. DONATUS.

E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!

Get. I do beſeech you.

Phor. to himſelf.] What if he enquire?—

Get. Our only hope's in You.

Phor. to himſelf.] I have it!—Then,
Suppoſe he offer to return the girl?—

Get. You urg'd us to it.

Phor. to himſelf.] Ay! it ſhall be ſo.

Get. Aſſiſt us!

Phor. Let him come, Old Gentleman!
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd
With all my counſels.

Get. What d'ye mean to do? [trive

Phor. What wou'd you have me do, unleſs con-
That Phanium may remain, that Antipho
Be freed from blame, and all the old man's rage
* Turn'd upon Me?

Get. Brave fellow! friend indeed!
And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,
Leſt all this noble confidence of your's
† End in the ſtocks at laſt.

Phor.

* *Turn'd upon me.*] In this ſcene Terence exhibits the lower order of Paraſites, who ingratiated themſelves by Sharping and Roguery; as in the Eunuch he deſcribes the Paraſites of a higher rank, and of a newer ſpecies, who obtained their ends by Flattery. DONATUS.

† *End in the ſtocks at laſt.*] *In nervum erumpat denique.* Several interpretations are given of theſe words. By ſome *in nervum erumpere* is ſuppoſed to allude to the drawing of a bow till the ſtring break: but the phraſe is more generally ſuppoſed in this place to imply ſome corporal puniſhment inflicted on malefactors. *Quia ſæpe* in nervum conjiciebantur, *ex aliquo maleficio in carcerem miſſi*, ſays Donatus. Weſterhovius explains this paſſage thus. *Eſt autem* Nervus *vinculi lignei genus, in quod pedes conjecti arctantur*; which is a pretty exact deſcription of the ſtocks.

Phor. Ah, 'tis not ſo.
I'm an old ſtager too, and know my road.
How many men d'ye think I've baſtinadoed
Almoſt to death? Aliens, and Citizens?
The oftner, ſtill the ſafer.—Tell me then,
Didſt ever hear of actions for aſſault
And batt'ry brought againſt me?
Get. How comes that? [hawk,
Phor. Becauſe the net's not ſtretch'd to catch the
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for thoſe,
Who do us none at all: In them there's profit,
In thoſe mere labour loſt. Thus other men
May be in danger, who have aught to loſe;
I, the world knows, have nothing.—You will ſay,
* They'll ſeize my perſon.—No, they won't main-
A fellow of my ſtomach.—And they're wiſe, [tain
In my opinion, if for injuries
They'll not return the higheſt benefit.
Get. It is impoſſible for Antipho
To give you thanks ſufficient.
Phor. Rather ſay,
No man ſufficiently can thank his patron.
† You at free coſt to come anointed, bath'd,
Eaſy

* *They'll ſeize my perſon.*] *Ducent damnatum domum.* Literally, they will lead me condemned home. For, as Donatus obſerves on this paſſage, Inſolvent Debtors were by the Law made over as ſlaves to their Creditors.

† *You at free coſt, &c.*] This paſſage is not taken from Apollodorus, but from the ſixth book of the ſatires of Ennius.

Quippe ſine curâ, lætus, lautus, cum advenis,
Infertis malis, expedito brachio,
Alacer, celſus, lupino expectans impetu,
Mox dum alterius abligurias bona: quid

Cenſes

Eaſy and gay! while he's eat up with care
And charge, to cater for your entertainment!
He gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat firſt, ſit firſt,
And ſee a * Doubtful Banquet plac'd before you!

Get. Doubtful! what phraſe is that?

Phor. Where you're in doubt,
What you ſhall rather chuſe. Delights like theſe,
When you but think how ſweet, how dear, they are;
Him that affords them muſt you not ſuppoſe
A very Deity?

Get. The old man's here.
Mind what you do! the firſt attack's the fierceſt:
Suſtain but that, the reſt will be mere play.

[*they retire.*

SCENE II.

Enter at a diſtance DEMIPHO.—HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO, *following.*

Dem. Was ever man ſo groſsly treated, think ye?
—This way, Sirs, I beſeech you.

Get.

Cenſes Dominis eſſe animi? proh divûm fides!
Ille triſtis cibum dum ſervat, tu ridens voras.

Gay, void of care, anointed when you come,
With ſmacking jaw, and arm prepar'd to carve,
Keen, eager, and impatient as the Wolf,
Expecting every moment to fall on,
And gorge yourſelf at his expence; what, think you,
Poſſeſſes then the maſter's mind? Good heaven!
He ſits, and with a melancholy air
Broods o'er the feaſt, which laughing you devour.

DONATUS.

* *A Doubtful Banquet.*] *Cœna dubia.* Phormio explains this expreſſion himſelf. Horace, who takes frequent opportunites of imitating our author, has adopted this phraſe.

Get. He's enrag'd!

Phor. Hiſt! mind your cue: I'll work him.
—[*coming forward and ſpeaking loud.*] Oh, ye Gods!
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?
What, Demipho! Does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinſwoman?

Get. He does.

Phor. And who her father was, he does not know?

Get. No. [believe,

Dem. to the Lawyers.] Here's the very fellow, I
Of whom I have been ſpeaking.—Follow me!

Phor. aloud.] And that he does not know, who

Get. No. [Stilpho was?

Phor. Ah! becauſe, poor thing, ſhe's left in want,
Her father is unknown, and ſhe deſpis'd.
What will not avarice do?

Get. If you inſinuate
My maſter's avaritious, woe be to you? [firſt.

Dem. behind.] Oh impudence! he dares accuſe me

Phor. As to the youth, I cannot take offence,
If he had not much knowledge of him; ſince,
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work
His livelihood, he nearly altogether
Liv'd in the country: where he held a farm
Under my father. I have often heard
The poor old man complain, that this his kinſman
Neglected him.—But what a man! A man
Of moſt exceeding virtue.

Get. Much at one:
Yourſelf and He you praiſe ſo much.

Phor. Away!
Had I not thought him what I've ſpoken of him,
I wou'd

I wou'd not for his daughter's ſake have drawn
So many troubles on our family,
Whom this old cuff now treats ſo ſcandalouſly.
Get. What, ſtill abuſe my abſent maſter, Raſcal!
Phor. It is no more than he deſerves.
Get. How, villain!
Dem. Geta! [*calling.*
Get. Rogue, Robber, Pettyfogger! [*to* Phormio, *pretending not to hear* Demipho.]
Dem. Geta!
Phor. Anſwer. [*apart to* Geta.
Get. turning.] Who's that?—Oh!
Dem. Peace!
Get. Behind your back
All day without ceſſation has this knave
Thrown ſcurvy terms upon you, ſuch as none
But men, like him can merit.
Dem. Well! have done:
[*putting* Geta *by, then addreſſing* Phormio.
Young man! permit me firſt to aſk one queſtion,
And, if you pleaſe, vouchſafe to anſwer me.
—Who was this friend of your's? Explain! and
Might he pretend that I was his relation? [how
Phor. So! you fiſh for't, as if you didn't know.
[*ſneeringly.*
Dem. Know! I!
Phor. Ay; you.
Dem. Not I: You, that maintain
I ought, inſtruct me how to recollect.
Pho. What! not acquaintod with your couſin?
Dem. Plague!
Tell me his name.

Phor.

Phor. His name? ay!
Dem. Well, why don't you?
Phor. Confuſion! * I've forgot the name. [*apart.*
Dem. What ſay you?
Phor. Geta, if you remember, prompt me.
[*apart to* Geta.]——Pſhaw!
I will not tell.—As if you didn't know,
You're come to try me. [*loud to* Demipho.
Dem. How! I try you?
Get. Stilpho. [*whiſpering* Phormio.
Phor. What is't to me?—Stilpho.
Dem. Whom ſay you?
Phor. Stilpho:
Did you know Stilpho, Sir?
Dem. I neither know him;
Nor ever had I kinſman of that name. [man,
Phor. How! are you not aſham'd?—But if, poor
Stilpho had left behind him an eſtate
Of ſome ten Talents——
Dem. Out upon you!
Phor. Then
You would have been the firſt to trace your line
Quite from your Grandſire and Great Grandſire.
Dem. True.
Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large
How ſhe was my relation: So do You! Say,

* *I've forgot the name.*] In the Trinummus of Plautus, where a harper is employed, like Phormio, to carry on an impoſture, He in like manner forgets the name of the perſon from whom he pretends to come; and what renders the circumſtance ſtill more pleaſant is, that he happens to be engaged in converſation with the very perſon himſelf. The Trinummus, taken all together, is, I think, inferior to this play of our author; but there are in it ſome ſcenes of uncommon pleaſantry.

Say, how ſhe is my kinſwoman?

Get. Well ſaid!
Maſter, you're right.—Take heed!
[*apart to* Phormio.

Phor. I have explain'd
All that moſt clearly, where I ought, in court.
If it were falſe, why did not then your ſon
Refute it?

Dem. Do you tell me of my ſon?
Whoſe folly can't be ſpoke of, as it ought. [judge:

Phor. But You, who are ſo wiſe, go, ſeek the
Aſk ſentence in the ſelf-ſame cauſe again:
* Becauſe You're Lord alone; and have alone
Pow'r to obtain the judgment of the court
Twice in one cauſe.

Dem. Although I have been wrong'd,
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,
And rather than hear You; as if ſhe were
Indeed related to us, as the law
Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: Take her hence,
And with her take five Minæ.

Phor. Ha! ha! ha!
A pleaſant gentleman!

Dem. Why, what's the matter?
Have I demanded any thing unjuſt?
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?

Phor. Is't even ſo, Sir?—Like a common harlot
When

* *Becauſe You're Lord alone.*] *Quandoquidem ſolus regnas.* An invidious ſneer; becauſe in Athens, where the people were tenacious of liberty and the laws, arbitrary acts were particularly odious. Thus Sanio in the Brothers; *Regnumne, Æſchine, hic tu poſſides?* "Do you reign King here, Æſchinus?" DONATUS.

When you've abus'd her, does the law ordain
That you ſhou'd pay her hire, and whiſtle her off?
Or, left a citizen thro' poverty
Bring ſhame upon her honour, does it order
That ſhe be given to her next of kin
To paſs her life with him? which you forbid.
Dem. Ay; to her next of kin: But why to Us;
Or wherefore?
Phor. Oh! that matter is all ſettled:
Think on't no more.
Dem. Not think on't! I ſhall think
Of nothing elſe, till there's an end of this.
Phor. Words, words!
Dem. I'll make them good.
Phor. But, after all,
With You I have no buſineſs, Demipho!
Your Son is caſt, not You: for at your age
The coupling-time is over.
Dem. Be aſſur'd
That all I've ſaid, He ſays: Or I'll forbid
Him and this wife of his my houſe.
Get. He's angry. [*apart.*
Phor. No; you'll think better on't.
Dem. Are you reſolv'd,
Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way?
Phor. He fears, tho' he diſſembles. } *apart.*
Get. Well begun! }
Phor. Well; but what can't be cur'd muſt be endur'd: [friends.
'Twere well, and like yourſelf, that we were
Dem. I! friend to you? or chuſe to ſee, or hear you!
Phor. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl

To

To comfort your old age. Your years conſider!
Dem. Plague on your comfort! take her to your-
Phor. Ah! don't be angry! [ſelf!
Dem. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and ſoon,
Or I ſhall turn her headlong out o'doors.
So much for Phormio!
Phor. Offer but to touch her,
In any other manner than beſeems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I ſhall bring a ſwinging writ againſt you.
So much for Demipho!—If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear? [*apart to* Geta.
Get. I underſtand. [*apart.*] [*Exit* Phormio.

SCENE III.

Dem. With how much care, and what ſollicitude,
My ſon affects me, with this wetched match
Having embroil'd himſelf and me! nor comes
Into my ſight, that I might know at leaſt
Or what he ſays, or thinks of this affair.
Go, you; and ſee if he's come home, or no.
Get. I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Dem. You ſee, Sirs, how this matter ſtands.
What ſhall I do? Say, Hegio!
Heg. Meaning me?
Cratinus, pleaſe you, ſhou'd ſpeak firſt.
Dem. Say then,
Cratinus!
Cra. Me d'ye queſtion?
Dem. You.
Cra. Then I,
Whatever ſteps are beſt I'd have you take.

Thus it appears to Me. Whate'er your ſon
Has in your abſence done, is null and void
In law and equity.—And ſo you'll find.
That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio?

Heg. He has, I think, pronounc'd moſt learnedly.
But ſo 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.
'Tis ſhameful to attempt it.

Dem. Say you, Crito!

Cri. The caſe, I think, aſks more deliberation.
Tis a nice point.

Heg. Wou'd you aught elſe with us?

Dem. You've utter'd Oracles. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]
I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before. *

Re-enter GETA.

Get. He's not return'd.

Dem.

* *I'm more uncertain now than I was before.*] I believe there is no ſcene of Comedy more highly ſeaſoned with the *Ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comick, and it is worked up with all that ſimplicity and chaſtity, ſo peculiar to the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himſelf in twenty little conceits on this occaſion; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely ſurpaſſes, as true humour, all the drolleries, which perhaps even thoſe great Maſters of Comedy, Plautus or Moliere, might have been tempted to throw out. It is the higheſt art of a Dramatick Author on ſome occaſions to leave a good deal to the Actor: it has been remarked by Heinſius and others, that Terence was particuly attentive to this circumſtance; and Donatus in his preface to this Comedy ſays, that it is *tota diverbiis facetiſſimis, & geſtum deſiderantibus ſcenicum.*

Dem. My Brother, as I hope, will ſoon arrive:
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the Port, and aſk when they expect him. [*Exit.*
Get. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
All that has paſt.—But here he comes in time. *

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himſelf.] Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
You're much to blame, to be ſo poor in ſpirit.
What! ſteal away ſo guilty-like? and truſt
Your life and ſafety to the care of others?
Would They be touch'd more nearly than Yourſelf?
Come what come might of ev'ry thing beſide,
Could you abandon the dear maid at home?
Could you ſo far deceive her eaſy faith,
And leave her to misfortune and diſtreſs?
Her, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?
Get. coming forwards.] I'faith, Sir, we have thought you much to blame

* *But here he comes in time.*] *Sed eccum ipſum video in tempore huc ſe recipere.* Here in all the common books ends the ſecond act; and the ſcenes that make up the reſidue of it here, in them compoſe the third. Madam Dacier ſaw the abſurdity, but follows the old diviſion, arbitrarily omitting the above line, in order to break the palpable continuity of the ſcenes; and make the ſtage appear to be vacant. But the line in queſtion is in all the copies: nor is it likely that in ſo buſy a play, the Author would have devoted a whole act to the Epiſode of Phædria and his Muſick-Girl. The diviſion of the acts in this play is ſo extremely confuſed in all the books I have ſeen, that I have varied from them all. I have endeavoured to find out the natural reſts or pauſes in the action, and to divide the acts in ſuch a manner, as to aſſign a particular buſineſs to each. See the firſt note to Act V.

For your long abſence.——
Ant. You're the very man
That I was looking for.
Get. ——But ne'ertheleſs
We've miſt no opportunity.
Ant. Oh, ſpeak!
How go my fortunes, Geta? has my father
Any ſuſpicion that I was in league
With Phormio?
Get. Not a jot.
Ant. And may I hope?
Get. I don't know.
Ant. Ah!
Get. Unleſs that Phædria
Did all he could do for you.—
Ant. Nothing new.
Get. —And Phormio, as on all occaſions elſe,
Prov'd himſelf a brave fellow.
Ant. What did *He?*
Get. Out-ſwagger'd your hot father.
Ant. Well ſaid, Phormio!
Get. —I did the beſt I could too.
Ant. Honeſt Geta,
I am much bounden to you all.
Get. Thus, Sir,
Stand things at preſent. As yet all is calm.
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.
Ant. For what?
Get. For his advice, as he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.
Ant. How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta,
Since by his ſentence I muſt live or die!
Get. But here comes Phædria. *Ant.*

Ant. Where?

Get. * From his old ſchool. [*they retire.*

SCENE V.

Enter from Dorio's, DORIO, PHÆDRIA *following.*

Phæ. Nay, hear me, Dorio!

Dorio. Not I.

Phæ. But a word!

Dorio. Let me alone.

Phæ. Pray, hear me!

Dorio. I am tir'd
With hearing the ſame thing a thouſand times.

Phæ. But what I'd ſay, you would be glad to hear.

Dorio. Speak then! I hear.

Phæ. Can't I prevail on you
To ſtay but theſe three days?—Nay, where d'ye go?

Dorio. I ſhould have wonder'd had you ſaid aught new.

Ant. behind.] † This Pimp, I fear, will work him-
Get. I fear ſo too. [ſelf no good.

Phæ. Won't you believe me?

Dorio. Gueſs.

* *From his old ſchool.*] *Ah ſuâ palæſtrâ.—Palæſtra* was properly the School of Gymnaſtick Exerciſes for the Grecian youth. Geta therefore, in alluſion to that, pleaſantly calls the Procurer's houſe the *palæſtra* of Phædria, much in the ſame vein of humour that he uſed in talking of him at the opening of the play.

† *This pimp, I fear, will work himſelf no good.*] *Metuo lenonem, nequid ſuo ſuat capiti.* This paſſage has much puzzled the Commentators. I have followed Madam Dacier, though I do not think that her interpretation of the paſſage, or any other comment that I have ſeen, makes very good ſenſe of it.

Phæ. Upon my honour.
Dorio. Nonſenſe.
Phæ. 'Tis a kindneſs
Shall be repaid with intereſt.
Dorio. Words, words!
Phæ. You'll be glad on't; you will, believe me.
Dorio. Pſhaw!
Phæ. Try; 'tis not long.
Dorio. You're in the ſame tune ſtill.
Phæ. My kinſman, parent, friend,——
Dorio. Ay, talk away.
Phæ. Can you be ſo inflexible, ſo cruel,
That neither pity, nor entreaties touch you?
Dorio. And can You be ſo inconſiderate,
And ſo unconſcionable, Phædria,
To think that you can talk me to your purpoſe,
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing?
Ant. behind.] Poor Phædria!
Phæ. to himſelf.] Alas, he ſpeaks the truth.
Get. to Ant.] How well they each ſupport their characters! [come upon me,
Phæ. to himſelf.] Then that this evil ſhould have
When Antipho was in the like diſtreſs!
Ant. going up.] Ha! what now, Phædria?
Phæ. Happy, happy Antipho!——
Ant. I?
Phæ. Who have her you love in your poſſeſſion,
Nor e'er had plagues like theſe, to ſtruggle with!
Ant. In my poſſeſſion? yes, *I have, indeed,
As the old ſaying goes, a Wolf by th' Ears:
For

** I have a wolf by the ears.*] *Auribus teneo lupum.* A proverb; the meaning of which is explained in the nxet line.

For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.

Dorio. 'Tis juſt my caſe with him.

Ant. to Dorio.] Thou thorough Bawd!

— *to Phædria.*] What has he done?

Phæ. Done?—The inhuman wretch
Has ſold my Pamphila.

Get. What! Sold her?

Ant. Sold her?

Phæ. Yes; ſold her. [crime!

Dorio, laughing.] Sold her.—What a monſtrous
A wench he paid his ready money for.

Phæ. I can't prevail upon him, to wait for me,
And to ſtave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtain the money from my friends,
According to their promiſe.—If I do not
Pay it you *then*, don't wait a moment longer.

Dorio. You ſtun me.

Ant. 'Tis a very little time,
For which he aſks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaiſance
Shall be requited doubly.

Dorio. Words; mere words!

Ant. Can you then bear to ſee your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?—Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?

Dorio. Nor I, nor you.

Get. Plague on you! [poſition,

Dorio, to Phæ.] I have, againſt my natural diſ-
Born with you ſeveral months, ſtill promiſing,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a ſpark,
Who'll prove a ready paymaſter, no ſniveler:
Give place then to your betters!

Ant. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day ſettled
That you ſhould pay the money down.
Phæ. There was.
Dorio. Do I deny it!
Ant. Is the day paſt?
Dorio. No.
But this has come before it.
Ant. Infamous!
Ar'n't you aſham'd of ſuch baſe treachery?
Dorio. Not I, while I can get by't.
Get. Scavenger!
Phæ. Is this juſt dealing, Dorio?
Dorio. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, uſe me.
Ant. Can you deceive him thus?
Dorio. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis *he* deceives *me*: he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has diſappointed me,
But I am ſtill the ſame to *him* as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The Captain promis'd to pay down the money
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come firſt, I'll follow my old rule,
"The firſt to pay, ſhall be firſt ſerv'd." Farewell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

PHÆDRIA, ANTIPHO, GETA.

Phæ. What ſhall I do? Unhappy that I am,
How ſhall I, who am almoſt worſe than nothing,
Raiſe

Raiſe ſuch a ſum ſo ſuddenly?—Alas!
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,
I had a promiſe of it.
Ant. Shall we, Geta,
Suffer my Phædria to be miſerable?
My beſt friend Phædria, who but now, you ſaid,
Aſſiſted me ſo heartily?—No.—Rather
Let us, ſince there is need, return his kindneſs!
Get. It is but juſt, I muſt confeſs.
Ant. Come then;
'Tis you alone can ſave him.
Get. By what means?
Ant. Procure the money.
Get. Willingly: but whence?
Ant. My father is arriv'd.
Get. He is: what then?
Ant. A word to the wiſe, Geta!
Get. Say you ſo?
Ant. Ev'n ſo.
Get. By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.
Are you there with me? will it not be triumph,
So I but ſcape a ſcouring for your match,
That you muſt urge me to run riſks for *him?*
Ant. He ſpeaks the truth, I muſt confeſs.
Phæ. How's that?
Am I a ſtranger to you, Geta?
Get. No:
Nor do I hold you ſuch. But is it nothing,
That the old man now rages at us all,
Unleſs we irritate him ſo much further,
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him? [me!
Phæ. Shall then another bear her hence? Ah

Now then, while I remain, ſpeak to me, Antipho.
Behold me!

Ant. Wherefore? what is it you mean?

Phæ. Wherever ſhe's convey'd, I'll follow her;
Or periſh.

Get. Heaven proſper your deſigns!
Gently, Sir, gently!

Ant. See, if you can help him.

Get. Help him! but how?

Ant. Nay, think, invent, deviſe;
Leſt he do ſomething we repent of, Geta!

Get. I'm thinking. [*pauſing.*]—Well then, I be-
But I'm afraid of miſchief. [lieve he's ſafe.

Ant. Never fear:
We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.

Get. Tell me the ſum you have occaſion for.

Phæ. But thirty Minæ.

Get. Thirty! monſtrous, Phædria!
She's very dear.

Phæ. Dog-cheap.

Get. Well, ſay no more.
I'll get them for you.

Phæ. O brave fellow!

Get. Hence!

Phæ. But I ſhall want it *now*.

Get. You'll have it *now*.
But Phormio muſt aſſiſt me in this buſineſs. [him,

Ant. He's ready: lay what load you will upon
He'll bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.

Get. Let's to him quickly then! *

Ant.

* *Let's to him quickly then!*] After this in ſome books is inſerted a ſpeech of Phædria; *Abi, dic, præſto ut*

Ant. D'ye want any help?
Get. We've no occaſion for you. Get you home
To the poor girl, who's almoſt dead with fear;
And ſee you comfort her.—Away! d'ye loiter?
Ant. There's nothing I would do ſo willingly.
[*Exit.*
Phæ. But how will you effect this?
Get. I'll explain
That matter as we go along.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. WELL, Chremes? have you brought your daughter with you,
On whoſe account you went to Lemnos?
Chre. No.
Dem. Why not?
Chre. It ſeems the mother, grown impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here ſo long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,
Had journied here, they ſaid, in ſearch of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appriz'd of this,
What kept you there ſo long then?
Chre. A diſeaſe.
Dem. How came it? what diſeaſe?
Chre. Is that a queſtion?

Old

ut ſit domi. "Go, tell him to be at home." But it confounds the ſenſe in this place, and it is plain that Phædria and Geta go out together.

Old age itſelf is a diſeaſe.—However,
The maſter of the ſhip, who brought them over,
Inform'd me of their ſafe arrival hither. [fortune
Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my ſon's mis-
During my abſence?
Chre. Ay; and it confounds me.
For to another ſhould I tender her,
I muſt relate the girl's whole hiſtory,
And whence ariſes my connexion with her.
You I can truſt as ſafely as myſelf:
But if a ſtranger courts alliance with me, [haps,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peace per-
But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.
Then I'm afraid my wife ſhould know of this;
Which if ſhe does, I've nothing elſe to do,
But ſhake myſelf, * and leave my houſe directly:
For I've no friend at home, except myſelf.
Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which touches me.
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promiſe to you good.

SCENE II.

Enter at another part of the Stage, GETA.

Get. to himſelf.] I never ſaw a more ſhrewd rogue than Phormio.
I came to let him know, we wanted money,
With my device for getting it; and ſcarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.

He

* *But ſhake myſelf, &c.*] *Ut me excutiam.* Alluding to the manners of the Greek and Eaſtern nations, who always ſhook their cloaths at the doors of the houſes, that they abandoned. DACIER.

He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the Gods,
That it was now the time to ſhew himſelf
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.
I bad him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring th' old gentleman.—And there he is!
—But who's the furthermoſt? Ha! Phædria's
—Yet what was I afraid of, Simpleton? [father.
That I have got two dupes inſtead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
—I'll attack him, I firſt propos'd. If He
Anſwers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, Uncle!

SCENE III. *Enter behind* ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himſelf.] I expect
Geta's arrival preſently.—But ſee!
Yonder's my Uncle with my father.—Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
Get. I'll to them.
Oh, good Sir Chremes! [*going up.*
Chre. Save you, ſave you, Geta!
Get. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe arriv'd.
Chre. I thank you.
Get. How go affairs?
Chre. A world of changes here,
As uſual at firſt coming home again.
Get. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
Chre. The whole.
Get. to Demipho.] Did you inform him, Sir?—
'Tis monſtrous, Chremes,
To be ſo ſhamefully impos'd upon! [him.
Dem. 'Twas on that point I was juſt talking with

Get.

Get. And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy.
Dem. How, Geta?
What remedy?
Get. On leaving you, by chance
I met with Phormio.
Chre. Who is Phormio?
Get. The girl's ſollicitor.
Chre. I underſtand. " him!"
Get. I thought within myſelf, " ſuppoſe I found
And taking him aſide, " Now prithee, Phormio,
" Why don't you try to ſettle this affair
" By fair means rather than by foul? ſaid I.
" My maſter is a generous gentleman,
" And hates to go to law. For I aſſure you,
" His other friends advis'd him, to a man,
" To turn this girl directly out o'doors.
Ant. behind.] What does he mean? or where
will all this end? [damages,
Get. " The law, you think, will give you
" If he attempts to turn her out.—Alas,
" He has had counſel upon that.—I'faith,
" You'll have hot work, if you engage with Him;
" He's ſuch an Orator!—But ev'n ſuppoſe
" That you ſhould gain your law-ſuit, after all
" The trial is not for his life, but money."
Perceiving him a little wrought upon,
And ſoften'd by this ſtile of talking with him,
" Come now," continued I, " we're all alone,
" Tell me, what money would you take in hand
" To drop your law-ſuit, take away the girl,
" And trouble us no farther?"

Ant.

Ant. behind.] Is he mad?

Get. —"For I am well convinc'd, that if your
" Are not extravagant and wild indeed, [terms
" My maſter's ſuch a worthy gentleman,
" You will not change three words between you."

Dem. Who
Commiſſion'd you to ſay all this?

Chre. Nay, nay,
Nothing could be more happy to effect
The point we labour at.

Ant. behind.] Undone!

Chre. to Geta.] Go on.

Geta. At firſt he rav'd.

Dem. Why, what did he demand?

Get. Too much: as much as came into his head.

Chre. Well, but the ſum?

Get. He talk'd of * a Great Talent.

Dem. Plague on the raſcal! what! has he no ſhame?

Get. The very thing I ſaid to him.—"Suppoſe
" He was to portion out an only daughter,
" What could he give her more?—He profits little,
" Having no daughter of his own; ſince one
" Is found, to carry off a fortune from him."
—But to be brief, and not to dwell upon
All his impertinencies, He at laſt
Gave me this final anſwer.—"From the firſt,
" I wiſh'd, ſaid he, as was indeed moſt fit,

"To

* *A Great Talent.*] *Talentum Magnum.* Among the antient writers we meet ſometimes with the word *Talent* ſimply; ſometimes it is called *A Great Talent*; and ſometimes an *Attick Talent*; which all import the ſame, when to be underſtood of Grecian money. PATRICK.

" To wed the daughter of my friend myſelf.
" For I was well aware of her misfortune;
" That, being poor, ſhe would be rather given
" In ſlavery, than wedlock, to the rich.
" But I was forc'd, to tell you the plain truth,
" To take a woman with ſome little fortune,
" To pay my debts: and ſtill, if Demipho
" Is willing to advance as large a ſum,
" As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,
" There is no wife I'd rather take than Her."

Ant. behind.] Whether through malice, or ſtupidity,
He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.

Dem. to Geta.] What, if he owes his ſoul?

Get. " I have a farm,"
Continued he, " that's mortgag'd for Ten Minæ."

Dem. Well, let him take her then: I'll pay the money.

Get. " A houſe for ten more."

Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.

Chre. No noiſe! demand thoſe ten of me.

Get. " My wife
" Muſt buy a maid; ſome little furniture
" Is alſo requiſite: and ſome expence
" To keep our wedding: all theſe articles,"
Continues he, " we'll reckon at Ten Minæ."

Dem. No; * let him bring a thouſand writs againſt me.

I'll

* *Let him bring a thouſand writs, &c.*] *Sexcentas ſcribito jam mihi dicas.* Donatus obſerves on this paſſage that *Six Hundred* was uſed by the Romans for an indefinite number, as *Ten Thouſand* was among the Greeks;

I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain
An opportunity to laugh at me?
Chre. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.
Only do you prevail upon your ſon
To marry her, whom we deſire.
Ant. behind.] Ah me!
Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.
Chre. She's put away on my account; 'tis juſt
That I ſhould pay the money.
Geta. "Let me know,"
Continues he, "as ſoon as poſſible,
"Whether they mean to have me marry her;
"That I may part with t'other, and be certain,
"For t'other girl's relations have agreed
"To pay the portion down immediately."
Chre. He ſhall be paid this too immediately.
Let him break off with her, and take this girl!
Dem. Ay, and the plague go with him!
Chre. Luckily
It happens I've ſome money here; the rents
Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that;
[*to* Demipho.
And tell my wife, that you had need of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Manent* ANTIPHO, GETA.

Ant. coming forward.] Geta!
Geta. Ha, Antipho!
Ant. What have you done?
Geta. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
Ant.

Greeks; wherefore Terence, according to the different genius of the two languages, renders the μυριας of Apollodorus by *ſexcentas*. I have in like manner rendered the *ſexcentas* of Terence by *a Thouſand*, as being moſt agreeable to the Engliſh idiom.

Ant. Well,
Is that ſufficient, think ye?
Get. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
Ant. Knave, d'ye ſhuffle with me? [*kicks him.*
Get. Plague! what d'ye mean?
Ant. What do I mean, ſirrah!
You've driven me to abſolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains!
—Here! would you have your buſineſs duly manag'd,
* Commit it to this fellow!—What could be
More tender than to touch upon this ſore,
Or even name my wife? My father's fill'd
With hopes that ſhe may be diſmiſs'd.—And then,
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,
He to be ſure muſt marry her.—And what
Becomes of Me then?
Get. He'll not marry her. [money,
Ant. Oh, no: but when they re-demand the
On my account he'll rather go to jail! [*ironically.*
Get. Many a tale is ſpoilt in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good, and leave the bad.
—Now hear the other ſide.—If he receives
The money, he muſt wed the girl: I grant it.
But then ſome little time muſt be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And ſacrifices.—Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance

* *Commit it to this fellow.*] *Huic mandes, quod quidem recte curatum velis.* In ſome editions and manuſcripts we read inſtead of this verſe, *Huic mandes, qui te ad ſcopulum è tranquillo inferat.*—But the moſt judicious Criticks have rejected it as ſpurious. PATRICK.

Advance the money they have promis'd him:
Which Phormio ſhall make uſe of for repayment.
Ant. How ſo? what reaſon can he give?
Get. What reaſon?
A thouſand.—"Since I made this fatal bargain,
"Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.
"There came a ſtrange black dog into my houſe!
"A ſnake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd!
"The Soothſayer forbad it! The Diviner
"Charg'd me to enter on no new affair
"Before the winter."—All ſufficient reaſons.
Thus it ſhall be.
Ant. Pray heav'n, it may!
Get. It ſhall.
Depend on me:—But here's your father.—Go;
Tell Phædria that the money's ſafe. [*Exit* Antipho.

SCENE V.

Re-enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. Nay, peace!
I'll warrant he ſhall play no tricks upon us:
I'll not part raſhly with it, I aſſure you;
But pay it before witneſſes, reciting
To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.
Get. How cautious,
Where there is no occaſion! [*aſide.*
Chre. You had need.
But haſte, diſpatch it while the fit's upon him:
For if the other party ſhould be preſſing,
Perhaps he'll break with us.
Get. You've hit it, Sir.
Dem. Carry me to him then.

Get.

Get. I wait your pleaſure. [my wife,
Chre. to Dem.] When this is done, ſtep over to
That ſhe may ſee the girl before ſhe goes;
And tell her, to prevent her being angry,
" That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,
" Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match;
" That we have not been wanting in our duty,
" But giv'n as large a portion as he aſk'd."
Dem. Pſhaw! what's all this to you?
Chre. A great deal, Brother.
Dem. Is't not ſufficient to have done your duty,
Unleſs the world approves it?
Chre. I would chuſe
To have the whole thing done by her conſent:
Leſt ſhe pretend ſhe was turn'd out o'doors.
Dem. Well, I can ſay all this to her myſelf.
Chre. A woman deals much better with a woman.
Dem. I'll aſk your wife to do it then.
[*Exeunt* Demipho *and* Geta.
Chre. * I'm thinking,
Where I ſhall find theſe women now.

SCENE VI.

Enter SOPHRONA *at a diſtance.*

Soph. to herſelf.] Alas!
What ſhall I do, unhappy as I am?
Where find a friend? to whom diſcloſe this ſtory?
Of

* *I'm thinking where I ſhall find, &c.*] This is intended as a tranſition to the next ſcene; but I think it would have been better if it had followed without this kind of introduction. The ſcene itſelf is admirable, and is in many places both affecting and comick, and the diſcovery of the real character of Phanium is made at a very proper time.

Of whom beſeech aſſiſtance ?—For I fear
My miſtreſs will ſuſtain ſome injury
From following my counſel: the youth's father,
I hear, is ſo offended at this marriage.
Chre. Who's this old woman, coming from my brother's,
That ſeems ſo terrified ?
Soph. to herſelf.] 'Twas poverty
Compell'd me to this action: tho' I knew
This match would hardly hold together long,
Yet I adviſ'd her to it, that meanwhile
She might not want ſubſiſtance.
Chre. Surely, ſurely,
Either my mind deceives me, or eyes fail me,
Or that's * my daughter's nurſe.
Soph. Nor can we find—
Chre. What ſhall I do ?
Soph. —Her father out.
Chre. Were't beſt
I ſhall go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather ſomething more from her diſcourſe ?
Soph. Could *he* be found, my fears were at an end.
Chre. 'Tis ſhe. I'll ſpeak with her.
Soph. overhearing.] Whoſe voice is that ?
Chre. Sophrona !
Soph. Ha ! my name too ?
Chre. Look this way. [Stilpho !
Soph. turning.] Good heav'n have mercy on us !
Chre. No.
Soph. Deny your own name ? *Chre.*

* *My daughter's nurſe.*] Among the antients the Nurſes, after having brought up children of their own ſex, never quitted them; which is the reaſon that in their plays Nurſes are moſt generally choſen for confidants. ROUSSEAU'S EMILE.

Chre. in a low voice.] This way, Sophrona!—
—A little further from that door!—this way!—
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
Soph. What! ar'n't you then the man you ſaid
Chre. Hiſt! hiſt! [you were? [*aloud.*
Soph. What makes you fear thoſe doors ſo much?
Chre. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that falſe name,
Leſt ye ſhould indiſcreetly blab it out,
And ſo my wife might come to hear of this.
Soph. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor ſouls,
Could never find you out here.
Chre. Well, but tell me,
What buſineſs have you with that family? [*pointing.*
—Where is your miſtreſs and her daughter?
Soph. Ah!
Chre. What now? are they alive?
Soph. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.
Chre. Alas!
Soph. And I, a poor, unknown, diſtreſs'd old
Endeavouring to manage for the beſt, [woman,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,
Son to the maſter of this houſe.
Chre. To Antipho?
Soph. The very ſame.
Chre. What! has he two wives then?
Soph. No, mercy on us! he has none but her.
Chre. What is the other then, who, they pretend,
Is a relation to him?
Soph. This is ſhe.
Chre. How ſay you?

Soph.

Soph. It was all a mere contrivance;
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.
Chre. O ye pow'rs of heaven,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,
I've found my daughter, even to my wiſh,
Match'd to the very perſon I deſir'd.
What we have both been labouring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accompliſh'd.
Soph. But now conſider what is to be done
The bridegroom's father is return'd: and He,
They ſay, is much offended at this marriage.
Chre. Be of good comfort: there's no danger there.
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,
Let nobody diſcover ſhe's my daughter.
Soph. None ſhall diſcover it from me.
Chre. Come then!
Follow me in, and you ſhall hear the reſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO, GETA.

Dem. 'TIS our own fault, that we encourage rogues,
By over-ſtraining the due character
Of honeſty and generoſity.
* "Shoot not beyond the mark," the proverb goes.
Was't

* *Shoot not beyond the mark.*] *Ita fugias ne præte caſam.* Literally, "Fly ſo, as not to paſs the houſe." Commentators have been pleaſed to conſider this as the moſt

Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,
But we muſt alſo throw him money too,
To live, till he deviſes ſome new miſchief?

Get. Very right!

Dem. Knavery's now its own reward.

Get. Very true!

Dem. How like fools have we behav'd!

Get. So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,
'Tis well enough.

Dem. Is that a doubt at preſent?

Get. A man, you know, may change his mind.

Dem. How! change?

Get. That I can't tell: but, *if perhaps*, I ſay.

Dem. I'll now perform my promiſe to my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her know
Nauſiſtrata will come and ſpeak with her.

[*Exit* Demipho.

SCENE II.

Get. alone.] The money's got for Phædria: all
And Phanium is not to depart as yet. [is huſh'd:
What more then? where will all this end at laſt?
—Alas, you're ſticking in the ſame mire ſtill:

* You've

moſt difficult paſſage in any part of our Author's works. But the occaſion on which the proverb is here uſed, and the whole tenor of Demipho's ſpeech make the import of it impoſſible to be miſtaken: Donatus long ago properly explained it, *Queritur ſenex ſe, dum avari infamiam fugeret, in ſtulti reprehenſionem incidiſſe.*—"The old man complains, that while he was "endeavouring to avoid the charge of being a miſer, "he had laid himſelf open to the imputation of being "a fool."

* You've only chang'd hands, Geta. The diſaſter,
That hung but now directly over you,
Delay perhaps will bring more heavy on you.
† You're quite beſet, unleſs you look about.
—Now then I'll home; to leſſon Phanium,
That ſhe mayn't ſtand in fear of Phormio,
Nor dread this ‡ conf'rence with Nauſiſtrata.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA.

Dem. Come then, Nauſiſtrata, afford us now
A little of your uſual art, and try
To put this woman in good humour with us:
That what is done, ſhe may do willingly.

Nau. I will.

Dem. —And now aſſiſt us with your counſel,
§ As with your caſh a little while ago.

Nau. With all my heart: and I am only ſorry
That 'tis my huſband's fault I can't do more.

* *You've only chang'd hands, Geta.*] *Vorſurâ ſolvere*, to change one creditor for another. DONATUS.

† *You're quite beſet.*] *Plagæ creſcunt. Plagæ* is generally underſtood here to ſignify *blows*: but as Geta is full of metaphors in this ſpeech, I am apt to think the words mean "the ſnares increaſe," which agrees better with the following clauſe, *niſi proſpicis*, and is a ſenſe in which the plural of *plaga* is often uſed.

‡ *Conf'rence with Nauſiſtrata.*] *Ejus orationem. Ejus* here is not to be underſtood of Phormio, but Nauſiſtrata: and perhaps Terence wrote *hujus*. DACIER.

§ *As with your caſh, &c.*] Alluding to the money borrowed of her to pay Phormio; and, as Donatus obſerves in another place, it is admirably contrived, in order to bring about a humorous cataſtrophe, that Chremes ſhould make uſe of his wife's money on this occaſion.

Dem. How ſo?
Nau. Becauſe he takes ſuch little care
Of the eſtate my father nurs'd ſo well:
For from theſe very farms he never fail'd
To draw Two Talents by the year. But ah!
What difference between man and man!
Dem. Two Talents? [Two Talents.
Nau. Ay—in worſe times than theſe—and yet
Dem. Huy!
Nau. What, are you ſurpriz'd?
Dem. Prodigiouſly.
Nau. Would I had been a man! I'd ſhew—
Dem. No doubt.
Nau. —By what means—
Dem. Nay, but ſpare yourſelf a little
For the encounter with the girl: leſt ſhe,
Flippant and young, may weary you too much.
Nau. —Well, I'll obey your orders: but I ſee
My huſband coming forth.

SCENE IV. *Enter* CHREMES *haſtily.*

Chre. Ha! Demipho!
Has Phormio had the money yet?
Dem. I paid him
Immediately.
Chre. I'm ſorry for't.—[*ſeeing* Nauſiſtrata.]—
My wife!
I'd almoſt ſaid too much. [*aſide.*
Dem. Why ſorry, Chremes?
Chre. Nothing.—No matter.
Dem. Well, but hark ye, Chremes,
Have you been talking with the girl, and told her
Wherefore we bring your wife?

Chre.

Chre. I've ſettled it.
Dem. Well, and what ſays ſhe?
Chre. 'Tis impoſſible
To ſend her hence.
Dem. And why impoſſible?
Chre. Becauſe they're both ſo fond of one another.
Dem. What's that to Us?
Chre. A great deal. And beſides,
I have diſcover'd ſhe's related to us.
Dem. Have you your wits?
Chre. 'Tis ſo. I'm very ſerious.
—Nay, recollect a little!
Dem. Are you mad?
Nau. Good now, beware of wronging a relation!
Dem. She's no relation to us.
Chre. Don't deny it.
Her father had aſſum'd another name,
And that deceiv'd you.
Dem. What! not know her father?
Chre. Perfectly.
Dem. Why did ſhe miſname him then? [then?
Chre. Won't you be rul'd, nor underſtand me
Dem. What can I underſtand from nothing?
Chre. Still? [*impatiently.*
Nau. I can't imagine what this means.
Dem. Nor I. [help me heaven,
Chre. Wou'd you know all?—Why then, ſo
She has no nearer kindred in the world,
Than you and I.
Dem. Oh, all ye pow'rs of heaven!
—Let us go to her then immediately:
I wou'd fain know, or not know, all at once. [*going.*

Chre. Ah! [*ſtopping him.*

Dem. What's the matter?

Chre. Can't you truſt me then?

Dem. Muſt I believe it? take it upon truſt?
—Well, be it ſo!—But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?

Chre. Nothing.

Dem. Drop her?

Chre. Ay.

Dem. And keep this?

Chre. Ay.

Dem. Why then, Nauſiſtrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.

Nau. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all ſides,
That you ſhould keep her here, than ſend her hence.
For ſhe appear'd to me, when firſt I ſaw her,
Much of a gentlewoman. [* *Exit* Nauſiſtrata.

SCENE V.

Manent DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. What means this?

Chre. looking after Nauſiſtrata.] Is the door ſhut?

Dem. It is.

Chre. O Jupiter!
The Gods take care of us. I've found my daughter
Married to your ſon.

Dem. Ha! how could it be?

Chre. It is not ſafe to tell you here.

Dem. Step in then.

Chre. But hark ye, Demipho!—I would not have
Even our very ſons inform'd of this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

* *Exit Nauſiſtrata.*] The perplexed ſituation of the characters in the above ſcene is truly comick.

SCENE VI.

Ant. alone.] I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,
That Phædria's have ſucceeded to his mind.
How wiſe, to foſter ſuch deſires alone,
As, altho' croſs'd, are eaſily ſupplied!
Money, once found, ſets Phædria at his eaſe;
But my diſtreſs admits no remedy.
For, if the ſecret's kept, I live in fear;
And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to ſhame.
Nor would I now return, but in the hope
Of ſtill poſſeſſing her.—But where is Geta?
That I may learn of him, the fitteſt time
To meet my father.

SCENE VII.

Enter at a diſtance PHORMIO.

Phor. to himſelf.] I've receiv'd the money;
Paid the Procurer; carried off the wench:
Who's free, and now in Phædria's poſſeſſion.
One thing alone remains to be diſpatch'd;
To get a reſpite from th' old gentlemen
To tipple ſome few days, which I muſt ſpend
In mirth and jollity.

Ant. But yonder's Phormio.— [*goes up.*
What now?

Phor. Of what?

Ant. What's Phædria about?
How does he mean to take his fill of love?

Phor. By acting your part in his turn.

Ant. What part?

Phor. Flying his father's preſence.—And he begs
That you'd act his, and make excuſes for him:

For he intends a drinking-bout with Me.
I ſhall pretend to the old gentlemen
That I am going to the fair at Sunium,
To buy the ſervant-maid, that Geta mention'd:
Leſt, finding I am abſent, they ſuſpect
That I am ſquandering the ſum they paid me.
—But your door opens.

Ant. Who comes here?

Phor. 'Tis Geta.

SCENE VIII.

Enter haſtily at another Part of the Stage, GETA.

Get. * O Fortune, O beſt Fortune, what high bleſſings,
What ſudden, great, and unexpected joys
Haſt thou ſhow'r'd down on Antipho to-day!—

Ant. What can this be, he's ſo rejoic'd about?

Get. —And from what fears deliver'd Us, his friends?
—But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why
Do I not throw my cloak upon my ſhoulder,
And haſte to find him out, that he may know
All that has happen'd?

Ant. to Phormio.] Do you comprehend
What he is talking of?

Phor. Do you?

Ant. Not I.

Phor. I'm juſt as wiſe as you.

Get. I'll hurry hence

To

* *O Fortune, O beſt Fortune, &c.*] *O Fortuna! O Fors Fortuna! Fortuna* ſignified ſimply chance; but *Fors Fortuna* meant Good Fortune, and there was a Temple to this Goddeſs near the Tiber. DONATUS.

To the Procurer's.--I ſhall find them there. [*going.*

Ant. Ho, Geta!

Get. Look ye there!—Is't new or ſtrange,
To be recall'd when one's in haſte? [*going.*

Ant. Here, Geta!

Get. Again? Bawl on! I'll ne'er ſtop. [*going on.*

Ant. Stay, I ſay!

Get. Go, and be drubb'd!

Ant. *You* ſhall, I promiſe you,
Unleſs you ſtop, you Raſcal!

Get. *ſtopping.*] Hold, hold, Geta
Some intimate acquaintance this, be ſure,
Being ſo free with you.—But is it he,
That I am looking for, or not?—'Tis He.

Phor. Go up immediately. [*they go up to* Geta.

Ant. to Get.] What means all this?

Get. O happy man! the happieſt man on earth!
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,
You are the Gods' chief fav'rite, Antipho.

Ant. Would I were! but your reaſon.

Get. Is't enough.
To plunge you over head and ears in joy?

Ant. You torture me.

Phor. No promiſes! but tell us,
What is your news?

Get. Oh, Phormio! are you here?

Phor. I am: but why d'ye triſle?

Get. Mind me then! [*to* Phormio.
No ſooner had we paid you at the Forum,
But we return'd directly home again.
—Arriv'd, my maſter ſends me to your wife.
[*to* Antipho.

Ant. For what?

Get. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was juſt entering * the women's lodging,
When up runs little Mida: catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and aſk why he detains me.
He told me, "Nobody muſt ſee his miſtreſs:
"For Sophrona, ſays he, has juſt now brought
"Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and He
"Is talking with the women now within."
—When I heard this, I ſtole immediately
On tip-toe tow'rds the door; came cloſe; ſtood huſh;
Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole diſcourſe.

Ant. Excellent, Geta!

Get. Here I overheard
The pleaſanteſt adventure!—On my life,
I ſcarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.

Ant. What?

Get. What d'ye think? [*laughing.*

Ant. I can't tell.

Get. Oh! it was [*laughing.*
Moſt wonderful!—moſt exquiſite!—your uncle
Is found to be the father of your wife.

Ant. How! what?

Get. He had a ſly intrigue, it ſeems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos.
[*laughing.*

Phor. Nonſenſe! as if ſhe did not know her father!
Get.

* *The women's lodging.*] *Gynæceum*; from the Greek γυναικειον, οικημα underſtood. The Gynæceum was an interior part of the houſe appropriated to the women. WESTERHOVIUS.

Get. Nay, there's ſome reaſon for it, Phormio,
You may be ſure.—But was it poſſible
For me, who ſtood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumſtance that paſt within?

* *Ant.* I have heard ſomething of this ſtory too.

Get. Then, Sir, to ſettle your belief the more,
At laſt out comes your uncle; and ſoon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both ſaid, they gave their full conſent,
That you ſhould keep your Phanium.—In a word,
I'm ſent to find you out, and bring you to them.

Ant. † Away with me then inſtantly! D'ye linger?

Get. Not I. Away!

Ant. My Phormio, fare you well!

Phor. Fare you well, Antipho. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Phor. alone.] Well done, 'fore heaven!

* *Antipho. I have heard ſomething, &c.*] In all the editions which I have ſeen, Bentley's excepted, this ſpeech is put into Phormio's mouth: but that learned Critick tells us it is attributed to Antipho in a copy at Cambridge. I am ſure it is very improper for Phormio, who had juſt before ſaid,

Nonſenſe! as if ſhe did not know her father!

COOKE.

† *Away with me then inſtantly! d'ye linger?*] *Quin ergo rape me. Ceſſas?* Antipho is ſo rejoiced at Geta's news, that he jumps upon his ſhoulders, and is carried off in triumph. This was a ſort of ſtage-trick, and was extremely diverting to the audience. DACIER.

I believe Madam Dacier has not the leaſt foundation for this extraordinary piece of information; and I muſt confeſs that I have too high an opinion both of the Roman Audience and Actors to believe it to be true.

* I'm overjoy'd to ſee ſo much good fortune
Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:
I've now an admirable opportunity
To bubble the old gentlemen, and eaſe
Phædria of all his cares about the money;
So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.
For this ſame money, tho' it will be given,
Will yet come from them much againſt the grain;
But I have found a way to force them to't.
—Now then I muſt aſſume a grander air,
And put another face upon this buſineſs.
—I'll hence awhile into the next bye-alley,
And pop upon them, as they're coming forth.
—As for the trip I talk'd of to the Fair,
I ſha'n't pretend to take that journey now. [*Exit.*

---

† ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES—*and ſoon after on t'other ſide,* PHORMIO.

Dem. WELL may we thank the gracious Gods, good brother,
That all things have ſucceeded to our wiſh.
—But

* *I'm overjoy'd, &c.*] *Gaudeo, &c.* Pro *gaudeo* Guyetus *Plaudite:* & ſcenas ſequentes ſpurias eſſe pronuntiat; neminemque, *ſiquidem ſanus fuerit,* a ſe diſſenſurum putat. Credaſne hunc hominem ſanæ tum mentis fuiſſe, cum hæc effutiret? certe ad Anticyras relegandus tum erat; non nunc argumentis refutandus. Nihil in toto Terentio ſequentibus ſcenis pulchrius, venuſtius, urbanius, moratius: ſine quibus reliqua fabula, quæ nulli cedit, ex fulgore in fumum exiret. BENTLEY.

See the laſt note to the fifth act.

† *Act* V.] I have divided what is commonly received

—But now let's find out Phormio with all ſpeed,
Before he throws away our Thirty Minæ.
Phor. pretending not to ſee them.]
I'll go and ſee if Demipho's at home,
That I may—— [Phormio.
Dem. meeting him.]—We were coming to you,
Phor.

ceived as the fifth act into two, nor is there any other way of removing the flagrant abſurdity in the old diviſion of this play, except doing the ſame thing by the firſt act, which is the method followed by Echard, who in his tranſlation concludes the firſt act with the parting of Davus and Geta; and it muſt not be diſſembled, that Dontatus lays out the play in the ſame manner. But in a Comedy ſo full of action (*tota motoria*, as Donatus calls it) it is ſurely needleſs to make the firſt act conſiſt entirely of narration, like the meagre Step-Mother. In the diviſion here obſerved, I have endeavoured to aſſign a particular portion of the buſineſs of the play to each act. The firſt contains the previous circumſtances related by Geta, and the return of Demipho. The ſecond contains the conference of Phormio and Demipho, the conſultation of the lawyers, and the altercation between Dorio and Phædria. In the third, as it ought, the ſituation of affairs becomes more critical: Chremes returns; we find that the old gentlemen had particular reaſons to be uneaſy at the marriage of Antipho; this naturally paves the way for their being bubbled by Phormio and Geta; and the act cloſes with the diſcovery of Phanium by Chremes. The fourth act communicates that diſcovery, in a very pleaſant manner, to Demipho, and by another way, equally entertaining, to Geta, Phormio, &c. The fifth contains the endeavour of the old men to recover their money, which effect very naturally produces the cataſtrope, that betrays the whole ſecret to all the parties intereſted in the event. I hope it is needleſs to obſerve, that Phormio's retiring in order to wait for the coming forth of the old men, leaves the ſtage vacant, where I have ended the fourth act, and forms a proper interval between that act and the fifth.

Phor. On the old ſcore, I warrant.
Dem. Ay.
Phor. I thought ſo.
—Why ſhould you go to Me?—Ridiculous!
Were you afraid I'd break my contract with you?
No, no! how great ſoe'er my poverty,
I've always ſhewn myſelf a man of honour.
Chre. * Has not ſhe, as I ſaid, a liberal air? } *apart.*
Dem. She has. }
Phor. —And therefore I was coming, Demipho,
To let you know, I'm ready to receive
My wife whene'er you pleaſe. For I poſtpon'd
All other buſineſs, as indeed I ought,
Soon as I found ye were ſo bent on this.
Dem. Ay, but my brother has diſſuaded me
From going any further in this buſineſs.
" For how will people talk of it?" ſays he:
" At firſt you might have done it handſomely;
" But then you'd not conſent to it; and now,
" After co-habitation with your ſon,
" To think of a divorce, is infamous."
—In ſhort, he urg'd almoſt the very things,
That you ſo lately charg'd me with yourſelf.
Phor. You trifle with me, Gentlemen.

Dem.

* *Has not ſhe, as I ſaid, a liberal air?*] One cannot conceive any thing more happy or juſt than theſe words of Chremes. Demipho's thoughts are wholly taken up how to recover the money, and Phormio is equally ſollicitous to retain it; but Chremes, who had juſt left his daughter, is regardleſs of their diſcourſe, and, freſh from the impreſſions which ſhe had made on him, longs to know if his Brother's ſentiments of her were equally favourable, and naturally puts this paternal queſtion to him. PATRICK.

Dem. How ſo?

Phor. How ſo?—Becauſe I cannot marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was firſt in treaty.
For with what face can I return to Her,
Whom I have held in ſuch contempt?

Chre. Tell him,
Antipho does not care to part with her.
[*prompting* Demipho.

Dem. And my ſon too don't care to part with her:
—Step to the Forum then, and * give an order
For the repayment of our money, Phormio.

Phor. What! when I've paid it to my creditors?

Dem. What's to be done then?

Phor. Give me but the wife,
To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.
But if you'd rather ſhe ſhou'd ſtay with you,
The portion ſtays with Me, good Demipho.
For 'tis not juſt, I ſhould be bubbled by you;
When, to retrieve your honour, I've refus'd
Another woman with an equal fortune.

Dem. A plague upon your idle vapouring,
You vagabond!—D'ye fancy we don't know you?
You, and your fine proceedings?

Phor. You provoke me.

Dem. Why, would you marry her, if proffer'd?

Phor.

* *Give an order for the repayment, &c.*] *Argentum jube rurſum reſcribi. Scribere, reſcribere, perſcribere,* were technical terms in uſe among merchants and bankers: *ſcribere* is, to borrow money; *reſcribere*, to repay it; *preſcribere*, to employ it on your own occaſions. And all thoſe dealings were carried on then, as they are now, with us, by Draughts, Bills of Exchange, &c. DACIER.

Phor. Try me.

Dem. What! that my ſon may keep her privately
At your houſe?—That was your intention.

Phor. Ha!
What ſay you, Sir?

Dem. Give me my money, ſirrah!

Phor. Give *me* my *wife*, I ſay.

Dem. To juſtice with him!

Phor. To juſtice? Now, by heaven, Gentlemen,
If you continue to be troubleſome——

Dem. What will you do?

Phor. What will I do? Perhaps,
You think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion; but be ſure of this,
* I've ſome with portions too.

Chre. What's that to Us?

Phor. Nothing.—I know a lady here, whoſe huſ-
band— [*careleſsly.*

Chre. Ha!

Dem. What's the matter?

Phor. —Had another wife
At Lemnos.

Chre. aſide.] I'm a dead man.

Phor.

* *I've ſome with portions too.*] *Etiam dotatis ſoleo.* Donatus explains theſe words, as alluding to Nauſiſtrata; others ſuppoſe that Phormio confines his thoughts to no particular inſtance; but I think it is plain from the ſequel, as well as the general tenor of the ſcene, that Phormio ſtill keeps Phanium in his eye; and expreſſes himſelf obſcurely in this place, becauſe the old men were not yet aware of the intelligence he had received on that head, tho' every ſubſequent ſpeech leads gradually to an explanation, tends to create an open rupture between him and the old gentlemen, and brings on the final diſcovery to Nauſiſtrata.

Phor. —By which other
He had a daughter; whom he now brings up
In private.

Chre. aſide.] Dead and buried!

Phor. This I'll tell her. [*going towards the houſe.*

Chre. Don't, I beſeech you!

Phor. Oh! are you the man?

Dem. Death! how inſulting!

Chre. to Phormio.] We diſcharge you.

Phor. Nonſenſe! [have got,

Chre. What wou'd you more? The money you
We will forgive you.

Phor. Well; I hear you now.
—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
—I won't; I will:—I will; I won't again:—
Give, take; ſay, unſay; do, and then undo.

Chre. to Demipho.] Which way cou'd he have

Dem. I don't know: [learnt this?
But I am ſure I never mention'd it.

Chre. Good now! amazing!

Phor. I have ruffled them. [*aſide.*

Dem. * What! ſhall he carry off ſo large a ſum,
And laugh at us ſo openly?—By heaven,
I'd rather die.—Be of good courage, brother!
Pluck up the ſpirit of a man! You ſee This

* *What! ſhall he carry off, &c.*] The different characters of the two brothers are admirably preſerved throughout this ſcene. Chremes ſtands greatly in awe of his wife, and will ſubmit to any thing, rather than the ſtory ſhould come to her ears: But Demipho cannot brook the thoughts of loſing ſo much money, and encourages his brother to behave with ſpirit and reſolution, promiſing to make up matters between him and his wife. PATRICK.

This ſlip of your's is got abroad; nor can you
Keep it a ſecret from your wife. Now therefore
Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we ſhould fairly tell it her ourſelves,
Than ſhe ſhould hear the ſtory from another.
And then we ſhall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this raſcal.

Phor. Ha!—If I don't take care, I'm ruin'd ſtill.
* They're growing deſperate, and making tow'rds me,
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.

Chre. to Demipho.] I fear, ſhe'll ne'er forgive me.

Dem. Courage, Chremes!
I'll reconcile her to't; eſpecially
The mother being dead and gone.

Phor. Is this
Your dealing, Gentlemen? You come upon me
Extremely cunningly.—But, Demipho,
You have but ill conſulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.—And you, Sir,

[*to* Chremes.

When you have play'd the whore-maſter abroad;
Having no reverence for your lady here,
A woman of condition; wronging her
After the groſſeſt manner; come you now
To waſh away your crimes with mean ſubmiſſion?
No.—I will kindle ſuch a flame in her,
As, tho' you melt to tears, you ſhan't extinguiſh.

Dem. A plague upon him! was there ever man
So very impudent?—A knave! he ought
To be tranſported at the publick charge
Into ſome deſert.

Chre.

* *They're growing deſperate, &c.*] *Hi gladiatorio animo ad me affectant viam.* Alluding to the Gladiators.

Chre. I am ſo confounded,
I know not what to do with him.
Dem. I know.
Bring him before a judge!
Phor. Before a judge?
A *Lady*-judge; in here, Sirs, if you pleaſe.
Dem. * Run you, and hold him, while I call the ſervants.
Chre. I cannot by myſelf: come up, and help me.
Phor. I have an action of aſſault againſt you. [*to* Demipho.
Chre. Bring it!
Phor. Another againſt you too, Chremes!
Dem. Drag him away! [*both lay hold of him.*
Phor. ſtruggling.] Is that your way with me?
Then I muſt raiſe my voice.—Nauſiſtrata!
Come hither.
Chre. Stop his mouth!
Dem. ſtruggling.] A ſturdy rogue!
How ſtrong he is!
Phor. ſtruggling.] Nauſiſtrata, I ſay.
Nauſiſtrata!
Chre. ſtruggling.] Peace, ſirrah!
Phor. Peace, indeed! *Dem.*

* *Run you, and hold him, while I call the ſervants.*] In conſequence of this line, moſt of the tranſlations introduce the ſervants here; but I think the ſcuffle between Phormio and the old men, would be much more comick in the repreſentation without the intervention of ſervants: And it is remarkable that Phormio addreſſes himſelf ſolely to Demipho and Chremes, and that the imperatives uſed by themſelves alſo are all in the ſingular number, and may therefore moſt naturally be ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to each other, while in conflict with Phormio, without the aid of ſervants—*Rape hunc—Os opprime—Pugnos in ventrem ingere—&c.*

Dem. Unleſs he follows, ſtrike him in the ſtomach!

Phor. Ay, or put out an eye!--But here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

SCENE II. *To them* NAUSISTRATA.

Nau. Who calls for me?

Chre. Confuſion!

Nau. to Chremes.] Pray, my dear,
What's this diſturbance?

Phor. Dumb, old Truepenny!

Nau. Who is this man?—Why don't you anſwer me? [*to* Chremes.

Phor. He anſwer you! He's hardly in his ſenſes.

Chre. Never believe him!

Phor. Do but go, and touch him;
He's in a ſhivering fit, I'll lay my life.

Chre. Nay—

Nau. But what means he then?

Phor. I'll tell you, Madam;
Do but attend.

Chre. *Will* you believe him then? [nothing?

Nau. What is there to believe, when he ſays

Phor. Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.

Nau. to Chremes.] I'm ſure, you're not ſo much afraid for nothing.

Chre. What! I afraid? [*endeavouring to take heart.*

Phor. Oh, not at all!—And ſince
You're in no fright, and what I ſay means nothing,
Tell it yourſelf.

Dem. At your deſire, you raſcal? [Sir!

Phor. * Oh, you've done rarely for your brother,

Nau.

* *Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, &c.*] This is

Nau. What! won't you tell me, huſband?
Chre. But—
Nau. But what?
Chre. There's no occaſion for it.
Phor. Not for You:
But for the Lady there is much occaſion.
In Lemnos——
Chre. Ha! what ſay you?
Dem. to Phor.] Hold your peace!
Phor. Without your knowledge——
Chre. Oh dear!
Phor. He has had
Another wife.
Nau. My huſband? Heaven forbid!
Phor. 'Tis even ſo.
Nau. Ah me! I am undone. [You
Phor. —And had a daughter by her there; while
Were left to ſleep in ignorance alone.
Nau. Oh heavens!—Baſeneſs!—Treachery!
Phor. 'Tis fact.
Nau. Was ever any thing more infamous? (old.
When they're with us, their wives forſooth, they're
—Demipho, I appeal to You; for Him
I cannot bear to ſpeak to—And were theſe
His frequent journies, and long ſtay at Lemnos?
Was

is commonly tranſlated, "that it is no wonder, that "you defend your brother:" but it is a more inſulting ſpeech of Phormio, alluding to the miſerable condition, to which Chremes was reduced by Demipho's advice. Thus, in the foregoing ſcene, Phormio ſays, much in the ſame ſpirit,

——————But, Demipho,
You have but ill conſulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.——

Was this the cheapneſs that reduc'd our rents?

Dem. That he has been to blame, Nauſiſtrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.

Phor. You're talking to the dead.

Dem. It was not done
Out of averſion, or contempt to You.
In liquor, almoſt fifteen years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour.
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.
Wherefore I beg you'd ſhew your wonted goodneſs,
And bear it patiently.

Nau. How! bear it patiently?
Alas, I wiſh his vices might end here.
But have I the leaſt hope? Can I ſuppoſe
That years will cure theſe rank offences in him?
Ev'n at that time he was already old,
If age could make him modeſt.—Are my years,
And beauty, think ye, like to pleaſe him more
At preſent, Demipho, than formerly?
---In ſhort, what ground, what reaſon to expect
That he ſhould not commit the ſame hereafter?

Phor. loud.] * Whoever would attend the funeral
Of Chremes, now's the time!--See! That's my way.
Come on then! Provoke Phormio now, who dares!
† Like Chremes, he ſhall fall a victim to me.
—Let

* *Whoever wou'd attend, &c.*] *Exſequias Chremeti, &c.* What creates the drollery of this ſpeech is, that Phormio here makes uſe of the ſame terms, which it was cuſtomary to uſe at the proclamation of Funerals ---*L. Titio exſequias ire cui commodum eſt, jam tempus eſt, olus defertur.*

† *Fall a victim.*] *Mactatum infortunio.* There is an elegant

---Let him get into favour, when he will!
I've had revenge ſufficient. She has ſomething
To ring into his ears his whole life long.
Nau. Have I deſerv'd this?—Need I, Demipho,
Number up each particular; and ſay
How good a wife I've been?
Dem. I know it all.
Nau. Am I then juſtly treated?
Dem. Not at all.
But ſince reproaches can't undo what's done,
Forgive him! He begs pardon; owns his fault;
And promiſes to mend.—What wou'd you more?
Phor. But hold; before ſhe ratifies his pardon,
I muſt ſecure myſelf and Phædria. [*aſide.*
—Nauſiſtrata, a word!—Before you give
Your anſwer raſhly, hear me!
Nau. What's your pleaſure?
Phor. I trick'd your huſband there of Thirty Minæ
Which I have giv'n your ſon; and he has paid them
To a procurer for a miſtreſs.
Chre. How!
What ſay you?
Nau. Is it ſuch a heinous crime,
For your young ſon, d'ye think, to have *one* miſtreſs,
While *you* have *two* wives?—Are you not aſham'd?
Have you the face to chide him? Anſwer me!
Dem. He ſhall do ev'ry thing you pleaſe.
Nau. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promiſe any thing,
Nor give an anſwer, till I ſee my ſon.

Phor.

elegant humour in the combination of theſe words; *mactatum* being a term uſed at ſacrifices.

Phor. Wiſely reſolv'd, Nauſiſtrata.
Nau. Is That
Sufficient ſatisfaction for you?
Phor. Quite.
I reſt contented, well-pleas'd, paſt my hopes.
Nau. What is your name, pray?
Phor. My name? Phormio:
A faithful friend to all your family,
Eſpecially to Phædria.
Nau. Truſt me, Phormio,
I'll do you all the ſervice in my power.
Phor. I'm much oblig'd to you.
Nau. You're worthy on't.
Phor. Will you then even now, Nauſiſtrata,
Grant me one favour, that will pleaſure me,
And grieve your huſband's ſight?
Nau. With all my ſoul.
Phor. Aſk me to ſupper!
Nau. I invite you.
Dem. In then! [judge?
Nau. We will. But where is Phædria, our
Phor. He ſhall be with you.—[*To the audience,*
* Farewell: Clap your hands!

* *Farewell, clap your hands!*] Theſe three laſt ſcenes [the ſame that compoſe the fifth act in this tranſlation] are perhaps the moſt beautiful of any in the Phormio; yet Guyetus has declared ſuch a cruel war againſt them, that he cuts them off at one ſtroke, without giving quarter to ſo much as a ſingle verſe: but it is impoſſible not to ſay, that this is rather the diſguſt of a ſick man, than the wholeſome delicacy of a judicious critick. DACIER.

This remark of Madam Dacier is as juſt as it is elegant, and the falſe delicacy of Guyetus is as inconſiſtent as it is ill founded. For if he conſidered theſe ſcenes

ſcenes as ſuperfluous, thoſe, which here compoſe the fourth act, are ſuperfluous alſo; and the play ſhould end with the interview between Chremes and Sophrona; for when Phanium is diſcovered to be his daughter, nobody can doubt of her being permitted to remain the wife of Antipho, ſince it is the very thing which the two old gentlemen were labouring to bring about. But the truth is, that Terence in this play has diſplayed an addreſs ſomething ſimilar to that obſerved by Monſ. Diderot in the Self-Tormentor; for though Chremes has diſcovered his daughter himſelf, yet he is particularly anxious to conceal that incident from every perſonage in the Comedy, except Demipho; and the gradual unfolding that circumſtance to all the other characters of the play gives the poet an opportunity of continuing his piece with all that humour and pleaſantry, with which we ſee he has accompliſhed it: and his uncommon art in thus adding to the intereſt of his Comedy, inſtead of ſuffering it to languiſh, after ſo important a diſcovery, is worthy our particular obſervation. Theſe ſcenes have indeed generally procured our poet the approbation of the ſevereſt criticks. Bentley, in the laſt note to the fourth act, ſpeaks of them in the handſomeſt terms, and is ſo far from endeavouring to bring them within "the proſcribing "hook," that he declares Guyetus to be an abſolute madman for his unmerciful ſentence of amputation.

But though there are few readers, who would not on this occaſion concur in the opinion of Bentley and Dacier, yet I do not think that this Comedy has in general received the encomiums it deſerves. The plot indeed, being *double*, is ſo far faulty; and the ſtory of Phanium and Antipho would certainly of itſelf afford ſufficient materials for a Comedy, without the epiſode of Phædria and the Muſick-Girl. It muſt however be acknowledged that, allowing that epiſode, the conſtruction of the fable is extremely artful, and contains a vivacity of intrigue perhaps even ſuperior to that of the Eunuch, particularly in the cataſtrophe. The diction is pure and elegant, and the firſt act as chaſtly written as that of the Self-Tormentor itſelf. The character of Phormio is, as Donatus has obſerved, finely ſeparated from that of Gnatho, and is, I think,

better

better drawn than that of any Paraſite in Plautus. Nauſiſtrata is a lively ſketch of a ſhrewiſh wife, as well as Chremes an excellent draught of an hen-pecked huſband, and more in the ſtile of the modern drama than perhaps any character in ancient comedy, except the Miſer of Plautus. On the whole, if Terence copied as cloſely from his original in this play, as he is ſuppoſed to have done in the four which he drew from Menander, it muſt give us no mean opinion of the dramatick merits of Apollodorus.

Moliere has given us a contemptible traveſtie of this excellent comedy in his miſerable farce of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, "The Cheats of Scapin." It would be too injurious to the memories both of Terence and Moliere to enter into any particular compariſon between the two pieces. I ſhall therefore conclude theſe notes with the well-known lines of Boileau.

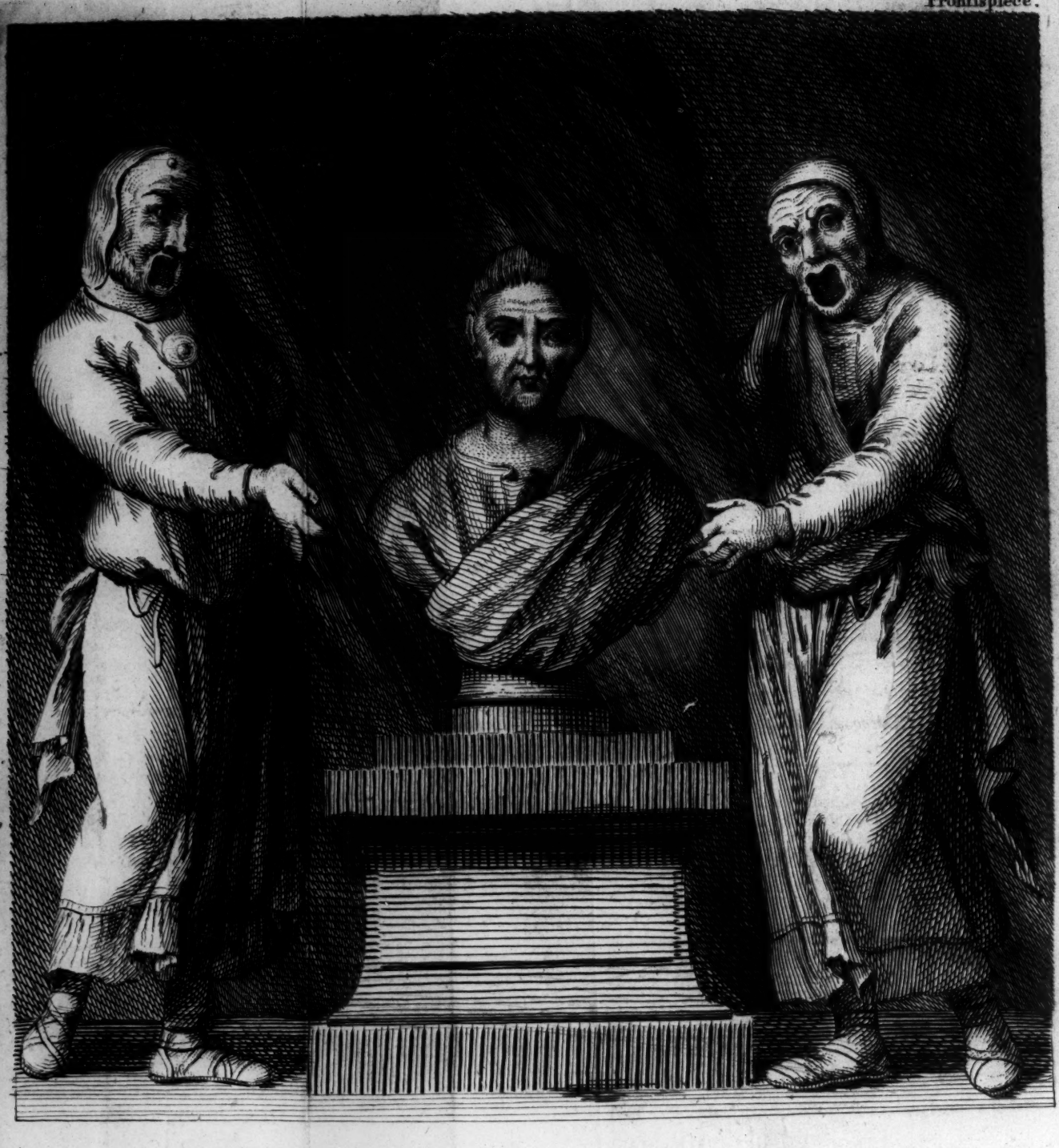
Etudiez la cour, et connoiſſez la ville :
L'une & l' autre eſt toujours en modele fertile.
C'eſt par là que Moliere illuſtrant ſes ecrits,
Peut-être de ſon Art eut remporté le prix ;
Si moins ami du peuple, en ſes doctes peintures,
Il n'eut point fait ſouvent grimacer ſes figures ;
Quittè pour le bouffon, l'agreable & le fin,
Et ſans honte a Terence alliè Tabarin.
Dans ce ſac ridicule, ou Scapin s'envelope,
Je ne reconnois plus l'Auteur du Miſanthrope.

ART POETIQUE, *Chant troiſieme.*

18 NO 67

THE END.

Frontispiece.



THE COMEDIES OF TERENCE,

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Tranſlated into FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

By GEORGE COLMAN.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcenâ in ſecreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. HOR.

The SECOND EDITION, reviſed and corrected.

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PREFACE.

AN attempt to give a new tranſlation of the Comedies of Terence will, I believe, ſcarce be thought to demand an apology. Bernard and Hoole were obſolete even in the days of Echard; Echard and his co-adjutors, it is univerſally agreed, preſented as imperfect an image of Terence, as Hobbs of Homer, or Ogilby of Virgil; and thoſe, who have ſince employed themſelves on this author, ſeem to have confined their labours to the humble endeavour of aſſiſting learners of Latin in the conſtruction of the original text. It is